SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE

VOL. LVI NOVEMBER, 1914 NO. 5

THOUGHTS ON THIS WAR

BY JOHN GALSWORTHY

I

THREE hundred thousand church spires raised to the glory of Christ! Three hundred million human creatures baptized into his service! And—war to the death of them all! "I trust the Almighty to give the victory to my arms!" "Let your hearts beat to God, and your fists in the face of the enemy!" "In prayer we call God's blessing on our valiant troops!"

God on the lips of each potentate, and under the hundred thousand spires prayer that twenty-two million servants of Christ may receive from God the blessed strength to tear and blow each other to pieces, to ravage and burn, to wrench husbands from wives, fathers from their children, to starve the poor, and everywhere destroy the works of the spirit! Prayer under the hundred thousand spires for the blessed strength of God, to use the noblest, most loyal instincts of the human race to the ends of carnage! "God be with us to the death and dishonor of our foes" (whose God he is no less than ours)! The God who gave his only begotten Son to bring on earth peace and good will toward men!

No creed—in these days when two and two are put together—can stand against such reeling subversion of its foundation. After this monstrous mockery, beneath this grinning skull of irony, how shall there remain faith in a religion preached and practised to such ends? When this war is over and reason resumes its sway our dogmas will be found to have been scored through forever. Whatever else be the outcome of this business, let us at least realize the truth: It is the death of mystic Christianity! Let us will that it be the birth of an ethic Christianity that men really practise!

II

YES! Mystic Christianity was dying before this war began. When it is over it will be dead. In France, England, Germany, in Belgium and the other small countries, dead; and only kept wonderingly alive in Russia and some parts of Austria through peasant superstition and simplicity. "Tell me, brother, what have the Japanese done to us that we should kill them?" so said the Russian peasant in the Japanese war. So they will say in this war. And at the end go back and resume praise of the God who fought for holy Russia against the God who fought for valiant Austria and the mailed fists of Germany.

This mystic Christianity will not die in the open and be buried with pomp and ceremony; it will merely be dead—a very different thing, like the nerve in a tooth that, to the outward eye, is just as it was. That which will take its place has already been a long time preparing to come forward. I know not what it will be called, or whether it will even receive a name. It will be too much in earnest to care for such a ceremony. But one thing is certain—it will be far more Christian than the Christianity which has brought us to these present ends. Its creed will be a

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noiseless and passionate conviction that man can be saved, not by a far-away, despotic God who can be enlisted by each combatant for the destruction of his foes, but by the divine element in man, the God within the human soul. That in proportion as man is high so will the life of man be high, safe from shames like this and devoid of his old misery. The creed will be a fervent, almost secret application of the saying: "Love thy neighbor as thyself!" It will be ashamed of appeals to God to put right that which man has bungled; of supplications to the deity to fight against the deity. It will have the pride of the artist and the artisan. And it will have its own mysticism, its own wonder at the mystery of the all-embracing Principle which has produced such a creature as this man, with such marvellous potentiality for the making of fine things, and the living of fine lives; such heroism, such savagery; such wisdom and such black stupidity; such a queer insuperable instinct for going on and on and ever on!

III

THE Western world has had its lesson now—the lesson indelibly writ in death: There is no longer room in civilization for despotic governments. In Germany, in Austria, in the country where despotism most reigns supreme—our ally, Russia—they are doomed!

The Slav is not the enemy of the Teuton, the Teuton is not the enemy of the Frank. That enmity is the fostered thing of imperial and bureaucratic dreams.

What stands out from all this welter? The ambitious, unscrupulous diplomacy of the despotic powers, in pursuit of so-called "national ideals," a diplomacy begotten of fusty diplomatic tradition and the misconceptions of egomania, removed by a ring fence from the people of the nations for whom they profess to speak. An ambitious and unscrupulous diplomacy, battening on the knowledge that it can at almost any time raise for its fantastic ends a whirlwind of feeling out of the love men ever have for the land wherein they are born.

It is the divorce of executive power from popular sanction that has made possible this greatest of all the crimes in history. In democratic countries the aggressive faculty is imperceptibly yet continually weakened by the obscure but real line between ministers-elect and the people. Only in those countries where the administrative force is responsible to none save an imperial director is a ruthless and unchecked pursuit of so-called national dreams, a bullying parade of so-called national honor, possible. The German, the Austrian, the Russian peoples are as sheep led to the slaughter—poor souls hypnotized by demigods looming large through mist, lured on by a brazen melody, to the making of which they have brought no part.

If only despotisms go down in the wreckage of this war!

IV

THE superstition that unmilitarized nations suffer from fatty degeneration of the heart has perished in the forty-fourth year of its age, at the siege of Liège, blown away by the heroism of a little unmilitary nation!

Democracy and citizen armies! If this war brings that in its train its horror will not have been all hateful. But so surely as despotisms are left standing, will the accursed spirit that animates almighty bureaucracy rear a swelled head again and demand revenge. So surely will this war bring another, and yet another! In these last twenty years civilization has not even marked time; it has gone backward under the curb and pressure of professional armaments masquerading under the words: "Si vis pacem, para bellum." The principle of universal service by men not professionally soldiers, the principle that *no man shall be called under any circumstances to fight* one step outside his native land—these are the only principles that will in the future still the gnawings of anxiety and gradually guarantee the peace of the West. They are principles that will never obtain while these despotisms last, with their surroundings of military bureaucracy, their demigod ambitions, their "father of my people" cant, and glib usage of the name of God. No, if they are to last we are "doomed to something great" every generation—the greatness of the shambles! It is enough to make heart stand still and brain reel forever if one must believe that man is never

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to find better means of keeping his spirit from rust, his body from decay, than these sporadic outbursts of bloody "greatness." "War the only cleanser!" Yea—because the word patriotism has so limited a meaning. But—to believe that this must always be! When men have ceased to look on war as the proper vehicle for self-sacrifice will they not turn to a greatness that is not soaked with blood and black with the crows of death, to save their souls alive? Will there not, can there not, arise an emotion as strong as this present patriotism—a sentiment as passionate and sweeping, bearing men on to the use of every faculty and the forgetfulness of self, for the salvation, instead of the destruction, of their fellow man? Or is this a dream, and are we forever doomed, each generation, to the greatness of tearing each other limb from limb?

V

CONTEMPLATION of the theories that obtain as to the responsibility for this war drives one more and more to a view such as Tolstoi took of the nature and course of the Napoleonic wars: there was no deliberate direction; it was all pushed on automatically by the evil nature of the existing system. The whole affair is a sort of chemical equation in the usual low and bullying terms of despotic diplomacy backed by militarism.

Servian despotism, in the belief that it could do so without punishment, because the consequences of hindrance would be too serious, worked for its so-called national aims and affronted the so-called national aims of Austria. Austrian despotism, believing that the Servian despotism must obey, because the consequences of refusal would be too serious, said: "Cease from these aims, and apologize, or I make war." Servian despotism, saying to itself, "How far need I go in apology, seeing that the consequences of driving me to go the whole way will be too serious?" refused just so far as it thought it could with impunity. Austrian despotism, believing that no one would interfere with its action, because the consequences of interference would be too serious, declared war. Russian despotism, believing that fear of the consequences of its mobilization would be so great that Austria would stop fighting, mobilized. German despotism, saying to itself, "Russia will never stand out against the consequences of refusal," said: "Stop mobilizing against my ally or I, too, mobilize." Russian despotism, having the alliance of France and not believing that Germany would go to the extreme of war, went on mobilizing. War!

Observe that this is an unbroken chain of actions, all taken with a so-called "full sense of consequences," but without in any case a real belief that the full consequences would follow. Observe that each actor in this ghastly comedy traded to the full on the others' fears, and made the mistake of not seeing that sooner or later this game reaches a point when the actor has to act or confess the cowardice with which he has been credited. From start to finish a game of stupid bluff and cynicism. Such is ever the course of despotic diplomacy. Who can rationally fix responsibility in such a game? It is just a meeting of ill-conditioned creatures trying to get the utmost out of each other—as ill-conditioned creatures ever will! Just a scrimmage of the brutal elements in man. And for this game Europe pays in rivers of blood and in such anguish of souls as must never come again!

VI

THREE weeks before this war began I was in one of those East End London parishes, whose inhabitants exist from hand to mouth on casual employment and sweated labor; where the women, poor, thin, overworked souls, have neither time nor strength nor inclination for cleanliness and comeliness in person or in house; where the men are undersized and underfed, with faces of those without a future; where pale and stunted children playing in the gutters have a monopoly of any mirthless gayety there is.

In one household of two rooms they were "free of debt, thank Gawd!" having just come back from fruit-picking, and were preparing to take up family existence again on the wife's making of matchboxes at a maximum of six shillings a week, the husband not having found a job as yet. In another, of one room swarming with flies and foul with a sickly, acrid odor, a baby was half asleep on the few

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rags of a bed bereft of bedclothes, its lips pressed to something rubbery, and the flies about its eyes; dirty bowls of messes stood about; an offal heap lay in the empty grate; and at a table in the little window a pallid woman of forty with a running cold was desperately sewing the soles on to tiny babies' shoes. Beside her was a small dirty boy, who had just been lost and brought home by a policeman, because he knew his name and the name of the street he lived in. The woman looked up at us wistfully and said: "I thought I'd lost 'im, too, I did, like the one that fell in the canal." Though she still had seven, though her husband was out of work, though she made only five to six shillings a week, she could not spare any of the children she had borne.

Prices have gone up. What is happening to such as these? You emperors and military bureaucracies, trustees of your peoples—phrase that would make the devil blush!—you who safeguard and pursue the "national aspirations," you who open the gates of the kennel and let loose the mad dogs of war; you who rive husbands from their wives, sons from their mothers' arms, and send them out by the hundred thousand to become lumps of bloody clay; you with your "God defend the right!" and your lust for useless territory, spare one fraction of your time, from august diplomacy, to see the peoples for "whose good" you launch this glorious murder; come out of your clouds of incense and sniff for one moment that sickly, acrid smell in the homes of the poor! And then put up prices, if you dare; then talk of national aspirations!

You emperors and militarist bureaucracies! There is only one national aspiration worth the name: to have from roof to basement a clean, healthy, happy national house. "War the cleanser! Without war no sacrifice, no nobility!" I refer you to that mother, slaving, slaving, without hope and without glory, starved and ill, and slaving in a war with death that lasts all her life for the children she has borne.

VII

Of the true Russian people we English might joyfully be brothers. In the true Russian people we might have trust. But the Russian people is not Russia, unless it should become so in this war. There is at present an almost absolute divorce between the essentially democratic nature of the Russian and the despotic methods by which Russia is governed. We English are fighting for democracy, fighting for the decent preservation of treaty rights, fighting for ideals, and a humanity that can only flourish under democratic rule. It is somewhat ironical that we have with us a despotism. And there is a profound reason why it has been and will be difficult for Russia to change its form of government. The emotional, uncalculating Russian has little sense of money, space, or time; he falls an easy prey to those sterner, more matter-of-fact, than he. Bureaucracy of itself attracts the hard and practical elements of a population; there are, too, many of Teutonic and Scandinavian origin manning Russian officialdom. And Russia is so huge; democratic rule will find it difficult to be swift enough; in decentralization there is danger of disruption. Nevertheless, we welcome the help of Russia, for, if France and we are beaten, it will be the death of democracy in Europe—perhaps in the world. The tide of democracy sets from the West. It must conquer Germany before it reaches Russia. Out of this war many things may come. If Fate grant that military despotisms fall in any country they may well fall in all, and our ally, Russia, gain at last a constitution, some real measure of democratic freedom, some real coherence between the Russian people and Russian policy.

VIII

When the conscript souls disembodied by this war meet in the upper ether how will they talk of this last madness? Perhaps one in each hundred will be able to say from his heart: "I was happy with a rifle or sword and some of you to be killed in front of me!" The remaining ninety-nine will say: "Brothers, like you I loved the sun, and a woman, and the good things of life; like you I meant well by others; I had no wish to kill any man; no wish to die. But I was told that it was necessary. I was told that unless I killed as many of you as I could my country would suffer. I know not whether in my heart I

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believed what I was told, but I did know that I should feel disgraced if I did not take rifle and sword and try to kill some of you; I knew, too, that unless I did they would shoot me for a deserter. So I went. Nearly all the time that I was marching, or resting dead tired, or lying in the trenches, I thought: 'Shall I ever see home again? God let me see home again!' But I knew that my first duty was to kill you, so that *you* should never see home again. I did not *want* to kill you, but I knew I had to.

"When I was under fire or tired and hungry, it is true, I hated you so that I had only a savage wish to kill you. But when it was over I had an ache in my heart. We used to sing while marching, make jokes, enjoy the feel of our comrades' shoulders touching our own, say to ourselves: 'We're fine fellows, serving our country, doing our duty!' But still the ache went on underneath, very deep, as if one were asleep and could not come to the end of a bad dream. We seldom knew what our bullets were doing, but sometimes we came to fighting hand to hand. The first time, I remember, we had advanced through a wood under shell-fire, and were lying down at the edge. I had that ache all the time I was coming through the wood; it was fine, the larches smelled sweet. But when I saw you charging down on us with the sun gleaming on your bayonets it left me; I felt weak and queer down the backs of my legs, wondering which of you, yelling and running toward me, would plunge his steel into my stomach. Then my officer shouted; I fired, once, twice, three times, and began to run forward. If I had not I should have turned and fled. I did not feel savage, but I knew I must move every bit of me as quick as I could, and defend myself and stab. Then our supports came through the wood, and you were beaten. My bayonet was bloody. One or more of you I must have killed; I had been brave, we had won, I felt excited and yet sick. In the evening when I lay down my ache was worse than ever. All my life I had been taught that to kill a fellow man was the worst thing man can do; it did not come natural to me to kill. Brothers, it was having to risk my life so dear to me, *in order that I might kill*, that gave me that ache. If I had been risking it trying to save you it would have been more natural; I should not have ached then."

IX

"THE glories of war!"

Courage, devotion, endurance, contempt of death! These are glories that the unmartial may not deride. Verily, even the humblest of brave soldiers is a hero, for all that his heroism coins the misery of others; but what does the soldier know, see, feel, of the real "glories of war"? That knowledge is confined to readers of newspapers and books! The pressman, the romancer, the historian can with glowing pen call up in the reader a feeling that war is glorious; that there is something in itself desirable and to be admired in that licensed murder, arson, robbery that we call war. Glorious war! Every penny thrill of each reader of the newspaper, every spasm of each one who sees armed men passing or hears the fifes and drums, is manufactured out of blood and groans, wrung out of the torments of the human heart and the torture of human flesh.

When I read in the paper of some glorious charge and the great slaughter of the enemy, I feel a thrill through every fibre. It is grand, it is splendid! I take a deep breath of joy, almost of rapture. Grand, splendid! That there should be lying, with their faces haggard to the stars, hundreds, thousands of men like myself, better men than myself! Hundreds, thousands, who loved life as much as I, felt pain as much as I; whose women loved them as much as mine love me! Grand, splendid! That the blood should be oozing from them into grass that once smelled as sweet to them as it does to me. That their eyes, which delighted in sunlight and beauty as much as mine, should be glazing fast with death; their mouths, that mothers and wives and children are aching to kiss again, should be twisted into gaps of horror. Grand, splendid! That other men, no more savage than myself, should have strown them there. Grand, splendid! That in thousands of far-off houses women, children, and old men will soon lie quivering with anguished memories of those lying there dead.

I thank you, gentle pressmen, roman-

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cers, historians—you have given me a noble thrill in recounting these glories of war!

X

THIS is the grand defeat of all of us utopians, dreamers, poets, philosophers, idealists, humanitarians, lovers of peace and the arts; bag and baggage we are thrown out of a world that has for a time no use for us. To the despot, the bureaucrat, the militarist, the man of affairs, we have always been hateful. If they had the whole of their way, as they have had before now in history and—who knows?—may have again, we should be lined up against a wall and shot. We are soft, yet dangerous, because we venture to hold up little flags in the face of the big flag of force; venture to distract men's attention from dwelling on the beauty of its size. I believe solemnly that we English have had to join this bloody carnival of force to guard democracy, honor, and the sanctity of treaty rights. It is sacred necessity; let us keep it sacred, without the loathsome reek of a satisfaction that peace, humanism, and the arts are down, and the country once more showing the stuff of which it is made, a tusky lover of a fight, as jealous and afraid of a rival as ever.

The idealist said in his heart: The god of force is dead. He has been proven the fool that the man of affairs and the militarist always said he was. But the fools of this world—generally after they are gone—have a way of moving men which the wise and practical believers in force have not. If they had not this power man would still be, year in year out, the savage that the believers in force have for the moment once more made him. The battle between the god of love and the god of force endures for ever. We fools of the former camp, drummed out and beaten to our knees, in due time will get up again and plant our poor flags a little farther on. "All men shall be brothers," said the German fool, Schiller; so shall all we fools say again when the time comes; and again, and again, after every beating.

XI

CULTURE! You wreckers of Louvain! Culture! There are stores of knowledge in your Prussian brains, but there is no culture in your blood. Culture is not scientific learning; culture is not social method and iron discipline; culture is not even power of producing and appreciating works of art—though in these days you have not much of that! The Assyrians, the Persians, the old Egyptians had all these qualities—they, like you, had little or no culture.

Culture is natural gentility—a very different thing. Culture is a quality of some races, inborn or passed into the blood by generations of conformity to humane ideals. You may persist another thousand years, but you will not be cultured at the end. There is a harshness in your blood; there is an arrogance, a thickness of sensibility. Try as you may, you will never strain it out of your natures. Culture, forsooth!

The Hindoo is cultured, the Burmese, the Jew, the Irish cottager, the Pole, the Russian peasant, even the Englishman; for deep in them all is a live humanity, a far-down kindliness, proof against the ranker instincts. You Prussian supermen of Nietzsche's cult have no use for this; it is a quality for slaves, you say! Culture! If you knew what true culture was, you would be the last to claim it. No, no! You have great qualities, no doubt; but do not claim the apostleship of culture, or you will make the nations laugh! Culture is spiritual, not material, salvation; the spiritual salvation of the world will never come from you. Sooner, far sooner, will it come from that Russia whom you despise and dread.

Culture! You wreckers of Louvain!

XII

LAST night, when the half-moon was golden and the white stars very high, I saw the souls of the killed passing. They came riding through the dark, some on gray horses, some on black; they came marching, white-faced; hundreds, thousands, tens of thousands.

The night smelled sweet, the breeze rustled, the stream murmured; and past me on the air the souls of the killed came marching. They seemed of one great company, no longer enemies. All had the same fixed stare, braving something strange, that they were trying terribly to push away. All had their eyes narrowed

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yet fixed-open, in their gray-white, smoke-grimed faces. They made no sound as they passed. Whence were they coming, where going, trailing the ghosts of guns, riding the ghosts of horses; into what river of oblivion, far from horror, and the savagery of man?

They passed. The golden half-moon shone, and the high white stars. The fields smelt sweet; the wind gently stirred the trees. The moon and stars would be shining over the battle-fields, the wind rustling the trees there, the earth sleeping in dark beauty. So would it be all over the Western world. The peace of God doth indeed pass our understanding!

THE GERMANS IN BRUSSELS

BY RICHARD HARDING DAVIS

WHEN, on August 4, the *Lusitania*, with lights doused and air-ports sealed, slipped out of New York harbor the crime of the century was only a few days old. And for three days those on board the *Lusitania* of the march of the great events were ignorant. Whether or no between England and Germany the struggle for the supremacy of the sea had begun we could not learn.

But when, on the third day, we came on deck the news was written against the sky. Swinging from the funnels, sailors were painting out the scarlet-and-black colors of the Cunard line and substituting a mouse-like gray. Overnight we had passed into the hands of the admiralty, and the *Lusitania* had emerged a cruiser. That to possible German war-ships she might not disclose her position, she sent no wireless messages. But she could receive them; and at breakfast in the ship's newspaper appeared those she had overnight snatched from the air. Among them, without a scarehead, in the most modest of type, we read: "England and Germany have declared war." Seldom has news so momentous been conveyed so simply, or, by the Englishmen on board, more calmly accepted. For any exhibition they gave of excitement or concern, the news the radio brought them might have been the result of a by-election.

Later in the morning they gave us another exhibition of that repression of feeling, of that disdain of hysteria, that is a national characteristic, and is what Mr. Kipling meant when he wrote: "But oh, beware my country, when my country grows polite!"

Word came that in the North Sea the English war-ships had destroyed the German fleet. To celebrate this battle which, were the news authentic, would rank with Trafalgar and might mean the end of the war, one of the ship's officers exploded a detonating bomb. Nothing else exploded. Whatever feelings of satisfaction our English cousins experienced they concealed.

Under like circumstances, on an American ship, we would have tied down the siren, sung the doxology, and broken everything on the bar. As it was, the Americans instinctively flocked to the smoking-room and drank to the British navy. While this ceremony was going forward, from the promenade deck we heard tumultuous shouts and cheers. We believed that, relieved of our presence, our English friends had given way to rejoicings. But when we went on deck we found them deeply engaged in cricket. The cheers we had heard were over the retirement of a batsman who had just been given out, leg before wicket.

When we reached London we found no idle boasting, no vainglorious jingoism. The war that Germany had forced upon them the English accepted with a grim determination to see it through and, while they were about it, to make it final. They were going ahead with no false illusions. Fully did every one appreciate the enormous task, the personal loss that lay before him. But each, in his or her way, went into the fight determined to do his duty. There was no dismay, no hysteria, no "mafficking."

The secrecy maintained by the press and the people regarding anything concerning the war, the knowledge of which might embarrass the War Office, was one of

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the most admirable and remarkable conspiracies of silence that modern times have known. Officers of the same regiment even with each other would not discuss the orders they had received. In no single newspaper, with no matter how lurid a past record for sensationalism, was there a line to suggest that a British army had landed in France and that Great Britain was at war. Sooner than embarrass those who were conducting the fight, the individual English man and woman in silence suffered the most cruel anxiety of mind. Of that, on my return to London from Brussels, I was given an illustration. I had written to *The Daily Chronicle* telling where in Belgium I had seen a wrecked British air-ship, and beside it the grave of the aviator. I gave the information in order that the family of the dead officer might find the grave and bring the body home. The morning the letter was published an elderly gentleman, a retired officer of the navy, called at my rooms. His son, he said, was an aviator, and for a month of him no word had come. His mother was distressed. Could I describe the air-ship I had seen?

I was not keen to play the messenger of ill tidings, so I tried to gain time.

"What make of aeroplane does your son drive?" I asked.

As though preparing for a blow, the old gentleman drew himself up, and looked me steadily in the eyes.

"A Bleriot monoplane," he said.

I was as relieved as though his boy were one of my own kinsmen.

"The air-ship I saw," I told him, "was an Avro biplane!"

Of the two I appeared much the more pleased.

The retired officer bowed.

"I thank you," he said. "It will be good news for his mother."

"But why didn't you go to the War Office?" I asked.

He reproved me firmly.

"They have asked us not to question them," he said, "and when they are working for all I have no right to embarrass them with my personal trouble."

As the chance of obtaining credentials with the British army appeared doubtful, I did not remain in London, but at once crossed to Belgium.

Before the Germans came, Brussels was an imitation Paris—especially along the inner boulevards she was Paris at her best. And her great parks, her lakes gay with pleasure-boats or choked with lily-pads, her haunted forests, where your taxicab would startle the wild deer, are the most beautiful I have ever seen in any city in the world. As, in the days of the Second Empire, Louis Napoleon bedecked Paris, so Leopold decorated Brussels. In her honor and to his own glory he gave her new parks, filled in her moats along her ancient fortifications, laid out boulevards shaded with trees, erected arches, monuments, museums. That these jewels he hung upon her neck were wrung from the slaves of the Congo does not make them the less beautiful. And before the Germans came, the life of the people of Brussels was in keeping with the elegance, beauty, and joyousness of their surroundings.

At the Palace Hotel, which is the clearing-house for the social life of Brussels, we found everybody taking his ease at a little iron table on the sidewalk. It was night, but the city was as light as noonday—brilliant, elated, full of movement and color. For Liège was still held by the Belgians, and they believed that all along the line they were holding back the German army. It was no wonder they were jubilant. They had a right to be proud. They had been making history. In order to give them time to mobilize, the Allies had asked them for two days to delay the German invader. They had held him back for fifteen. As David went against Goliath, they had repulsed the German. And as yet there had been no reprisals, no destruction of cities, no murdering of non-combatants; war still was something glad and glorious.

The signs of it were the Boy Scouts, everywhere helping every one, carrying messages, guiding strangers, directing traffic; and Red Cross nurses and aviators from England, smart Belgian officers exclaiming bitterly over the delay in sending them forward, and private automobiles upon the enamelled sides of which the transport officer with a piece of chalk had scratched, "For His Majesty," and piled the silk cushions high with ammunition. From table to table young girls passed jangling tiny tin milk-cans. They were supplicants, begging money for the wounded. There were so many of them

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and so often they made their rounds that, to protect you from themselves, if you subscribed a lump sum, you were exempt and were given a badge to prove you were immune.

Except for these signs of the times you would not have known Belgium was at war. The spirit of the people was undaunted. Into their daily lives the conflict had penetrated only like a burst of martial music. Rather than depressing, it inspired them. Wherever you ventured, you found them undismayed. And in those weeks during which events moved so swiftly that now they seem months in the past, we were as free as in our own "home town" to go where we chose.

For the war correspondent those were the happy days! Like every one else, from the proudest nobleman to the boy in wooden shoes, we were given a *laisser-passer*, which gave us permission to go anywhere; this with a passport was our only credential. Proper credentials to accompany the army in the field had been formerly refused me by the war officers of England, France, and Belgium. So in Brussels each morning I chartered an automobile and without credentials joined the first army that happened to be passing. Sometimes you stumbled upon an *escarmouche*, sometimes you fled from one, sometimes you drew blank. Over our early coffee we would study the morning papers and, as in the glad days of racing at home, from them try to dope out the winners. If we followed *La Dernière Heure* we would go to Namur; *L'Étoile* was strong for Tirlemont. Would we lose if we plunged on Wavre? Again, the favorite seemed to be Louvain. On a straight tip from the legation the English correspondents were going to motor to Diest. From a Belgian officer we had been given inside information that the fight would be pulled off at Gembloux. And, unencumbered by even a sandwich, and too wise to carry a field-glass or a camera, each would depart upon his separate errand, at night returning to a perfectly served dinner and a luxurious bed. For the news-gatherers it was a game of chance. The wisest veterans would cast their nets south and see only harvesters in the fields, the amateurs would lose their way to the north and find themselves facing an army corps or running a gauntlet of shell-fire. It was like throwing a handful of coins on the table hoping that one might rest upon the winning number. Over the map of Belgium we threw ourselves. Some days we landed on the right color, on others we saw no more than we would see at state manœuvres.

Judging by his questions, the lay brother seems to think that the chief trouble of the war correspondent is dodging bullets. It is not. It consists in trying to bribe a station-master to carry you on a troop train, or in finding forage for your horse. What wars I have seen have taken place in spots isolated and inaccessible, far from the haunts of men. By day you followed the fight and tried to find the censor, and at night you sat on a cracker-box and by the light of a candle struggled to keep awake and to write deathless prose. In Belgium it was not like that. The automobile which Gerald Morgan, of the *London Daily Telegraph*, and I shared was of surpassing beauty, speed, and comfort. It was as long as a Plant freight-car and as yellow; and from it flapped in the breeze more English, Belgian, French, and Russian flags than fly from the roof of the New York Hippodrome. Whenever we sighted an army we lashed the flags of its country to our headlights, and at sixty miles an hour bore down upon it. The army always first arrested us, and then, on learning our nationality, asked if it were true that America had joined the Allies. After I had punched his ribs a sufficient number of times Morgan learned to reply without winking that it had.

In those days the sun shone continuously; the roads, except where we ran on the blocks that made Belgium famous, were perfect; and overhead for miles noble trees met and embraced. The country was smiling and beautiful. In the fields the women (for the men were at the front) were gathering the crops, the stacks of golden grain stretched from village to village. The houses in these were whitewashed and, the better to advertise chocolates, liqueurs, and automobile tires, were painted a cobalt blue; their roofs were of red tiles, and they sat in gardens of purple cabbages or gaudy hollyhocks. In the orchards the pear-trees were bent with fruit. We never lacked for food; always, when we lost the trail and "checked," or

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burst a tire, there was an inn with fruit-trees trained to lie flat against the wall, or to spread over arbors and trellises. Beneath these, close by the roadside, we sat and drank red wine, and devoured omelets and vast slabs of rye bread. At night we raced back to the city, through twelve miles of parks, to enamelled bath-tubs, shaded electric light, and iced champagne; while before our table passed all the night life of a great city. And for suffering these hardships of war our papers paid us large sums.

On such a night as this, the night of August 18, strange folk in wooden shoes and carrying bundles, and who looked like emigrants from Ellis Island, appeared in front of the restaurant. Instantly they were swallowed up in a crowd and the dinner parties, napkins in hand, flocked into the Place Rogier and increased the throng around them.

"The Germans!" those in the heart of the crowd called over their shoulders. "The Germans are at Louvain!"

That afternoon I had conscientiously cabled my paper that there were no Germans anywhere near Louvain. I had been west of Louvain, and the particular column of the French army to which I had attached myself certainly saw no Germans.

"They say," whispered those nearest the fugitives, "the German shells are falling in Louvain. Ten houses are on fire!" Ten houses! How monstrous it sounded! Ten houses of innocent country folk destroyed. In those days such a catastrophe was unbelievable. We smiled knowingly.

"Refugees always talk like that," we said wisely. "The Germans would not bombard an unfortified town. And, besides, there are no Germans south of Liège."

The morning following in my room I heard from the Place Rogier the warnings of many motor horns. At great speed innumerable automobiles were approaching, all coming from the west through the Boulevard du Regent, and without slackening speed passing northeast toward Ghent, Bruges, and the coast. The number increased and the warnings became insistent. At eight o'clock they had sent out a sharp request for right of way; at nine in number they had trebled, and the note of the sirens was raucous, harsh, and peremptory. At ten no longer were there disconnected warnings, but from the horns and sirens issued one long, continuous scream. It was like the steady roar of a gale in the rigging, and it spoke in abject panic. The voices of the cars racing past were like the voices of human beings driven with fear. From the front of the hotel we watched them. There were taxicabs, racing-cars, limousines. They were crowded with women and children of the rich, and of the nobility and gentry from the great châteaux far to the west. Those who occupied them were white-faced with the dust of the road, with weariness and fear. In cars magnificently upholstered, padded, and cushioned were piled trunks, handbags, dressing-cases. The women had dressed at a moment's warning, as though at a cry of fire. Many had travelled throughout the night, and in their arms the children, snatched from the pillows, were sleeping.

But more appealing were the peasants. We walked out along the inner boulevards to meet them, and found the side streets blocked with their carts. Into these they had thrown mattresses, or bundles of grain, and heaped upon them were families of three generations. Old men in blue smocks, white-haired and bent, old women in caps, the daughters dressed in their one best frock and hat, and clasping in their hands all that was left to them, all that they could stuff into a pillow-case or flour-sack. The tears rolled down their brown, tanned faces. To the people of Brussels who crowded around them they spoke in hushed, broken phrases. The terror of what they had escaped or of what they had seen was upon them. They had harnessed the plough-horse to the dray or market-wagon and to the invaders had left everything. What, they asked, would befall the live stock they had abandoned, the ducks on the pond, the cattle in the field? Who would feed them and give them water? At the question the tears would break out afresh. Heart-broken, weary, hungry, they passed in an unending caravan. With them, all fleeing from the same foe, all moving in one direction, were family carriages, the servants on the box in disordered livery, as they had served dinner, or coatless, but still in the striped waistcoats and silver buttons of grooms or footmen, and bicyclers with bundles strapped to their shoulders, and men and women stumbling on foot, carry-

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ing their children. Above it all rose the breathless scream of the racing cars, as they rocked and skidded, with brakes grinding and mufflers open; with their own terror creating and spreading terror.

Though eager in sympathy, the people of Brussels themselves were undisturbed. Many still sat at the little iron tables and smiled pityingly upon the strange figures of the peasants. They had had their trouble for nothing, they said. It was a false alarm. There were no Germans nearer than Liège. And besides, should the Germans come, the civil guard would meet them.

But, better informed than they, that morning the American minister, Brand Whitlock, and the Marquis Villalobar, the Spanish minister, had called upon the burgomaster and advised him not to defend the city. As Whitlock pointed out, with the force at his command, which was the citizen soldiery, he could delay the entrance of the Germans by only an hour, and in that hour many innocent lives would be wasted, and monuments of great beauty, works of art that belong not alone to Brussels but to the world, would be destroyed. Burgomaster Max, who is a splendid and worthy representative of a long line of burgomasters, placing his hand upon his heart, said: "Honor requires it."

To show that in the protection of the Belgian Government he had full confidence, Mr. Whitlock had not as yet shown his colors. But that morning when he left the Hôtel de Ville he hung the American flag over his legation, and over that of the British. Those of us who had elected to remain in Brussels moved our belongings to a hotel across the street from the legation. Not taking any chances, for my own use I reserved a green-leather sofa in the legation itself.

Except that the cafés were empty of Belgian officers, and of English correspondents, whom, had they remained, the Germans would have arrested, there was not, up to late in the afternoon of the 19th of August, in the life and conduct of the citizens any perceptible change. They could not have shown a finer spirit. They did not know the city would not be defended; and yet with before them on the morrow the prospect of a battle which Burgomaster Max had announced would be contested to the very heart of the city, as usual the cafés blazed like open fireplaces and the people sat at the little iron tables. Even when, like great buzzards, two German aeroplanes sailed slowly across Brussels, casting shadows of events to come, the people regarded them only with curiosity. The next morning the shops were open, the streets were crowded. But overnight the soldier-king had sent word that Brussels must not oppose the invaders; and at the gendarmerie the civil guard, reluctantly and protesting, some even in tears, turned in their rifles and uniforms.

The change came at ten in the morning. It was as though a wand had waved and from a fête day on the Continent we had been wafted to London on a rainy Sunday. The boulevards fell suddenly empty. There was not a house that was not closely shuttered. Along the route by which we now knew the Germans were advancing, it was as though the plague stalked. That no one should fire from a window, that to the conquerors no one should offer insult, Burgomaster Max sent out as special constables men he trusted. Their badge of authority was a walking-stick and a piece of paper fluttering from a buttonhole. These, the police, and the servants and caretakers of the houses that lined the boulevards alone were visible. At eleven o'clock, unobserved but by this official audience, down the Boulevard Waterloo came the advance-guard of the German army. It consisted of three men, a captain and two privates on bicycles. Their rifles were slung across their shoulders, they rode unwarily, with as little concern as the members of a touring-club out for a holiday. Behind them, so close upon each other that to cross from one sidewalk to the other was not possible, came the Uhlans, infantry, and the guns. For two hours I watched them, and then, bored with the monotony of it, returned to the hotel. After an hour, from beneath my window I still could hear them; another hour and another went by. They still were passing. Boredom gave way to wonder. The thing fascinated you, against your will, dragged you back to the sidewalk and held you there open-eyed. No longer was it regiments of men marching, but something uncanny, inhuman; a force of nature like a landslide, a tidal wave, or lava sweeping down a mountain. It was

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not of this earth, but mysterious, ghost-like. The uniform aided this impression. In it each man moved under a cloak of invisibility. To describe its gray-green color is impossible, because it has no color, and yet it absorbs all colors, and reflects no light. We saw it first in the warm summer sunshine, later under the glare of electric lamps, hours later in the gray of the morning. At all times the men clothed in it were indistinguishable. They blended with the gray stones of the street, with the green of the trees; they shifted and merged like drifting fog. Even as you pointed they dissolved into thin air. It was like a conjuring trick. It is a fact that often you would see advancing toward you a troop of horses and you could not see the men who rode them.

All through the night, like the tumult of a river when it races between the cliffs of a canyon, in my sleep I could hear the steady roar of the passing army. And when early in the morning I went to the window the chain of steel was still unbroken. As a correspondent I have seen all the great armies and the military processions at the coronations, in Russia, England, and Spain, and our own inaugural parades down Pennsylvania Avenue, but those armies and processions were made up of men. This was a machine, endless, tireless, with the delicate organization of a watch and the brute power of a steam-roller. And for three days and three nights through Brussels it roared and rumbled, a cataract of molten lead. The infantry marched singing, with their iron-shod boots beating out the time. In each regiment there were two thousand men and at the same instant, in perfect unison, two thousand iron brogans struck the granite street. It was like the blows from giant pile-drivers. The Uhlans followed, the hoofs of their magnificent horses ringing like thousands of steel hammers breaking stones in a road; and after them the giant siege-guns rumbling, growling, the mitrailleuse with drag-chains clanking, the field-pieces with creaking axles, complaining brakes, the grinding of the steel-rimmed wheels against the stones echoing and re-echoing from the house-front. When at night for an instant the machine halted, the silence awoke you, as at sea you wake when the screw stops. For three days and three nights the column of gray, with fifty thousand bayonets and fifty thousand lances, with gray transport wagons, gray ammunition-carts, gray ambulances, gray cannon, like a river of steel cut Brussels in two.

For three weeks the men had been on the march and there was not a single straggler, not a strap out of place, not a pennant missing. Along the route, without for a minute halting the machine, the post-office carts fell out of the column, and as the men marched mounted postmen collected postcards and delivered letters. Also, as they marched, the cooks prepared soup, coffee, and tea, walking beside their stoves on wheels, tending the fires, distributing the smoking food. No officer followed a wrong turning, no officer asked his way. He followed the map strapped to his side and on which for his guidance in red ink his route was marked. At night he read this map, by the light of an electric torch buckled to his chest. For the gray automobiles and the gray motor-cycles one side of the street always was kept clear; and so compact was the column, so rigid the vigilance of the file-closers, that at the rate of forty miles an hour a car could race the length of the column and need not for a single horse or man once swerve from its course.

To perfect this monstrous engine, with its pontoon bridges, its wireless, its hospitals, its aeroplanes that in rigid alignment sailed before it, its field telephones that as it advanced strung wires over which for miles the vanguard talked to the rear, all modern inventions had been prostituted. To feed it, millions of men had been called from homes, offices, and workshops; to guide it, for years the minds of the highborn, with whom it is a religion and a disease, had been solely concerned.

It is, perhaps, the most efficient organization of modern times; and its purpose only is death. Those who cast it loose upon Europe are military-mad. And they are only a very small part of the German people. But to preserve their class they have in their own image created this terrible engine of destruction. For the present it is their servant. But "Though the mills of God grind slowly, yet they grind exceeding small." And like Frankenstein's monster, this monster, to which they gave life, may turn on them and rend them.

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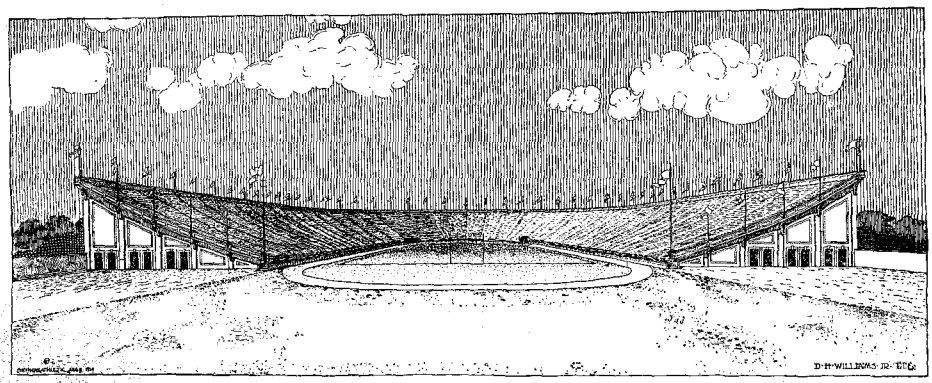

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A segment of the University of Michigan Stadium on Ferry Field.

Remaining sections to be completed as conditions warrant. The entire structure as planned will seat 55,000 spectators.

THE STADIUM AND COLLEGE ATHLETICS

By Lawrence Perry

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM ARCHITECTS' DRAWINGS AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS

TWO of the important games of the current Eastern football season will be played within the walls of vast amphitheatres, erected within the past twelve months, at Princeton and at New Haven—the most recent outgrowth of the modern tendency to establish intercollegiate contests in an environment permanent in character, great in capacity, and beautiful in outline. Stadia now exist at Harvard, Syracuse, Yale, Princeton, the College of the City of New York, and at Tacoma; are in course of construction, or are projected, at the University of Michigan, Columbia, Cornell, and the University of Washington at Seattle. The trend is general and, with all the underlying elements involved, sets forth a condition at once interesting and complex.

The university stadium has many meanings to many sorts of university men. The athlete, whose interest lies wholly in the playing of the game under favorable conditions and in a spectacular environment, has his own idea of it, just as the athletic manager, with interests largely financial, has his view-point; while the faculty member, with classical tendencies, the hard-headed alumnus who has succeeded in business, and the loyal if sedately minded graduate, trustee, or other (uneasy at the thought of giving outdoor sports prominence as spectacles out of proportion to their vital importance) apply to it their respective trends of thought and ideals.

Emerging clear, however, above the mass of conflicting theories, one fact is dominant: these immense amphitheatres stand as monuments to the importance of organized athletics, and a recognition of this by the college authorities. By the comparatively few this unquestionably is deprecated, but, on the other hand, the opinion of a heavy majority, who believe in athletic sports and in intercollegiate contests, holds that the only way of controlling them is by placing them on a recognized and permanent basis. The steady improvement of all intercollegiate sports as they have been brought more directly and rigidly under faculty and graduate control and supervision, is convincing evidence of the strength of this contention.

To those who have been made uneasy at the thought of thus placing emphasis upon sports as related to university life, what is there to say except that these great structures, while they typify a condition, did not create that condition, but rather are the logical and inevitable products of it? It is not as though intercollegiate sports had grown at a rate disproportionate with the growth in size and importance of the colleges themselves. The ratio, I think most will agree, has

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From a photograph by Notman Photo Co., Boston.

The Harvard-Yale game, November 20, 1909.

been equably maintained. And certainly these stadia may be regarded as nothing more than the grasping of one of two alternatives: the abolition of major intercollegiate contests, or the handling of them in an adequate and broad-minded way. In setting forth facts bearing upon the building of the stadium at Cambridge, Professor I. N. Hollis recognized the objections to the project as springing from the development of the annual football game with Yale as a great "public spectacle."

"Many, however, have lost sight of the fact," he wrote, "that rowing is more open to the public than football. It demands much more time in preparation and the races have to be rowed in localities where every one can see them. The football games are attended so largely by the colleges whose teams are on the field that the general public forms only a small percentage of the spectators. . . . It is more in the nature of a contest intended to bring together, once a year, the friends of the universities whose elevens are on the field. There is much to be said on this general question, but the Harvard Athletic Association was in the face of a question which had to be decided—What was to be done about the old bleachers? The decision to replace them by something fireproof, safe, and sightly seems entirely justified."

As a general thing, this is how stadia come into being—through virtual necessity. Where the demand is not imperative they are not built. The University of Michigan, for example, has planned for an amphitheatre of fifty-five thousand capacity, but at present is building only a segment of that structure on Ferry Field; the rearing of remaining sections is to be reserved for future conditions in years to come. Cornell is carrying out ambitious plans for her athletic plant on the new Alumni Field, but comprehensive and costly as these plans are, only a small stadium for the baseball field is contemplated, chiefly, it may be supposed, because Ithaca's isolated position does not promise sufficient income in the way of gate receipts to make a great structure a businesslike undertaking, nor a necessary adjunct to Cornell athletics. Chicago University is content, for the present at least, with an immense steel-and-concrete grand stand, capable of holding sixteen thousand persons, and as at Michigan a stadium will come, when it does come, not because of a desire to unduly exalt athletics, but simply to meet a vital need; and

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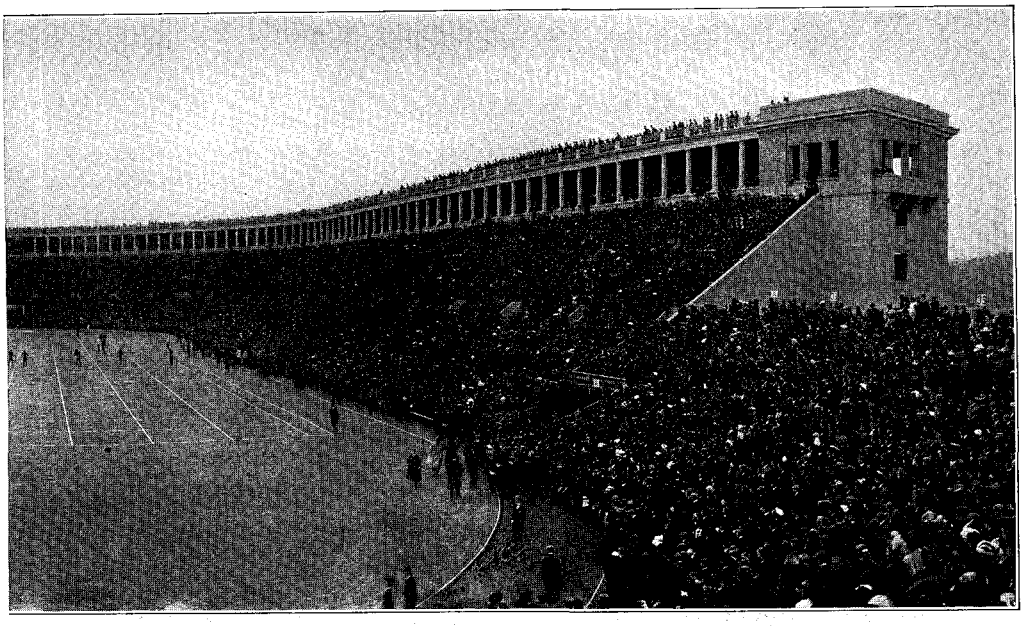

kick-off.
at Harvard Stadium, Cambridge, Mass.

the realization of Columbia's proposed stadium, to be placed upon a large area to be obtained by filling in the Hudson River west of the railroad tracks at 114th Street, lies well in the future.

The fact is that the launching of a stadium is no trifling matter, even where, as in the case at Harvard, Princeton, and Yale, its immense earning capacity is assured from the very outset. Princeton was happy in having a donor, Mr. Edgar Palmer, as was Syracuse, Mr. John D. Archbold, and the College of the City of New York, Mr. Adolph Lewisohn. Yale financed her Bowl through alumni donations, Cornell has depended upon contributions, while the Harvard Athletic Association had one hundred thousand dollars in hand when the stadium at Cambridge was put forward. The class of '79—a most generous body at Harvard—gave one hundred thousand dollars, and the additional sixty thousand required to complete the structure was obtained by a guarantee loan, which is being paid by the Athletic Association from year to year. Recapitulation shows that in all nearly two million dollars, or, to be precise, $1,895,000, were involved in the cost of the six amphitheatres now standing in this country. This most certainly is an enormous sum, one that has not been ignored by those who deprecate the conditions which brought them into being, but not even the bitterest opponent will attempt to gainsay the economic soundness of the outlay. In other words, where conditions warrant, stadia are "gilt-edged business propositions"; they yield a high interest and will endure and continue to hold their enthusiastic multitudes long after they have paid for themselves two and three fold. From another point of view, a professor in one of our large universities who leads his classes, year by year, in pursuit of the humanities finds, in these stadia, an unconscious perhaps, but none the less definite, manifestation of the influences of the classical ideal and hence warranting, even from an academic view-point, all they cost.

"They reproduce," he said, one fine summer afternoon, as he stood listening to the roar of steam-shovels and casting his eye upward at the towering framework of the adolescent stadium of his own university, "the antique outline, carried out on the scale of Roman and Grecian immensity. Their mere presence, artistically and academically, is a cause for mental uplift.

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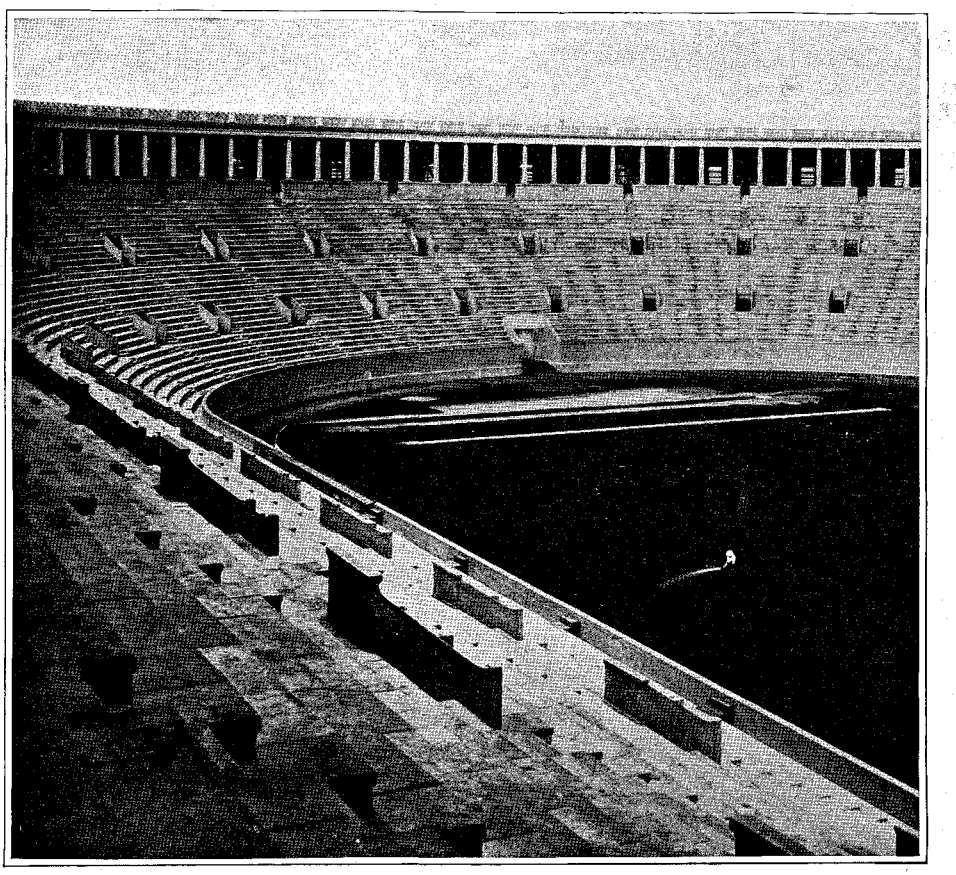
I defy any one to deny the subtle influences upon the receptive undergraduate mind of the Harvard Stadium, for example, arising in its solemn, lonely beauty on the meadows on the banks of the Charles."

Continuing, he saw fertile opportunity for the development of ancient ideas of pageantry and the drama, and he foresaw the time when the lack of intramural spaces for commencement and other university functions would bring stadia into use for these gatherings. Nor perhaps was his enthusiasm altogether without substantial basis. Percy MacKaye's "Jeanne d'Arc," with Maude Adams as protagonist, was given with splendid effect in the stadium at Harvard a few years ago, a significant precursor of similar events in years to come, and with increasing frequency at Harvard and elsewhere. The stadium at Tacoma, overlooking Puget Sound, constructed at the instance of high-school students, by popular subscription, is annually the scene of pageants, popular assemblies, and military manœuvres, in addition to the sports of the school, and the City College Stadium in New York will be applied to a variety of interests apart from athletics.



A section of the Harvard Stadium.

Note the arrangement of the exits and the marked semicircular form at the end. Maximum seating-capacity, about 40,000.

The Palmer Memorial Stadium at Princeton is to be regarded as figuring solidly in the economic affairs of the university. In recent years the Athletic Association had been put to an expense of about ten thousand dollars each fall to build and remove from University Field temporary stands, necessary for adequate seating-capacity for the big football games. This grievous waste will now be saved, and turned over to the university

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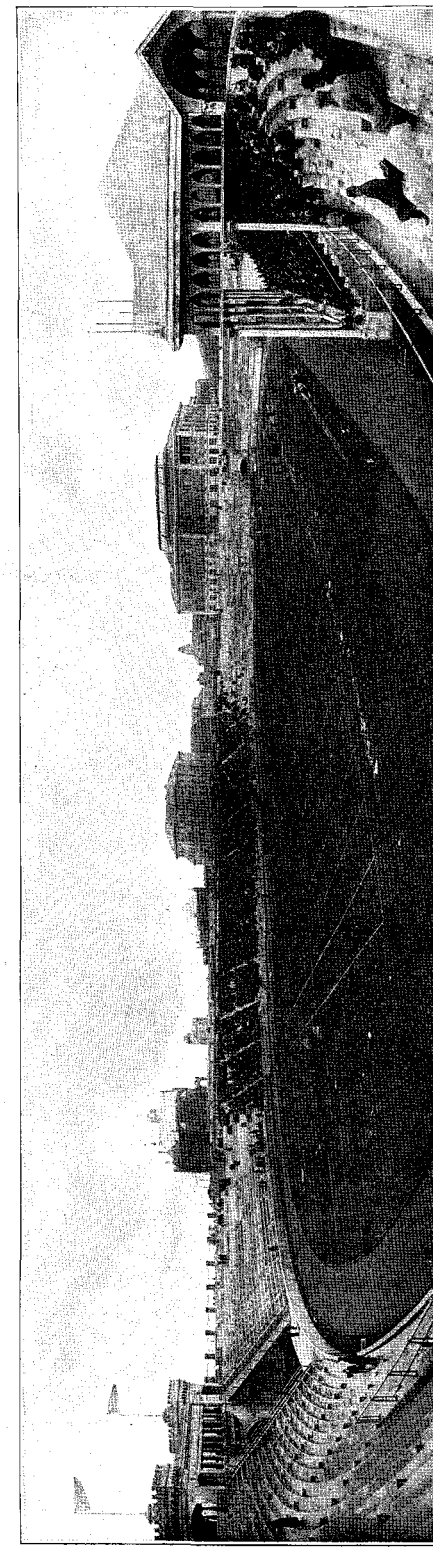
as a part of the educational fund. This is to say, Princeton finds, in her new amphitheatre, not only a permanent seat of intercollegiate sport, but a revenue-producing plant, yielding annually a handsome sum for the essential work of the university. Through the increased seating-capacity and consequent larger income the Athletic Association is able to pay this sum to the university and at the same time to enjoy more lucrative return than under the old system.

It should be borne clearly in mind that the Princeton Stadium is a direct gift to the university for the use of the Athletic Association. In this respect it does not differ materially as a revenue-producing gift from a dormitory. The arrangement for carrying out this idea takes the form of a refund plan under which the Athletic Association assumes liability for practically all the cost of construction. This amount the Athletic Association will ultimately pay to the funds of the university. Mr. Palmer's gift, therefore, is of dual nature—a stadium for the Athletic Association and eventually a three-hundred-thousand-dollar endowment for the university. Pending the completion of payment of this sum the association will pay a fixed amount yearly to the university in lieu of interest. The virtues of this novel development of the stadium idea can readily be appreciated.

It does not appear that the classical form which the modern structures have taken was the result of scholastic fervor on the part of their projectors. As a matter of fact, the design of the Harvard Stadium—the first of our university amphitheatres—was originally worked out with reference to engineering details, which later were submitted to Mr. C. F. McKim for criticism and modification. George B. de Gersdorff made drawings relating to the general appearance of the structure under direction of Mr. McKim, which served, as Professor Hollis of Harvard rather naïvely put it, to convert the design from one whose engineering features were ample to guarantee strength into one pleasing to the eye. Thus it stands to-day, a sort of combination of Greek stadium and Roman circus in its external form, but above all a mighty good place in which to see a football game.



From a photograph, copyright 1908, by Smith & Holmes.

The Syracuse Stadium.

The general lines are those of a Roman colosseum. A departure from classical symmetry may be noted in the grand stand. Normal seating-capacity, 20,000.

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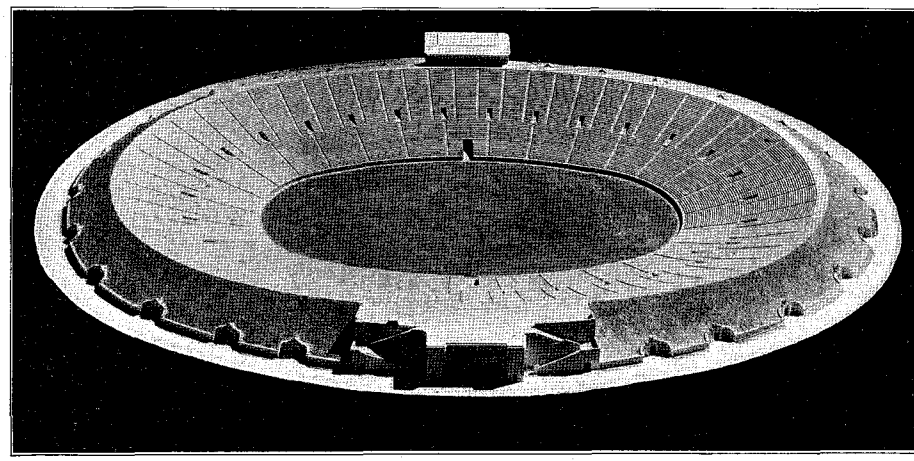
And similarly the Yale Bowl is in large detail the practical and unemotional conception of engineers who selected the colosseum type of structure because it appealed to them as best serving the interests of the principles they had chiefly in mind



Model of the Yale Bowl.

—utility, economy, capacity. With these established, the plans were turned over to Mr. Donn Barber, consulting architect, for suggestions and drawings as to the artistic treatment of doorways, cornices, arches, vaults, and the like. Princeton's Stadium involves a classic, not to say historic, solecism, inasmuch as its outlines are as purely Gothic as the architect, Mr. H. J. Hardenbergh, could devise, in order that the amphitheatre may conform to the prevailing collegiate Gothic of Princeton's architecture.

The net inference to be drawn from all this is that many considerations—utility being the chief of these—stood upon something more than equal ground with æsthetic elements.

The word "stadium," by the way, is the Latin form of a Greek name for a measure of distance—a stade, 606 feet, or approximately an eighth of a Roman mile. As this was the usual distance for foot-races at Olympia, the name came to be given to the structure wherein the foot-races and other athletic contests were held. All the ancient Greek stadia—of which the stadium at Athens, built by Lycurgus 350 B. C., and restored by King George of Greece in 1869–70, is a fine example—were semicircular at one end and open at the other—U-shaped—as are those at Harvard, Princeton, Tacoma, etc., while Yale, Syracuse, the College of the City of New York, have followed the perfect elliptical design, characteristic of the Roman Colosseum and the amphitheatre at Pompeii.

In all that has been done in the building of stadia in this country, reinforced concrete has been an important element of construction. Without it all our university fields to-day would still be decorated with unsightly and unsafe wooden stands. As a building-material concrete was extensively employed in ancient Rome; the great vaults and arches, so characteristic of Roman architecture, made this substance a particularly convenient medium and no stronger testimony of its strength and durability is required than the dome of the Pantheon, cast in a solid mass of concrete in 27 B. C. In Egypt explorers have discovered concrete work which bears evidence of having been strengthened by twisted strips of rush, the nearest approach to reinforcing which any early builders attained. Buildings constructed solidly or partially of concrete, such, for example, as the stadia at Princeton and elsewhere, could not have been erected in the remote or near past because the material of itself has practically no tensile strength; this strength is supplied by iron

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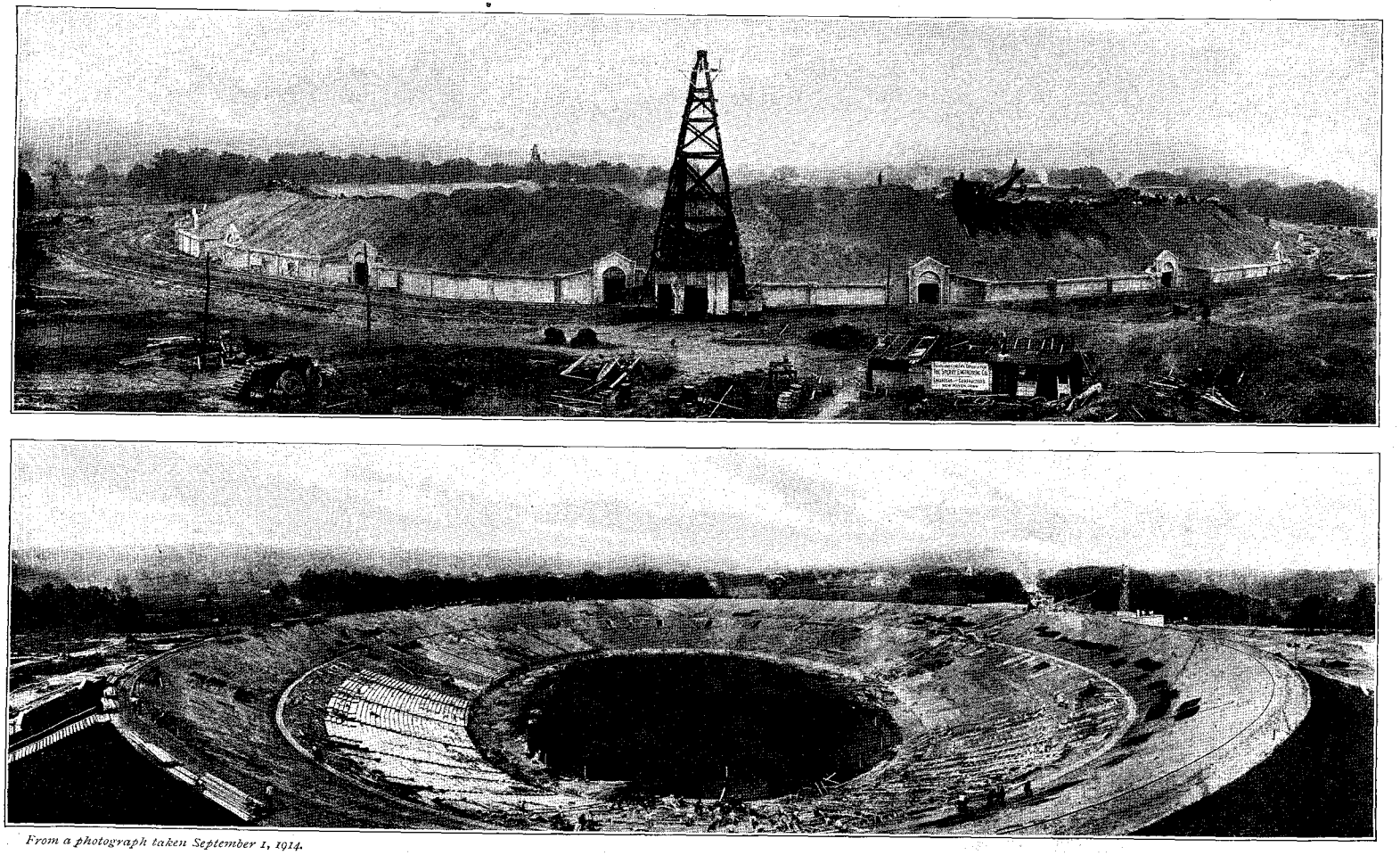

From a photograph taken September 1, 1914.

Construction of the Yale Bowl, New Haven, Conn.

The lower half was excavated and is below the earth's level: the upper half was formed of earth from the excavation. Seating-capacity, 60,000. The upper illustration shows construction on June 28, 1914.

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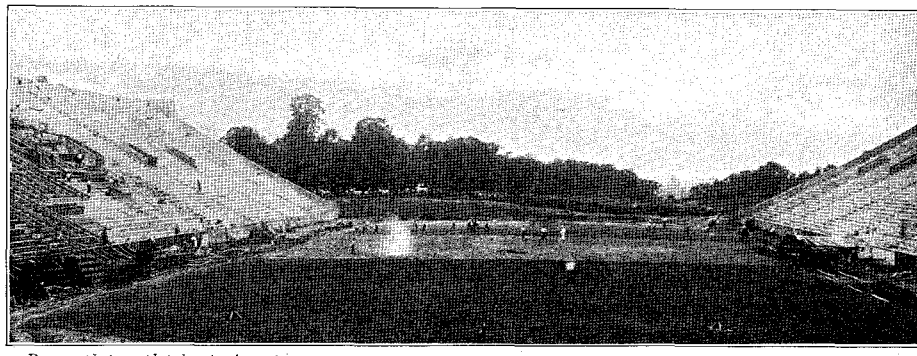
or steel reinforcement, a principle discovered by Monier in 1867 and patented by François Coignet, a Parisian, in 1869. It is only, however, within the last twenty years that modern methods of reinforced-concrete construction, through which almost anything in the way of building is feasible, have been generally applied. Through its use the way has been paved for the reproduction of classical outline.



From a photograph taken in August, 1914.

The Palmer Memorial Stadium, Princeton, N. J.
Seating-capacity, 41,000.

The Princeton Stadium represents the most advanced application of this process. Unlike the stadia that have preceded it, its integrity as a concrete unit is complete. It was formed in its entirety through pouring concrete into a wooden mould and presents neither joint nor crevice. The vast area of seats is self-supported—a view, standing within the walls, underneath the structure affords the same impression of an unbroken mass of concrete that the exterior gives. There are no steel columns, and the girders, appearing at regular intervals, are of the same material as the rest of the stadium, and were moulded with it.

When the amphitheatre at Harvard—the pioneer of university stadia—was projected in 1903, it is doubtful if builders were possessed at that time of sufficient knowledge of the structural capabilities of reinforced concrete to attempt the scheme of building carried out at Princeton. The splendid condition of the concrete fence on Soldiers' Field, constructed in the nineties, encouraged the Harvard engineers in their decision to select that material as the best for the stadium. It was determined to have all supporting parts, such as walls, columns, floors, and arches, of concrete with twisted steel rods embedded in them, while all inclined trusses—forming the immediate support of the seats—should be of steel. The stadium is accordingly a steel-reinforced concrete-and-steel stand and differs from the Princeton structure in this respect: the masonry material was *not* poured, as at Princeton. The concrete units were slabs—of which there were some forty-eight hundred, of ninety-five different patterns—and were cast upon the ground in forms and then placed on the steel trusses. The work was begun early in July, 1903, and the Yale game, November 21, was played there.

There has been a great deal of misunderstanding as to the seating-capacity of the Harvard Stadium. Really, the concrete seats will accommodate at the outside about 23,500 spectators, but the addition of temporary wooden seats on the top promenade and in front of the lower parapet wall makes it possible to seat 35,000 people within the walls of the building. With the temporary wooden structure erected at the open end upon the occasion of Yale games, there are seats for some 40,000 lookers-on. The Princeton Stadium will hold 41,000 without extra accommodations, and the Yale Bowl has provisions for a host of 60,000.

The impelling forces which brought about the decision of the Harvard authorities to erect their great permanent athletic plant were in part the unsightliness of the wooden stands, but chiefly the yearly problem of safety. The inflammable nature of the seats coupled with the increasing thousands who annually came to the

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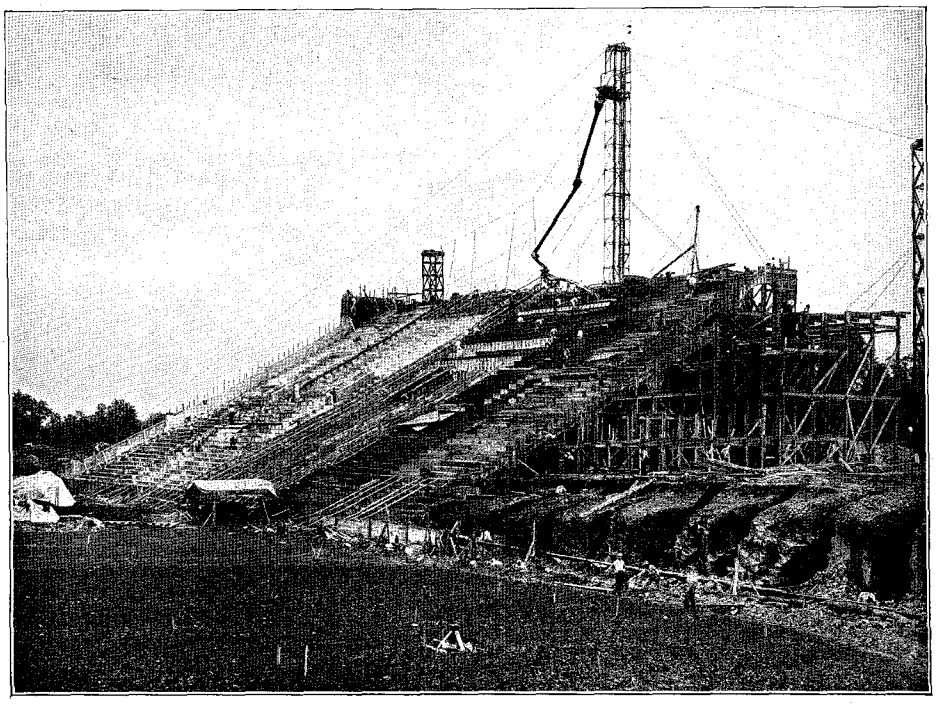
games made the danger of fire a very serious consideration, to which point was given by a half-dozen incipient conflagrations occurring in the course of big games, which but for the activities of firemen might have developed into serious catastrophes. Many will recall, not without seated at too great a distance from the gridiron and track. Yale, indeed, faces the situation of being able to hold only one sport, football, within the ellipse, which is not of sufficient length to provide for the two-hundred-and-twenty-yard straightaway, so essential to track sports. The



Section of the Princeton Stadium, showing the process of "pouring" concrete into the wooden moulds. The material is hoisted to the top of the tower in the centre and there flows down movable runways into the forms.

some reminiscent shivers, that column of smoke which arose, a few years ago, from the centre of one of those crowded firetraps at Yale Field. The blaze was extinguished, but thoughts of what might have happened were not the least of the influences which impelled Yale to install her big athletic spectacles in a safer setting.

The one drawback to stadia or colosseums lies in the impracticability of so arranging them as to include facilities for every form of major sport; baseball, for example, through lack of room, cannot be played in the arena at Harvard, Yale, or Princeton. The difficulty was solved at Tacoma by causing the walls of the structure to flare outward, but these lines could have been carried out in the stadia at Harvard or Princeton only at the price of having a great majority of the spectators fact of a great structure built at a cost of some five hundred thousand dollars and adapted only to football does not meet with the unanimous approval of Yale men, and what may be termed a controversy between Yale's track interests and the Committee of Twenty-one remains to be adjusted. The most practical solution yet devised involves a tunnel or a cut through one end of the structure, and to meet a possible decision to have this done a small section of one end of the ellipse has been fitted with wooden seats, easily removed. Syracuse has an arched arrangement, to which track men of other colleges have found no objection; while Harvard and Princeton covered the detail by extending the track out the open end of their stadia. As to a tunnel in the "Bowl," athletes at Yale have brought forward the contention that

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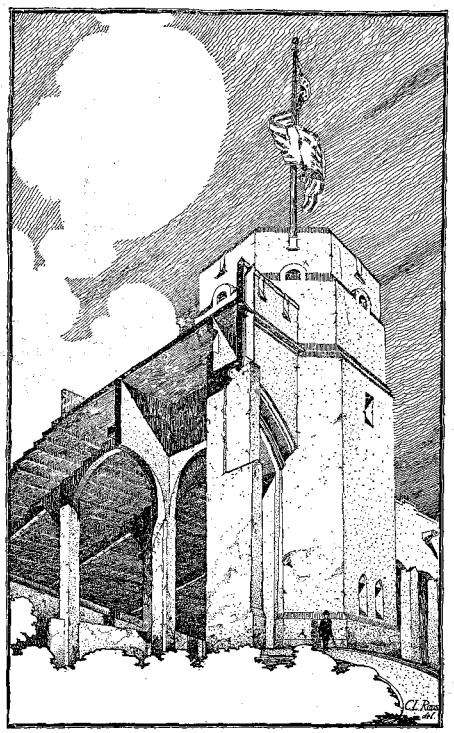
air conditions would militate against the true running of the furlong event.

The menace from fire at Yale Field was one of the factors in the decision to build a great and enduring structure, but the need for increased athletic facilities also played an exceedingly powerful part. The corporation of the university recognized this need, and requested the Alumni Advisory Board to consider and formulate a conclusion as to the best way of meeting conditions present and future. The committee was appointed to study the subject, and it met first in April, 1911, making a report which, in its references to the present Bowl, reads as follows:

"We believe that there is a widespread and well-nigh universal feeling on the part of the graduates in favor of the erection of a permanent fireproof structure for the most important athletic events of the year. The situation presents a condition rather than a theory. It is now found impossible to seat all, or nearly all, of those directly or indirectly associated with and interested in university athletics.

"Graduates and undergraduates are curtailed in the number of seats which they can obtain, and each year presents a constantly increasing expression of discontent with the present accommodations. Many not directly connected with the university, but who, from the locality and other reasons, have its interests at heart and are proud of its reputation, are of necessity denied admission to its most important athletic events, which, at the same moment, have become of social importance. Still further, the wooden stands which have served the purpose in the past are recognized as not being free from danger to the enormous body of people who from year to year attend the intercollegiate contests at New Haven."



A section in perspective of the Princeton Stadium.

The committee stated further that in their opinion the university itself should not be put to any expense in the acquisition of the land and the putting up of the colosseum and other structures, but that the raising of the necessary funds should be purely a matter for graduates and undergraduates.

This plan of financing the project was adopted and, while carried through successfully, involved a task which the Committee of Twenty-one would not lightly undertake a second time; for the period of depression, in which the plan of the Yale Bowl was launched, was not conducive to a general and joyous loosening of purse-strings on the part of alumni. Nevertheless, the Yale Bowl now stands and is paid for—which is enough for that.

In regard to the style of building, the colosseum type was followed. A plan calling for a bowl, twenty-seven feet below the level of the ground and twenty-seven feet above, was worked out; the whole being in the form of an embankment of earth, faced with concrete slabs moulded in the form of steps, upon which were to be placed wooden seats. This was carried out through the use of earth embankments built mostly from the excavation, and was by far the most economical type of construction that could have been employed. In this way the cost, it is estimated, has been less than half that of any other type of construction. The concrete facing consists of slabs, moulded on the ground in forms which run fifteen feet parallel with the slope of the embankment

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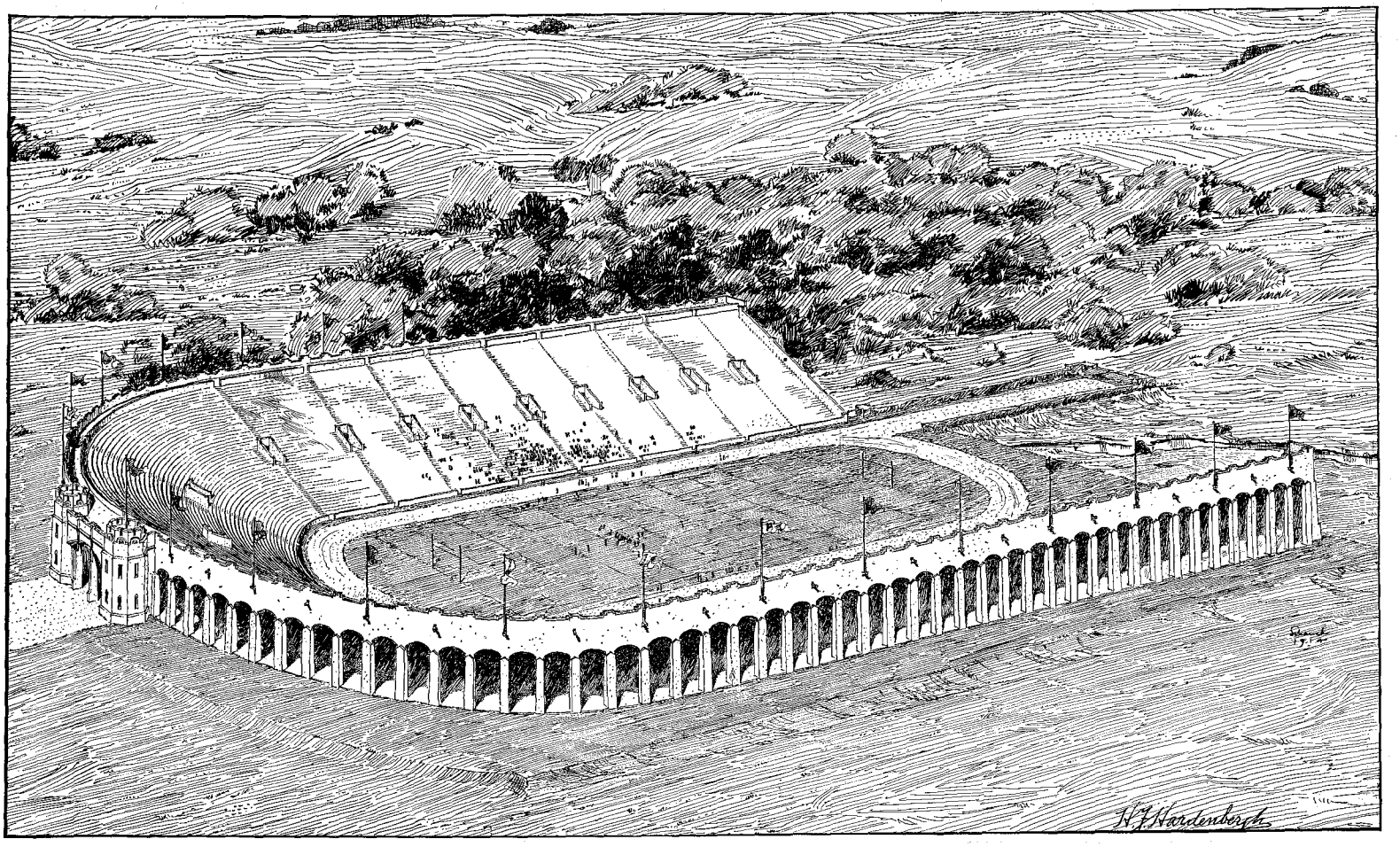

Architect's drawing of the Palmer Stadium, Princeton, N. J.

The outline reveals a merging of the classic ideal with Princeton's prevailing collegiate Gothic architecture.

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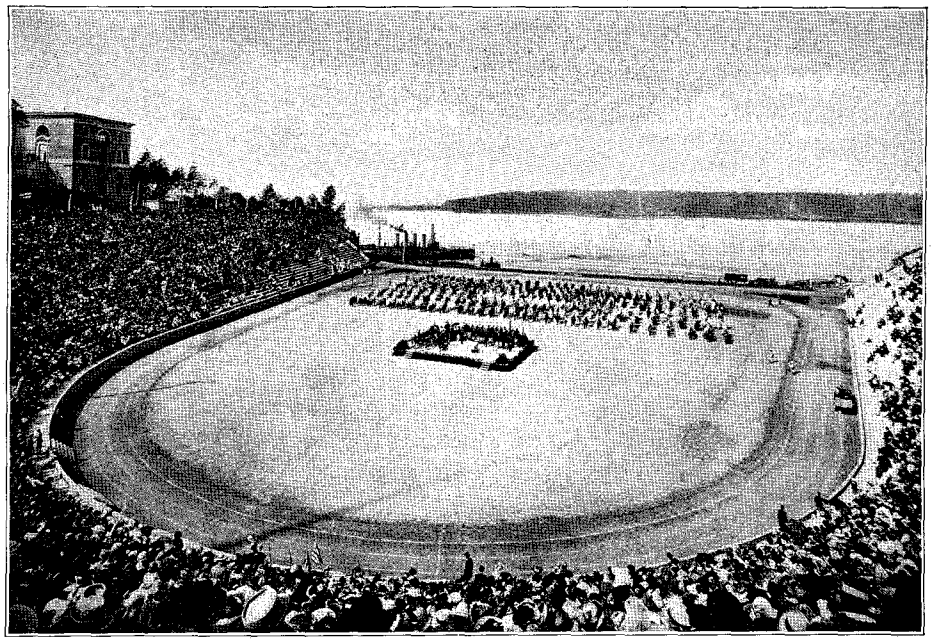

The Stadium at Tacoma, Wash.

Built through popular subscription at the instance of the high-school students.

and seven and a half feet up and down. Each slab consists of three seats. In the upper portion of every slab, just below the break of the steps, are embedded bars of steel, spaced nine inches apart; and a similar system of reinforcing is carried out at the bottom of the slabs. This is an important part of the structural theory of the Bowl, inasmuch as it is designed to take care of all settling of the earth beneath the seats. It is understood, of course, that there may be some settling of the embankment above ground, although every care in the handling of the earth was taken to offset this tendency, but it is not believed that any serious effects will be worked. In order, however, to give the upper part of the embankment at least a year to settle, the concrete facing has been applied thus far only to the under level slope, the upper portion being fitted with a temporary wooden facing.

The height of the topmost seat is fifty-four feet above the gridiron, but is only half that distance above the level of the surrounding territory. The outside of the embankment presents an attractive combination of low-walled concrete, surmounted by an embankment covered with green turf. The main entrance is through a tunnel, but each section of seats has its own tunnel for exit. A study of the plans shows that the nearest row of spectators behind the goal-posts is one hundred feet away from the gridiron while the nearest rows at the side are seventy feet away, the distance in each case, of course, increasing tier by tier. Applying a sector to the plans, one finds that with play going on in the shadow of either goal-post the line of spectators seated along the opposite extremity of the Bowl will be nearly an eighth of a mile from the seat of play, which gives some idea of the immensity of the sweep of this great structure.

To the generosity of Edgar Palmer, of the class of 1903, is due Princeton's splendid stadium. The problems which faced Nassau's athletic interests were hardly as serious as the conditions which resulted in the adoption of a project for an athletic plant at Yale, of which the Bowl is only a part. Yet they were acute enough, not alone because of the danger of fire, but because of the constant drain, resulting from the building and removing of extra stands and the up-keep of the permanent structures. Then, too, the necessarily restricted seating-capacity under former conditions imposed a genuine hardship, inasmuch as accommodations could not be provided for all Princeton men, their fam-

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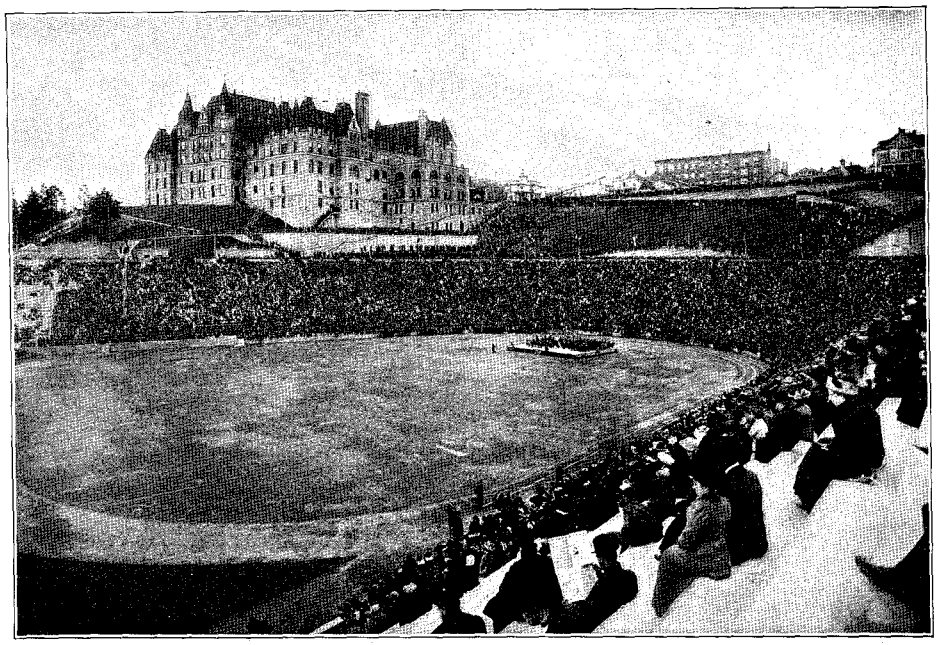

Another view of the Tacoma Stadium.

This amphitheatre is utilized for public spectacles, pageants, and the like, as well as for the athletics.

ilies, and their friends who wished to attend big games. Again, with her two great rivals, Yale and Harvard, provided with enduring structures of much greater capacity than the Princeton stands and affording infinitely greater safety, comfort, and conveniences for the spectators, there were very vital, shall we say political, reasons why Princeton should emulate their example.

The situation in all its ramifications was recognized some years ago and a movement looking toward the launching of a stadium was set afoot, but the project was hanging fire when Mr. Palmer's gift was announced.

The type of structure, while similar to the Harvard Stadium, is totally dissimilar in manner of construction, for the reason, as pointed out, that Princeton's building is a concrete unit. In the matter of design, the Palmer amphitheatre holds advantage over that at Cambridge, in so far as the curved end describes an extremely flat ellipse while at Harvard the curve is semicircular. In the Princeton Stadium, spectators in the end seats are thus brought much nearer the gridiron. The open end of the structure gives upon Lake Carnegie and the rolling country beyond, while the curved end points a little to the west and north so that in the middle of November, when the big games are played, the sun will be exactly at right angles to the long side of the gridiron—in other words the sun will not be in the players' eyes. The stadium measures approximately seven hundred feet long by five hundred and eighty feet wide and rises sixty-six feet above the level of the playing-field. There are forty-eight rows of seats with a wide promenade extending around the entire top, behind the last rows of seats. These figures are given in order that the magnitude of a structural operation, relying wholly upon concrete poured into a mould, fitted with a network of steel for reinforcing purposes, may better be appreciated.

In addition to the football field, occupying the middle portion of the arena, there is a quarter-mile running-track, extending all the way around the field, with the 220-yard straightaway extending beyond the open end of the structure at the eastern side. There is ample space for field events between the gridiron and the track. From the seats there is convenient access to eight large toilet-rooms, while under the building there is a covered concourse extending completely around the horseshoe, with ramps leading to the interior.

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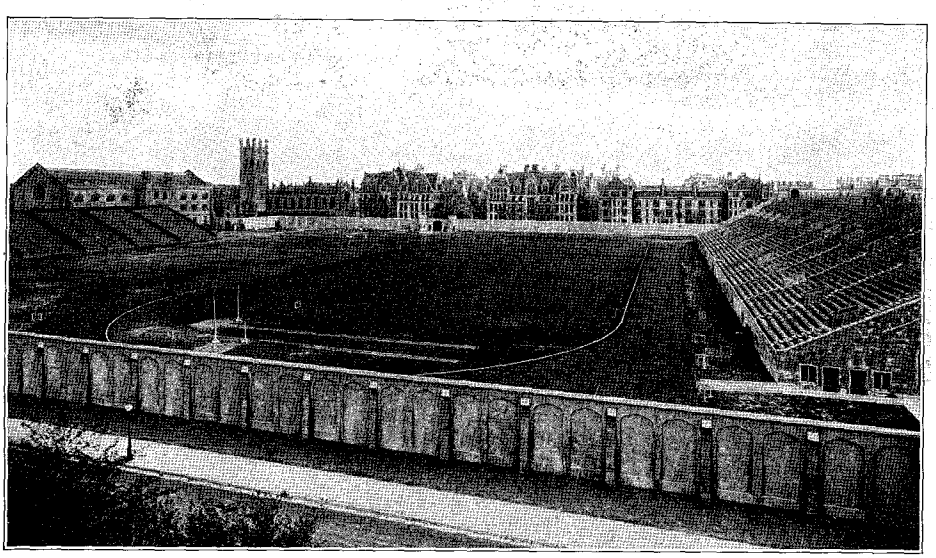
Syracuse's stadium, which cost Mr. Archbold five hundred thousand dollars, was begun in 1905 and finished in 1908. It combines, in the way of construction, features of the Yale Bowl and the Harvard Stadium, being built of reinforced concrete, which rests partly on the ground, graded for the purpose, and partly on substructures. The colosseum type is followed and the structure has the initial seating-capacity of twenty thousand, while places may be found for twenty thousand more. The idea of having the running-track separated from the set structure by a space five feet wide is an excellent one, because it allows a good view of events on the cinder path to every spectator. The straightaway track runs in front of the grand stand, piercing the walls by tunnels, so that a straight 220-yard course is made.



The University of Chicago's steel-and-concrete grand stand, with a capacity of 16,000.

The Lewisohn Stadium, at the College of the City of New York, now practically completed, follows the lines of the Roman Colosseum and is built of reinforced concrete with steel supports and framework. It was the idea of John H. Finley, former president of the college, who further suggested that Jasper Field be utilized for the purpose. There was opposition to the plan, largely because the land would pass from the jurisdiction of the park department; but on April 11, 1912, the sinking fund commission voted unanimously to give the tract to the college. It stands on the blocks bounded by 136th and 138th Streets and by Amsterdam and Convent Avenues. While the amphitheatre is to be dedicated to the college, it will be available for all who care to use it for recreation under the supervision of the faculty. The structure stands at the westerly end of the blocks. On either side, midway between Amsterdam and Convent Avenues, and 136th and 138th Streets, are pavilions twenty-five feet square, from which the stadium sweeps in curves toward Amsterdam Avenue, forming, as it were, the general structure, in which are two tiers of seats, accommodating sixty-five hundred persons, and room, approximately, for thirty-five hundred standees. The play field contains a baseball diamond at the southern end, a football field in the centre, surrounded by a one-fifth-of-a-mile oval-shaped cinder track, and a 450-foot straightaway course running parallel with Convent Avenue.

Cornell's plan, as worked out and partially carried into effect, provides for facilities both for organized and unorganized athletics on Alumni Field, an immense tract of land some fifty-seven acres in extent, immediately adjoining the university campus. The larger part of this area is not to be fenced in, but is to be open for the use of all students. This "play-

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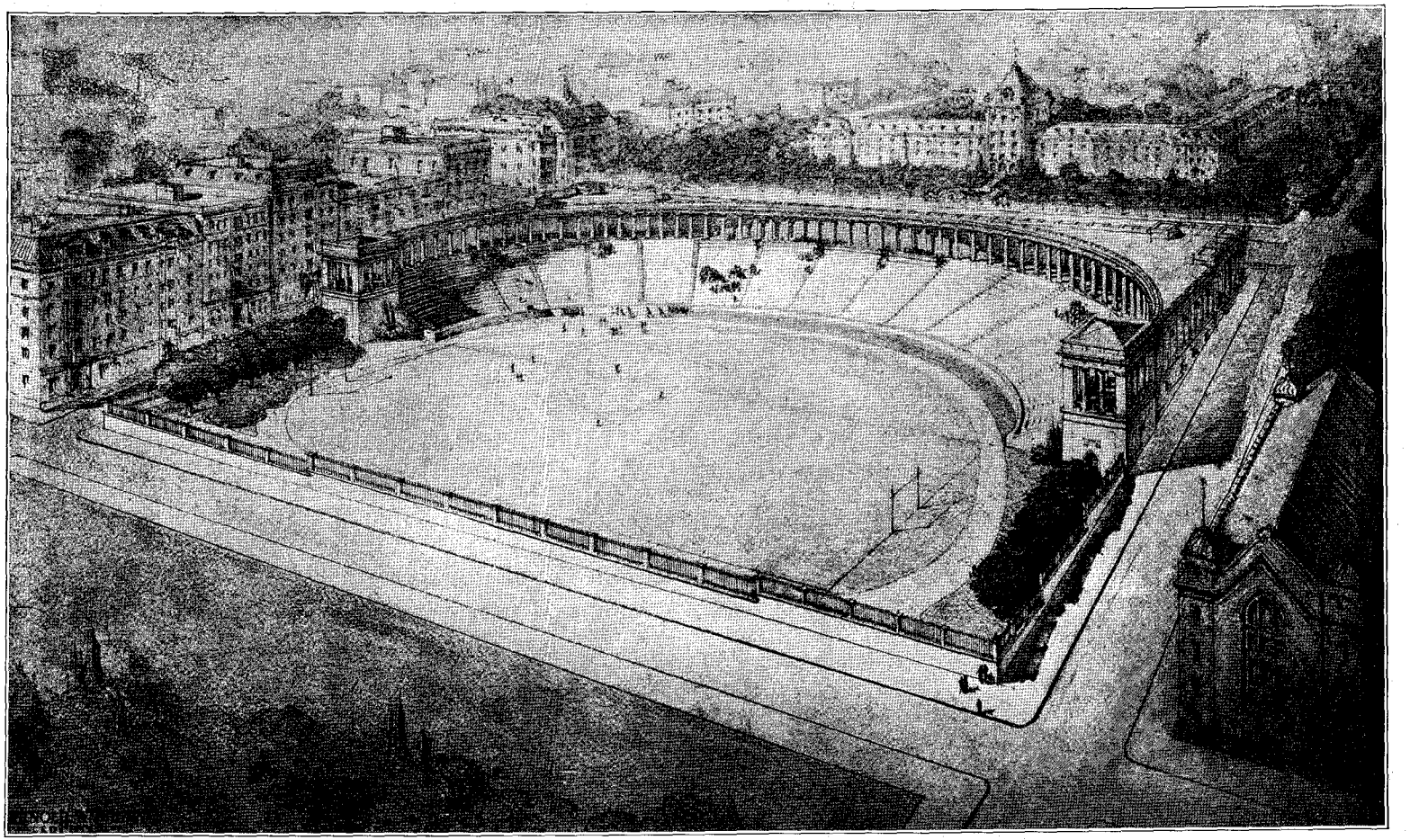

Stadium of the College of the City of New York, from the architect's drawing.

It follows the lines of the Roman Colosseum. Unlike most stadia, the conformation of the structure admits of a baseball diamond. Seating-capacity, 6,500.

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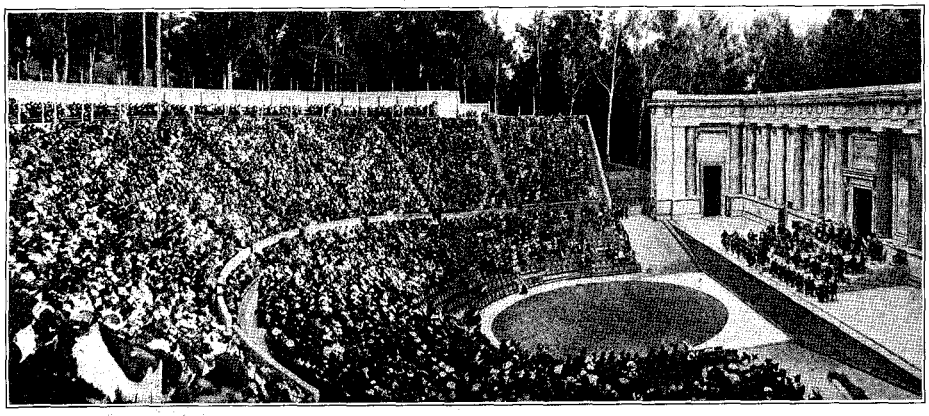
ground," as it is called, comprises more than thirty acres and is already used by the intra-university teams for baseball and for minor sports, such as soccer, lacrosse, and the like. The smaller part of Alumni Field is the varsity section, which is to be enclosed and used for intercollegiate events, and practice therefor by teams representing three major sports—football, baseball, and track. This area is divided into two fields, which are on different levels, the upper section—7.69 acres—for football and track, and the other—7.73 acres—on the lower level, for baseball. The structure in process of construction on the football and track field is termed a stadium, but this is likely to give a wrong notion of its character. Really it is a concrete grand stand built against the side of Kite Hill. Its seating-capacity is nine thousand and there will be a steel stand on the other side of the field with a capacity of two thousand. An interesting feature of this field is the two terraces on the hill-side above the grand stand, or stadium, for automobiles. From the motor-cars ranged here, many thousands of spectators will have a clear "line of sight" over the heads of those in the stadium. For the baseball field on the lower level—and entirely separate from the area devoted to track and football—there will be a stadium in the form of a truncated right angle, running behind the catcher's box and toward second and third bases. It will stand against a bank, bounding the field on the north.

The buildings now standing on various sections of Alumni Field are the Bacon Practise Hall, for indoor baseball practice, completed last year, and a training-house—the Schoellkopf Memorial—for the use of major and minor varsity teams, the total cost of which was one hundred and forty-five thousand dollars. Including the cost of the baseball cage and training-building, about three hundred and thirty thousand dollars have thus far been contributed for the construction of Alumni Field. Probably seventy thousand dollars will be required to complete the baseball portion, and the total cost of the entire field will be in the neighborhood of four hundred thousand dollars.

Thus far it is the East alone (excepting that at Tacoma) in which the stadia idea has obtained embodiment. The University of Washington contemplates the construction of such a structure, but the project has not as yet passed beyond that stage, while in Vancouver, B. C., plans have been prepared to build a stadium with a capacity of forty-five thousand.

At Berkeley the University of California has a Greek theatre built of reinforced concrete, the gift of W. R. Hearst. It is the largest structure of its kind in the world, seating between seven and eight thousand, and is most effectively located in a wooded semicircular dell, reached by a steep and winding path. This theatre has done much to promote the musical and dramatic interests of the university, and presents suggestions of possibilities for the development of the classic theatre-and-stadium idea outside the realm of athletics which will be found alluring to many.



The Greek Theatre at the University of California.

This theatre has done much to promote the musical and dramatic interests of the university.

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A HUNTER-NATURALIST IN THE BRAZILIAN WILDERNESS*

[EIGHTH ARTICLE]

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

DOWN AN UNKNOWN RIVER INTO THE EQUATORIAL FOREST

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY KERMIT ROOSEVELT AND GEORGE K. CHERRIE

THE mightiest river in the world is the Amazon. It runs from west to east, from the sunset to the sunrise, from the Andes to the Atlantic. The main stream flows almost along the equator, while the basin which contains its affluents extends many degrees north and south of the equator. This gigantic equatorial river basin is filled with an immense forest, the largest in the world, with which no other forests can be compared save those of western Africa and Malaysia. We were within the southern boundary of this great equatorial forest, on a river which was not merely unknown but unguessed at, no geographer having ever suspected its existence. This river flowed northward toward the equator, but whither it would go, whether it would turn one way or another, the length of its course, where it would come out, the character of the stream itself, and the character of the dwellers along its banks—all these things were yet to be discovered.

One morning while the canoes were being built Kermit and I walked a few kilometres down the river and surveyed the next rapids below. The vast still forest was almost empty of life. We found old Indian signs. There were very few birds, and these in the tops of the tall trees. We saw a recent tapir-track; and under a cajazeira-tree by the bank there were the tracks of capybaras which had been eating the fallen fruit. This fruit is delicious and would make a valuable addition to our orchards. The tree although tropical is hardy, thrives when domesticated, and propagates rapidly from shoots. The Department of Agriculture should try whether it would not grow in southern California and Florida. This was the tree from which our doctor's family name (Cajazeira) was taken. His paternal grandfather, although of Portuguese blood, was an intensely patriotic Brazilian. He was a very young man when the independence of Brazil was declared, and did not wish to keep the Portuguese family name; so he changed it to that of the fine Brazilian tree in question. Such change of family names is common in Brazil. Doctor Vital Brazil, the student of poisonous serpents, was given his name by his father, whose own family name was entirely different; and his brother's name was again different.

There were tremendous downpours of rain, lasting for a couple of hours and accompanied by thunder and lightning. But on the whole it seemed as if the rains were less heavy and continuous than they had been. We all of us had to help with the building canoes now and then. Kermit, accompanied by Antonio the Parecís and João, crossed the river and walked back to the little river that had entered from the east, so as to bring back a report of it to Colonel Rondon. Lyra took observations, by the sun and by the stars. We were in about latitude 11° 21′ south, and due north of where we had started. The river had wound so that we had gone two miles for every one we made northward. Our progress had been very slow; and until we got out of the region of incessant rapids, with their attendant labor and hazard, it was not likely that we should go much faster.

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On the morning of March 22 we started in our six canoes. We made ten kilometres. Twenty minutes after starting we came to the first rapids. Here every one walked except the best three paddlers, who took the canoes down in succession—an hour's job. Soon after this we struck a bees' nest in the top of a tree overhanging the river; our steersman climbed out and robbed it, but, alas! lost the honey on the way back. We came to a small steep fall which we did not dare run in our overladen, clumsy, and cranky dugouts. Fortunately, we were able to follow a deep canal which led off for a kilometre returning just below the falls, fifty yards from where it had started. Then, having been in the boats and in motion only one hour and a half, we came to a long stretch of rapids which it took us six hours to descend, and we camped at the foot. Everything was taken out of the canoes, and they were run down in succession. At one difficult and perilous place they were let down by ropes; and even thus we almost lost one.

We went down the right bank. On the opposite bank was an Indian village, evidently inhabited only during the dry season. The marks on the stumps of trees showed that these Indians had axes and knives; and there were old fields in which maize, beans, and cotton had been grown. The forest dripped and steamed. Rubber-trees were plentiful. At one point the tops of a group of tall trees were covered with yellow-white blossoms. Others bore red blossoms. Many of the big trees, of different kinds, were buttressed at the base with great thin walls of wood. Others, including both palms and ordinary trees, showed an even stranger peculiarity. The trunk, near the base, but sometimes six or eight feet from the ground, was split into a dozen or twenty branches or small trunks which sloped outward in tent-like shape, each becoming a root. The larger trees of this type looked as if their trunks were seated on the tops of the pole frames of Indian tepees. At one point in the stream, to our great surprise, we saw a flying-fish. It skimmed the water like a swallow for over twenty yards.

Although we made only ten kilometres we worked hard all day. The last canoes were brought down and moored to the bank at nightfall. Our tents were pitched in the darkness.

Next day we made thirteen kilometres. We ran, all told, a little over an hour and three-quarters. Seven hours were spent in getting past a series of rapids at which the portage, over rocky and difficult ground, was a kilometre long. The canoes were run down empty—a hazardous run, in which one of them upset.

Yet while we were actually on the river, paddling and floating down-stream along the reaches of swift, smooth water, it was very lovely. When we started in the morning the day was overcast and the air was heavy with vapor. Ahead of us the shrouded river stretched between dim walls of forest, half seen in the mist. Then the sun burned up the fog, and loomed through it in a red splendor that changed first to gold and then to molten-white. In the dazzling light, under the brilliant blue of the sky, every detail of the magnificent forest was vivid to the eye: the great trees, the network of bush ropes, the caverns of greenery, where thick-leaved vines covered all things else. Wherever there was a hidden bowlder the surface of the current was broken by waves. In one place, in mid-stream, a pyramidal rock thrust itself six feet above the surface of the river. On the banks we found fresh Indian sign.

At home in Vermont Cherrie is a farmer, with a farm of six hundred acres, most of it woodland. As we sat at the foot of the rapids, watching for the last dugouts with their naked paddlers to swing into sight, round the bend, through the white water, we talked of the northern spring that was just beginning. He sells cream, eggs, poultry, potatoes, honey, occasionally pork and veal; but at this season it was the time for the maple-sugar crop. He has a sugar orchard, where he taps twelve hundred trees and hopes soon to tap as many more in addition. Said Cherrie: "It's a busy time now for Fred Rice"—Fred Rice is the hired man, and in sugar-time the Cherrie boys help him with enthusiasm, and, moreover, are paid with exact justice for the work they do. There is much wild life about the farm, although it is near Brattleboro. One night in early spring a bear left his tracks

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near the sugar-house; and now and then in summer Cherrie has had to sleep in the garden to keep the deer away from the beans, cabbages, and beets.

There was not much bird life in the forest, but Cherrie kept getting species new to the collection. At this camp he shot an interesting little ant-thrush. It was the size of a warbler, jet-black, with white under surfaces of the wings and tail, white on the tail feathers, and a large spot of white on the back, normally almost concealed, the feathers on the back being long and fluffy. When he shot the bird, a male, it was showing off before a dull-colored little bird, doubtless the female; and the chief feature of the display was this white spot on the back. The white feathers were raised and displayed so that the spot flashed like the "chrysanthemum" on a prongbuck whose curiosity has been aroused. In the gloom of the forest the bird was hard to see, but the flashing of this patch of white feathers revealed it at once, attracting immediate attention. It was an excellent example of a coloration mark which served a purely advertising purpose; apparently it was part of a courtship display. The bird was about thirty feet up in the branches.

In the morning, just before leaving this camp, a tapir swam across stream a little way above us; but unfortunately we could not get a shot at it. An ample supply of tapir beef would have meant much to us. We had started with fifty days' rations; but this by no means meant full rations, in the sense of giving every man all he wanted to eat. We had two meals a day, and were on rather short commons—both our mess and the camaradas—except when we got plenty of palm-tops. For our mess we had the boxes chosen by Fiala, each containing a day's rations for six men, our number. But we made each box last a day and a half, or at times two days, and in addition we gave some of the food to the camaradas. It was only on the rare occasions when we had killed some monkeys or curassows, or caught some fish, that everybody had enough. We would have welcomed that tapir. So far the game, fish, and fruit had been too scarce to be an element of weight in our food supply. In an exploring trip like ours, through a difficult and utterly unknown country, especially if densely forested, there is little time to halt and game cannot be counted on. It is only in lands like our own West thirty years ago, like South Africa in the middle of the last century, like East Africa to-day, that game can be made the chief food supply. On this trip our only substantial food supply from the country hitherto had been that furnished by the palm-tops. Two men were detailed every day to cut down palms for food.

A kilometre and a half after leaving this camp we came on a stretch of big rapids. The river here twists in loops, and we had heard the roaring of these rapids the previous afternoon. Then we passed out of earshot of them; but Antonio Correa, our best waterman, insisted all along that the roaring meant rapids worse than any we had encountered for some days. "I was brought up in the water, and I know it like a fish, and all its sounds," said he. He was right. We had to carry the loads nearly a kilometre that afternoon, and the canoes were pulled out on the bank, so that they might be in readiness to be dragged overland next day. Rondon, Lyra, Kermit, and Antonio Correa explored both sides of the river. On the opposite or left bank they found the mouth of a considerable river, bigger than the Rio Kermit, flowing in from the west, and making its entrance in the middle of the rapids. This river we christened the Taunay, in honor of a distinguished Brazilian, an explorer, a soldier, a senator, who was also a writer of note. Kermit had with him two of his novels, and I had read one of his books, dealing with a disastrous retreat during the Paraguayan war.

Next morning, the 25th, the canoes were brought down. A path was chopped for them, and rollers laid; and half-way down the rapids Lyra and Kermit, who were overseeing the work as well as doing their share of the pushing and hauling, got them into a canal of smooth water, which saved much severe labor. As our food supply lowered we were constantly more desirous of economizing the strength of the men. One day more would complete a month since we had embarked on the Dúvida—as we had started in February, the lunar and calendar months coincided. We had used up over half our provisions.

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We had come only a trifle over 160 kilometres, thanks to the character and number of the rapids. We believed we had three or four times the distance yet to go, before coming to a part of the river where we might hope to meet assistance, either from rubber-gatherers, or from Pyrineu, if he were really coming up the river which we were going down. If the rapids continued to be as they had been it could not be much more than three weeks before we were in straits for food, aside from the ever-present danger of accident in the rapids; and if our progress were no faster than it had been—and we were straining to do our best—we would in such event still have several hundreds of kilometres of unknown river before us. We could not even hazard a guess at what was in front. The river was now a really big river, and it seemed impossible that it could flow either into the Gy-Paraná or the Tapajos. It was possible that it went into the Canuma, a big affluent of the Madeira low down, and next to the Tapajos. It was more probable that it was the headwaters of the Aripuanan, a river which, as I have said, was not even named on the excellent English map of Brazil I carried. Nothing but the mouth had been known to any geographer; but the lower course had long been known to rubber-gatherers, and recently a commission from the government of Amazonas had part-way ascended one branch of it—not as far as the rubber-gatherers had gone, and, as it turned out, not the branch we came down.

Two of our men were down with fever. Another man, Julio, a fellow of powerful frame, was utterly worthless, being an inborn lazy shirk, with the heart of a ferocious cur in the body of a bullock. The others were good men, some of them very good indeed. They were under the immediate supervision of Pedrinho Craveiro, who was first-class in every way.

This camp was very lovely. It was on the edge of a bay, into which the river broadened immediately below the rapids. There was a beach of white sand, where we bathed and washed our clothes. All around us, and across the bay, and on both sides of the long water-street made by the river, rose the splendid forest. There were flocks of parakeets colored green, blue, and red. Big toucans called overhead, lustrous green-black in color, with white throats, red gorgets, red-and-yellow tail coverts, and huge black-and-yellow bills. Here the soil was fertile; it will be a fine site for a coffee-plantation when this region is open to settlement. Surely such a rich and fertile land cannot be permitted to remain idle, to lie as a tenantless wilderness, while there are such teeming swarms of human beings in the overcrowded, overpeopled countries of the Old World. The very rapids and waterfalls which now make the navigation of the river so difficult and dangerous would drive electric trolleys up and down its whole length and far out on either side, and run mills and factories, and lighten the labor on farms. With the incoming of settlement and with the steady growth of knowledge how to fight and control tropical diseases, fear of danger to health would vanish. A land like this is a hard land for the first explorers, and perhaps for their immediate followers; but not for the people who come after them.

In mid-afternoon we were once more in the canoes; but we had paddled with the current only a few minutes, we had gone only a kilometre, when the roar of rapids in front again forced us to haul up to the bank. As usual, Rondon, Lyra, and Kermit, with Antonio Correa, explored both sides, while camp was being pitched. The rapids were longer and of steeper descent than the last, but on the opposite or western side there was a passage down which we thought we could get the empty dugouts at the cost of dragging them only a few yards at one spot. The loads were to be carried down the hither bank, for a kilometre, to the smooth water. The river foamed between great rounded masses of rock, and at one point there was a sheer fall of six or eight feet. We found and ate wild pineapples. Wild beans were in flower. At dinner we had a toucan and a couple of parrots, which were very good.

All next day was spent by Lyra in superintending our three best watermen as they took the canoes down the west side of the rapids, to the foot, at the spot to which the camp had meantime been shifted. In the forest some of the huge sipas, or rope vines, which were as big as cables, bore clusters of fragrant flowers.

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The men found several honey trees, and fruits of various kinds, and small cocoanuts; they chopped down an ample number of palms, for the palm-cabbage; and, most important of all, they gathered a quantity of big Brazil-nuts, which when roasted tasted like the best of chestnuts and are nutritious; and they caught a number of big piranhas, which were good eating. So we all had a feast, and everybody had enough to eat and was happy.

By these rapids, at the fall, Cherrie found some strange carvings on a bare mass of rock. They were evidently made by men a long time ago. As far as is known the Indians thereabouts make no such figures now. They were in two groups, one on the surface of the rock facing the land, the other on that facing the water. The latter were nearly obliterated. The former were in good preservation, the figures sharply cut into the rock. They consisted upon the upper flat part of the rock of four multiple circles, with a dot in the middle ( ), very accurately made and about a foot and a half in diameter; and below them, on the side of the rock, four multiple m's or inverted w's ( ). What these curious symbols represented, or who made them, we could not, of course, form the slightest idea. It may be that in a very remote past some Indian tribes of comparatively advanced culture had penetrated to this lovely river, just as we had now come to it. Before white men came to South America there had already existed therein various semi-civilizations, some rude, others fairly advanced, which rose, flourished, and persisted through immemorial ages, and then vanished; the vicissitudes in the history of humanity during its stay on this southern continent have been as strange, varied, and inexplicable as palæontology shows to have been the case, on the same continent, in the history of the higher forms of animal life during the age of mammals. Colonel Rondon stated that such figures as these are not found anywhere else in Matto Grosso where he has been, and therefore it was all the more strange to find them in this one place on the unknown river, never before visited by white men, which we were descending.

Next morning we went about three kilometres before coming to some steep hills, beautiful to look upon, clad as they were in dense, tall, tropical forest, but ominous of new rapids. Sure enough, at their foot we had to haul up and prepare for a long portage. The canoes we ran down empty. Even so, we were within an ace of losing two, the lashed couple in which I ordinarily journeyed. In a sharp bend of the rapids, between two big curls, they were swept among the bowlders and under the matted branches which stretched out from the bank. They filled, and the racing current pinned them where they were, one partly on the other. All of us had to help get them clear. Their fastenings were chopped asunder with axes. Kermit and half a dozen of the men, stripped to the skin, made their way to a small rock island in the little falls just above the canoes, and let down a rope which we tied to the outermost canoe. The rest of us, up to our armpits and barely able to keep our footing as we slipped and stumbled among the bowlders in the swift current, lifted and shoved while Kermit and his men pulled the rope and fastened the slack to a half-submerged tree. Each canoe in succession was hauled up the little rock island, baled, and then taken down in safety by two paddlers. It was nearly four o'clock before we were again ready to start, having been delayed by a rain-storm so heavy that we could not see across the river. Ten minutes' run took us to the head of another series of rapids; the exploring party returned with the news that we had an all day's job ahead of us; and we made camp in the rain, which did not matter much, as we were already drenched through. It was impossible, with the wet wood, to make a fire sufficiently hot to dry all our soggy things, for the rain was still falling. A tapir was seen from our boat, but as at the moment we were being whisked round in a complete circle by a whirlpool, I did not myself see it in time to shoot.

Next morning we went down a kilometre, and then landed on the other side of the river. The canoes were run down, and the loads carried to the other side of a little river coming in from the west, which Colonel Rondon christened Cherrie River. Across this we went on a bridge consisting of a huge tree felled by Maca-

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rio, one of our best men. Here we camped, while Rondon, Lyra, Kermit, and Antonio Correa explored what was ahead. They were absent until mid-afternoon. Then they returned with the news that we were among ranges of low mountains, utterly different in formation from the high plateau region to which the first rapids, those we had come to on the 2d of March, belonged. Through the first range of these mountains the river ran in a gorge, some three kilometres long, immediately ahead of us. In view of the length and character of the portage, and of all the unpleasant possibilities that were ahead, and of the need of keeping every pound of food, it was necessary to reduce weight in every possible way and to throw away everything except the barest necessities.

We thought we had reduced our baggage before; but now we cut to the bone. We kept the fly for all six of us to sleep under. Kermit's shoes had gone, thanks to the amount of work in the water which he had been doing; and he took the pair I had been wearing, while I put on my spare pair. In addition to the clothes I wore, I kept one set of pajamas, a spare pair of drawers, a spare pair of socks, half a dozen handkerchiefs, my wash-kit, my pocket medicine-case, and a little bag containing my spare spectacles, gun-grease, some adhesive plaster, some needles and thread, the "fly dope," and my purse and letter of credit, to be used at Manaos. All of these went into the bag containing my cot, blanket, and mosquito-net. I also carried a cartridge-bag containing my cartridges, headnet, and gauntlets. Kermit cut down even closer; and the others about as close.

The last three days of March we spent in getting to the foot of the rapids in this gorge. Lyra and Kermit, with four of the best watermen, handled the empty canoes. The work was not only difficult and laborious in the extreme, but hazardous; for the walls of the gorge were so sheer that at the worst places they had to cling to narrow shelves on the face of the rock, while letting the canoes down with ropes. Meanwhile Rondon surveyed and cut a trail for the burden-bearers, and superintended the portage of the loads. The rocky sides of the gorge were too steep for laden men to attempt to traverse them. Accordingly the trail had to go over the top of the mountain, both the ascent and the descent of the rock-strewn, forest-clad slopes being very steep. It was hard work to carry loads over such a trail. From the top of the mountain, through an opening in the trees on the edge of a cliff, there was a beautiful view of the country ahead. All around and in front of us there were ranges of low mountains, about the height of the lower ridges of the Alleghanies. Their sides were steep and they were covered with the matted growth of the tropical forest. Our next camping-place, at the foot of the gorge, was almost beneath us, and from thence the river ran in a straight line, flecked with white water, for about a kilometre. Then it disappeared behind and between mountain ridges, which we supposed meant further rapids. It was a view well worth seeing; but, beautiful although the country ahead of us was, its character was such as to promise further hardships, difficulty, and exhausting labor, and especially further delay; and delay was a serious matter to men whose food supply was beginning to run short, whose equipment was reduced to the minimum, who for a month, with the utmost toil, had made very slow progress, and who had no idea of either the distance or the difficulties of the route in front of them.

There was not much life in the woods, big or little. Small birds were rare, although Cherrie's unwearied efforts were rewarded from time to time by a species new to the collection. There were tracks of tapir, deer, and agouti; and if we had taken two or three days to devote to nothing else than hunting them we might perchance have killed something; but the chance was much too uncertain, the work we were doing was too hard and wearing, and the need of pressing forward altogether too great, to permit us to spend any time in such manner. The hunting had to come in incidentally. This type of well-nigh impenetrable forest is the one in which it is most difficult to get even what little game exists therein. A couple of curassows and a big monkey were killed by the colonel and Kermit. On the day the monkey was brought in Lyra, Kermit, and their four associates had spent from sunrise to sunset in severe and at

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moments dangerous toil among the rocks and in the swift water, and the fresh meat was appreciated. The head, feet, tail, skin, and entrails were boiled for the gaunt and ravenous dogs. The flesh gave each of us a few mouthfuls; and how good those mouthfuls tasted!

Cherrie, in addition to being out after birds in every spare moment, helped in all emergencies. He was a veteran in the work of the tropic wilderness. We talked together often, and of many things, for our views of life, and of a man's duty to his wife and children, to other men and to women, and to the state in peace and war, were in all essentials the same. His father had served all through the Civil War, entering an Iowa cavalry regiment as a private and coming out as a captain; his breast-bone was shattered by a blow from a musket-butt, in hand-to-hand fighting at Shiloh.

During this portage the weather favored us. We were coming toward the close of the rainy season. On the last day of the month, when we moved camp to the foot of the gorge, there was a thunderstorm; but on the whole we were not bothered by rain until the last night, when it rained heavily, driving under the fly so as to wet my cot and bedding. However, I slept comfortably enough, rolled in the damp blanket. Without the blanket I should have been uncomfortable; a blanket is a necessity for health. On the third day Lyra and Kermit, with their daring and hard-working watermen, after wearing labor, succeeded in getting five canoes through the worst of the rapids to the chief fall. The sixth, which was frail and weak, had its bottom beaten out on the jagged rocks of the broken water. On this night, although I thought I had put my clothes out of reach, both the termites and the carregadores ants got at them, ate holes in one boot, ate one leg of my drawers, and riddled my handkerchief; and I now had nothing to replace anything that was destroyed.

Next day Lyra, Kermit, and their camaradas brought the five canoes that were left down to camp. They had in four days accomplished a work of incredible labor and of the utmost importance; for at the first glance it had seemed an absolute impossibility to avoid abandoning the canoes when we found that the river sank into a cataract-broken torrent at the bottom of a canyon-like gorge between steep mountains. On April 2 we once more started, wondering how soon we should strike other rapids in the mountains ahead, and whether in any reasonable time we should, as the aneroid indicated, be so low down that we should necessarily be in a plain where we could make a journey of at least a few days without rapids. We had been exactly a month going through an uninterrupted succession of rapids. During that month we had come only about 110 kilometres, and had descended nearly 150 metres—the figures are approximate but fairly accurate.* We had lost four of the canoes with which we started, and one other, which we had built, and the life of one man; and the life of a dog which by its death had in all probability saved the life of Colonel Rondon. In a straight line northward, toward our supposed destination, we had not made more than a mile and a quarter a day; at the cost of bitter toil for most of the party, and much risk for some of the party, and of some risk and some hardship for all the party. Most of the camaradas were down-hearted, naturally enough, and occasionally asked one of us if we really believed that we should ever get out alive; and we had to cheer them up as best we could.

There was no change in our work for the time being. We made but three kilometres that day. Most of the party walked all the time; but the dugouts carried the luggage until we struck the head of the series of rapids which were to take up the next two or three days. The river rushed through a wild gorge, a chasm or canyon, between two mountains. Its sides were very steep, mere rock walls, although in most places so covered with the luxuriant growth of the trees and bushes that clung in the crevices, and with green moss, that the naked rock was hardly seen. Rondon, Lyra, and Kermit, who were in front, found a small level spot, with a beach of sand, and sent back word to camp there, while they spent several hours in exploring the country ahead.

*The first four days, before we struck the upper rapids, and during which we made nearly seventy kilometres, are of course not included when I speak of our making our way down the rapids.

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The canoes were run down empty, and the loads carried painfully along the face of the cliffs; so bad was the trail that I found it rather hard to follow, although carrying nothing but my rifle and cartridge-bag. The explorers returned with the information that the mountains stretched ahead of us, and that there were rapids as far as they had gone. We could only hope that the aneroid was not hopelessly out of kilter, and that we should, therefore, fairly soon find ourselves in comparatively level country. The severe toil, on a rather limited food supply, was telling on the strength as well as on the spirits of the men; Lyra and Kermit, in addition to their other work, performed as much actual physical labor as any of them.

Next day, the 3d of April, we began the descent of these sinister rapids of the chasm. Colonel Rondon had gone to the summit of the mountain in order to find a better trail for the burden-bearers, but it was hopeless, and they had to go along the face of the cliffs. Such an exploring expedition as that in which we were engaged of necessity involves hard and dangerous labor, and perils of many kinds. To follow down-stream an unknown river, broken by innumerable cataracts and rapids, rushing through mountains of which the existence has never been even guessed, bears no resemblance whatever to following even a fairly dangerous river which has been thoroughly explored and has become in some sort a highway, so that experienced pilots can be secured as guides, while the portages have been pioneered and trails chopped out, and every dangerous feature of the rapids is known beforehand. In this case no one could foretell that the river would cleave its way through steep mountain chains, cutting narrow clefts in which the cliff walls rose almost sheer on either hand. When a rushing river thus "canyons," as we used to say out west, and the mountains are very steep, it becomes almost impossible to bring the canoes down the river itself and utterly impossible to portage them along the cliff sides, while even to bring the loads over the mountain is a task of extraordinary labor and difficulty. Moreover, no one can tell how many times the task will have to be repeated, or when it will end, or whether the food will hold out; every hour of work in the rapids is fraught with the possibility of the gravest disaster, and yet it is imperatively necessary to attempt it; and all this is done in an uninhabited wilderness, or else a wilderness tenanted only by unfriendly savages, where failure to get through means death by disease and starvation.

Lyra, Kermit, and Cherrie, with four of the men, worked the canoes half-way down the canyon. Again and again it was touch and go whether they could get by a given point. At one spot the channel of the furious torrent was only fifteen yards across. One canoe was lost, so that of the seven with which we had started only two were left. Cherrie labored with the other men at times, and also stood as guard over them, for while actually working, of course no one could carry a rifle. Kermit's experience in bridge-building was invaluable in enabling him to do the rope work by which alone it was possible to get the canoes down the canyon. He and Lyra had now been in the water for days. Their clothes were never dry. Their shoes were rotten. The bruises on their feet and legs had become sores. On their bodies some of the insect bites had become festering wounds, as indeed was the case with all of us. Poisonous ants, biting flies, ticks, wasps, bees, were a perpetual torment. However, no one had yet been bitten by a venomous serpent, a scorpion, or a centiped, although we had killed all of the three within camp limits.

Under such conditions whatever is evil in men's natures comes to the front. On this day a strange and terrible tragedy occurred. One of the camaradas, a man of pure European blood, was the man named Julio, of whom I have already spoken. He was a very powerful fellow, and had been importunately eager to come on the expedition; and he had the reputation of being a good worker. But, like so many men of higher standing, he had had no idea of what such an expedition really meant, and under the strain of toil, hardship, and danger his nature showed its true depths of selfishness, cowardice, and ferocity. He shirked all work. He shammed sickness. Nothing could make him do his share; and yet unlike his self-respecting fellows he was always shamelessly begging for favors. Kermit was the only one

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of our party who smoked; and he was continually giving a little tobacco to some of the camaradas who worked especially well under him. The good men did not ask for it; but Julio, who shirked every loads. He was a stern disciplinarian. One evening he detected Julio stealing food, and smashed him in the mouth. Julio came crying to us, his face working with fear and malignant hatred; but after investigation

From a photograph by Cherrie.

Colonel Rondon and Lieutenant Lyra.

labor, was always, and always in vain, demanding it. Colonel Rondon, Lyra, and Kermit each tried to get work out of him, and in order to do anything with him had to threaten to leave him in the wilderness. He threw all his tasks on his comrades; and, moreover, he stole their food, as well as ours. On such an expedition the theft of food comes next to murder as a crime, and should by rights be punished as such. We could not trust him to cut down palms or gather nuts, because he would stay out and eat what ought to have gone into the common store. Finally, the men on several occasions themselves detected him stealing their food. Alone of the whole party, and thanks to the stolen food, he had kept in full flesh and bodily vigor.

One of our best men was a huge negro named Paixão—Paishon—a corporal and acting sergeant in the engineer corps. He had, by the way, literally torn his trousers to pieces, so that he wore only the tatters of a pair of old drawers until I gave him my spare trousers when we lightened he was told that he had gotten off uncommonly lightly. The men had three or four carbines, which were sometimes carried by those who were not their owners.

On this morning, at the outset of the portage, Pedrinho discovered Julio stealing some of the men's dried meat. Shortly afterward Paishon rebuked him for, as usual, lagging behind. By this time we had reached the place where the canoes were tied to the bank and then taken down one at a time. We were sitting down, waiting for the last loads to be brought along the trail. Pedrinho was still in the camp we had left. Paishon had just brought in a load, left it on the ground with his carbine beside it, and returned on the trail for another load. Julio came in, put down his load, picked up the carbine, and walked back on the trail, muttering to himself but showing no excitement. We thought nothing of it, for he was always muttering; and occasionally one of the men saw a monkey or big bird and tried to shoot it, so it was never surprising to see a man with a carbine.

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In a minute we heard a shot; and in a short time three or four of the men came up the trail to tell us that Paishon was dead, having been shot by Julio, who had fled into the woods. Colonel Rondon and Lyra were ahead; I sent a messenger for them, directed Cherrie and Kermit to stay where they were and guard the canoes and provisions, and started down the trail with the doctor—an absolutely cool and plucky man, with a revolver but no rifle—and a couple of the camaradas. We soon passed the dead body of poor Paishon. He lay in a huddle, in a pool of his own blood, where he had fallen, shot through the heart. I feared that Julio had run amuck, and intended merely to take more lives before he died; and that he would begin with Pedrinho, who was alone and unarmed in the camp we had left. Accordingly I pushed on, followed by my companions, looking sharply right and left; but when we came to the camp the doctor quietly walked by me, remarking, "My eyes are better than yours, colonel; if he is in sight I'll point him out to you, as you have the rifle." However, he was not there, and the others soon joined us with the welcome news that they had found the carbine.

The murderer had stood to one side of the path and killed his victim when a dozen paces off, with deliberate and malignant purpose. Then evidently his murderous hatred had at once given way to his innate cowardice; and, perhaps hearing some one coming along the path, he fled in panic terror into the wilderness. A tree had knocked the carbine from his hand. His footsteps showed that after going some rods he had started to return, doubtless for the carbine; but had fled again, probably because the body had then been discovered. It was questionable whether or not he would live to reach the Indian villages which were probably his goal. He was not a man to feel remorse—never a common feeling; but surely that murderer was in a living hell, as, with fever and famine leering at him from the shadows, he made his way through the empty desolation of the wilderness. França, the cook, quoted out of the melancholy proverbial philosophy of

From a photograph by Kermit Roosevelt.

Cherrie in his canoe.

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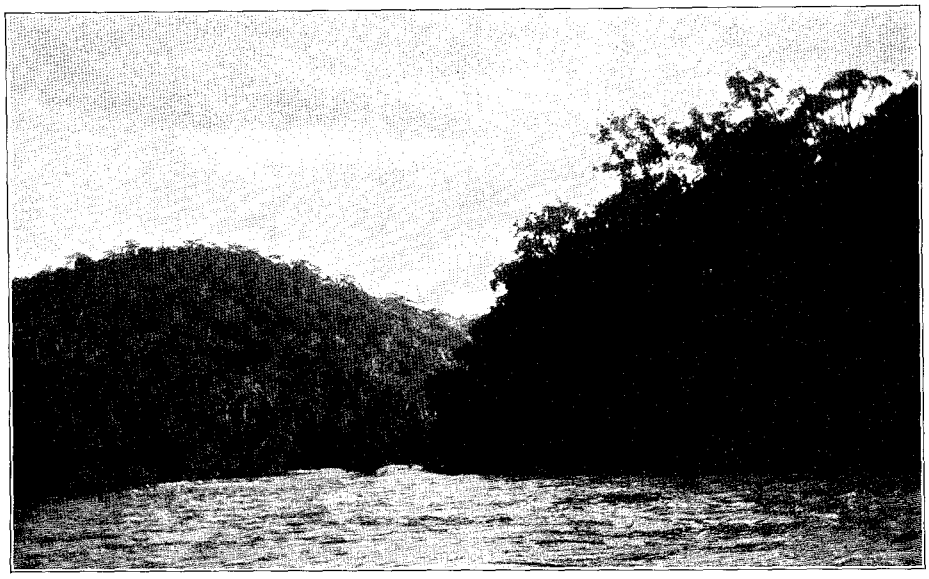

From a photograph by Cherrie.

The beginning of the rapids of the chasm.

The river rushed through a wild gorge, a chasm or canyon, between two mountains.—Page 593.

the people the proverb: "No man knows the heart of any one"; and then expressed with deep conviction a weird ghostly belief I had never encountered before. "Paishon is following Julio now, and will follow him until he dies; Paishon fell forward on his hands and knees, and when a murdered man falls like that his ghost will follow the slayer as long as the slayer lives."

We did not attempt to pursue the murderer. We could not legally put him to death, although he was a soldier who in cold blood had just deliberately killed a fellow soldier. If we had been near civilization we would have done our best to bring him in and turn him over to justice. But we were in the wilderness, and how many weeks' journey were ahead of us we could not tell. Our food was running low, sickness was beginning to appear among the men, and both their courage and their strength were gradually ebbing. Our first duty was to save the lives and the health of the men of the expedition who had honestly been performing, and had still to perform, so much perilous labor. If we brought the murderer in he would have to be guarded night and day on an expedition where there were always loaded firearms about, and where there would continually be opportunity and temptation for him to make an effort to seize food and a weapon and escape, perhaps murdering some other good man. He could not be shackled while climbing along the cliff slopes; he could not be shackled in the canoes, where there was always chance of upset and drowning; and standing guard would be an additional and severe penalty on the weary, honest men already exhausted by overwork. The expedition was in peril, and it was wise to take every chance possible that would help secure success. Whether the murderer lived or died in the wilderness was of no moment compared with the duty of doing everything to secure the safety of the rest of the party. For the two days following we were always on the watch against his return, for he could have readily killed some one else by rolling rocks down on any of the men working on the cliff sides or in the bottom of the gorge. But we did not see him until the morning of the third day. We had passed the last of the rapids of the chasm, and the four boats were going down-stream when he appeared behind some trees on the bank and called out that he wished to surrender and be taken aboard; for the murderer was an arrant craven at heart, a strange

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mixture of ferocity and cowardice. Colonel Rondon's boat was far in advance; he did not stop nor answer. I kept on in similar fashion with the rear boats, for I had no intention of taking the murderer aboard, to the jeopardy of the other members of the party, unless Colonel Rondon told me that it would have to be done in pursuance of his duty as an officer of the army and a servant of the Government of Brazil. At the first halt Colonel Rondon came up to me and told me that this was his view of his duty, but that he had not stopped because he wished first to consult me as the chief of the expedition. I answered that for the reasons enumerated above I did not believe that in justice to the good men of the expedition we should jeopardize their safety by taking the murderer along, and that if the responsibility were mine I would refuse to take him; but that he, Colonel Rondon, was the superior officer of both the murderer and of all the other enlisted men and army officers on the expedition, and in return was responsible for his actions to his own governmental superiors and to the laws of Brazil; and that in view of this responsibility he must act as his sense of duty bade him. Accordingly, at the next camp he sent back two men, expert woodsmen, to find the murderer and bring him in. They failed to find him.*

I have anticipated my narrative because I do not wish to recur to the horror more than is necessary. I now return to my story. After we found that Julio had fled, we returned to the scene of the tragedy. The murdered man lay with a handkerchief thrown over his face. We buried him beside the place where he fell. With axes and knives the camaradas dug a shallow grave while we stood by with bared heads. Then reverently and carefully we lifted the poor body which but half an hour before had been so full of vigorous life. Colonel Rondon and I bore the head and shoulders. We laid him in the grave, and heaped a mound over him, and put a rude cross at his head. We fired a volley for a brave and loyal soldier who had died doing his duty. Then we left him forever, under the great trees beside the lonely river.

*The above account of all the circumstances connected with the murder was read to and approved as correct by all six members of the expedition.

That day we got only half-way down the rapids. There was no good place to camp. But at the foot of one steep cliff there was a narrow, bowlder-covered slope where it was possible to sling hammocks and cook; and a slanting spot was found for my cot, which had sagged until by this time it looked like a broken-backed centiped. It rained a little during the night, but not enough to wet us much. Next day Lyra, Kermit, and Cherrie finished their job, and brought the four remaining canoes to camp, one leaking badly from the battering on the rocks. We then went down-stream a few hundred yards, and camped on the opposite side; it was not a good camping-place, but it was better than the one we left.

The men were growing constantly weaker under the endless strain of exhausting labor. Kermit was having an attack of fever, and Lyra and Cherrie had touches of dysentery; but all three continued to work. While in the water trying to help with an upset canoe I had by my own clumsiness bruised my leg against a bowlder; and the resulting inflammation was somewhat bothersome. I now had a sharp attack of fever, but thanks to the excellent care of the doctor, was over it in about forty-eight hours; but Kermit's fever grew worse and he too was unable to work for a day or two. We could walk over the portages, however. A good doctor is an absolute necessity on an exploring expedition in such a country as that we were in, under penalty of a frightful mortality among the members; and the necessary risks and hazards are so great, the chances of disaster so large, that there is no warrant for increasing them by the failure to take all feasible precautions.

The next day we made another long portage round some rapids, and camped at night still in the hot, wet, sunless atmosphere of the gorge. The following day, April 6, we portaged past another set of rapids, which proved to be the last of the rapids of the chasm. For some kilometres we kept passing hills, and feared lest at any moment we might again find ourselves fronting another mountain gorge; with, in such case, further days of grinding and perilous labor ahead of us, while our men were disheartened, weak, and sick. Most of them had already begun to have fever.

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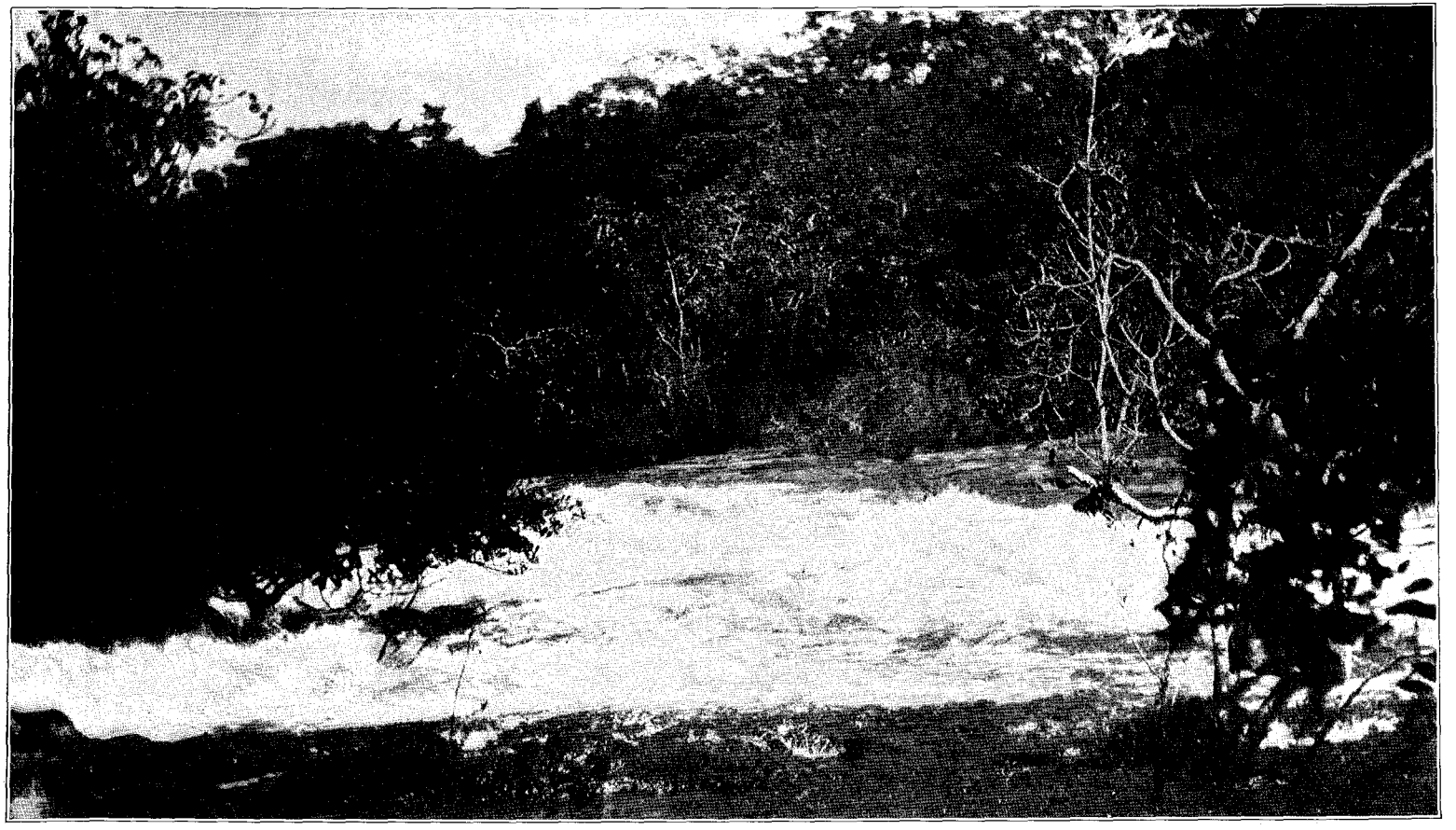

From a photograph by Cherrie.

To follow down-stream an unknown river, broken by innumerable cataracts and rapids . . . bears no resemblance whatever to following even a fairly dangerous river which has been thoroughly explored.—Page 594.

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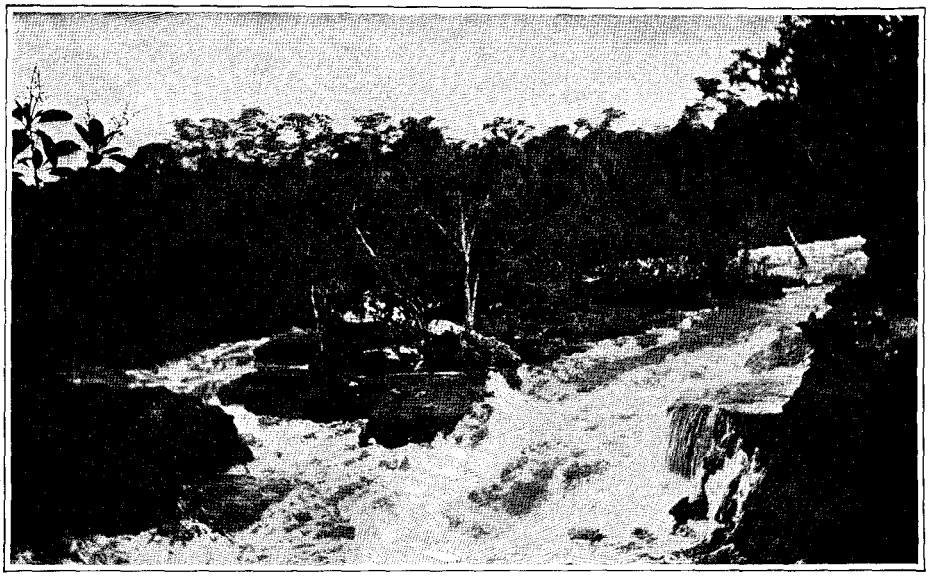

From a photograph by Cherrie.

Rapids at the chasm.

Their condition was inevitable after over a month's uninterrupted work of the hardest kind in getting through the long series of rapids we had just passed; and a long further delay, accompanied by wearing labor, would have almost certainly meant that the weakest among our party would have begun to die. There were already two of the camaradas who were too weak to help the others, their condition being such as to cause us serious concern.

However, the hills gradually sank into a level plain, and the river carried us through it at a rate that enabled us during the remainder of the day to reel off thirty-six kilometres, a record that for the first time held out promise. Twice tapirs swam the river while we passed, but not near my canoe. However, the previous evening Cherrie had killed two monkeys and Kermit one, and we all had a few mouthfuls of fresh meat; we had already had a good soup made out of a turtle Kermit had caught. We had to portage by one short set of rapids, the unloaded canoes being brought down without difficulty. At last, at four in the afternoon, we came to the mouth of a big river running in from the right. We thought it was probably the Ananas, but, of course, could not be certain. It was less in volume than the one we had descended, but nearly as broad; its breadth at this point being ninety-five yards as against one hundred and twenty for the larger river. There were rapids ahead, immediately after the junction, which took place in latitude 10° 58′ south. We had come two hundred and sixteen kilometres all told, and were nearly north of where we had started. We camped on the point of land between the two rivers. It was extraordinary to realize that here about the eleventh degree we were on such a big river, utterly unknown to the cartographers and not indicated by even a hint on any map. It was named Rio Cardozo, after a gallant officer of the commission who had died of beriberi just as our expedition began. We spent a day at this spot, determining our exact position by the sun, and afterward by the stars; and sending on two men to explore the rapids in advance. They returned with the news that there were big cataracts in them, and that they would form an obstacle to our progress. They had also caught a huge siluroid fish, which furnished an excellent meal for everybody in camp. This evening at sunset the view across the broad river, from our camp where the two rivers joined, was very lovely; and for the first time we had an open space in front of and above us, so that after nightfall the

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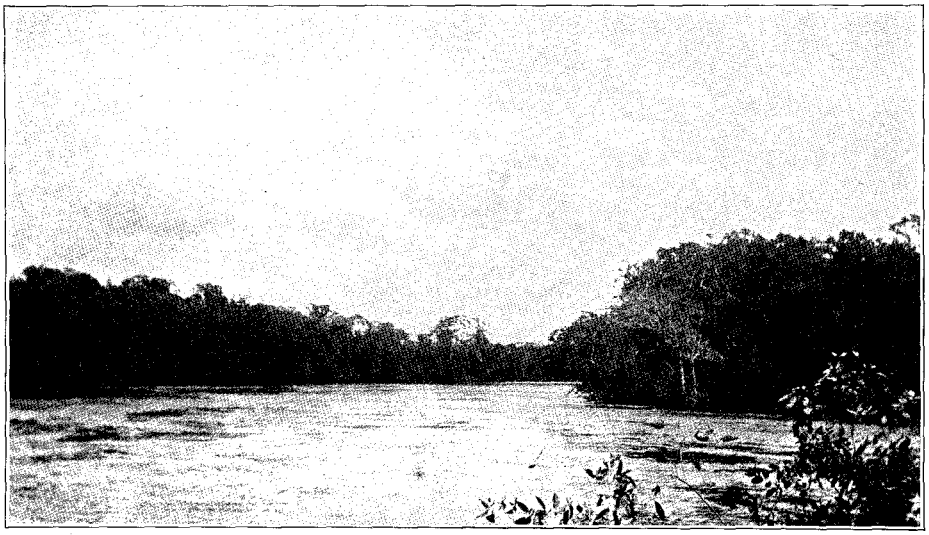
stars, and the great waxing moon, were glorious overhead, and against the rocks in midstream the broken water gleamed like tossing silver.

The huge catfish which the men had caught was over three feet and a half long, with the usual enormous head, out of all proportion to the body, and the enormous mouth, out of all proportion to the head. Such fish, although their teeth are small, swallow very large prey. This one contained the nearly digested remains of a monkey. Probably the monkey had been seized while drinking from the end of a branch; and once ingulfed in that yawning cavern there was no escape. We Americans were astounded at the idea of a catfish making prey of a monkey; but our Brazilian friends told us that in the lower Madeira and the part of the Amazon near its mouth there is a still more gigantic catfish which in similar fashion occasionally makes prey of man. This is a grayish-white fish over nine feet long, with the usual disproportionately large head and gaping mouth, with a circle of small teeth; for the ingulfing mouth itself is the danger, not the teeth. It is called the piraiba—pronounced in four syllables. While stationed at the small city of Itacoatiara, on the Amazon, at the mouth of the Madeira, the doctor had seen one of these monsters which had been killed by the two men it had attacked. They were fishing in a canoe when it rose from the bottom—for it is a ground fish—and raising itself half out of the water lunged over the edge of the canoe at them, with open mouth. They killed it with their *falcôns*, as machetes are called in Brazil. It was taken round the city in triumph in an ox-cart; the doctor saw it, and said it was three metres long. He said that swimmers feared it even more than the big cayman, because they could see the latter, whereas the former lay hid at the bottom of the water. Colonel Rondon said that in many villages where he had been on the lower Madeira the people had built stockaded enclosures in the water in which they bathed, not venturing to swim in the open water for fear of the piraiba and the big cayman.

Next day, April 8, we made five kilometres only, as there was a succession of rapids.

On the 10th we repeated the proceedings: a short, quick run; a few hundred metres' portage, occupying, however, at least a couple of hours; again a few minutes' run; again other rapids. We again made less than five kilometres; in the two days we had been descending nearly a metre for every kilometre we made in advance; and it hardly seemed as if this state of things could last, for the



From a photograph by Cherrie.

Bay of Good Hope. After second rapid of the chasm.

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aneroid showed that we were getting very low down. How I longed for a big Maine birch-bark, such as that in which I once went down the Mattawamkeag at high water! It would have slipped down these rapids as a girl trips through a country dance. But our loaded dugouts would have shoved their noses under every curl. The country was lovely. The wide river, now in one channel, now in several channels, wound among hills; the shower-freshened forest glistened in the sunlight; the many kinds of beautiful palm-fronds and the huge pacova-leaves stamped the peculiar look of the tropics on the whole landscape—it was like passing by water through a gigantic botanical garden. In the afternoon we got an elderly toucan, a piranha, and a reasonably edible side-necked river turtle; so we had fresh meat again. We slept as usual in earshot of rapids. We had been out six weeks, and almost all the time we had been engaged in wearily working our way down and past rapid after rapid. Rapids are by far the most dangerous enemies of explorers and travellers who journey along these rivers.

We came to another set of rapids, carried the baggage down past them, and made camp long after dark in the rain—a good exercise in patience for those of us who were still suffering somewhat from fever. No one was in really buoyant health. For some weeks we had been sharing part of the contents of our boxes with the camaradas; but our food was not very satisfying to them. They needed quantity, and the mainstay of each of their meals was a mass of palmitas; but on this day they had no time to cut down palms. We finally decided to run these rapids with the empty canoes, and they came down in safety. On such a trip it is highly undesirable to take any save necessary risks, for the consequences of disaster are too serious; and yet if no risks are taken the progress is so slow that disaster comes anyhow; and it is necessary perpetually to vary the terms of the perpetual working compromise between rashness and overcaution. This night we had a very good fish to eat, a big silvery fellow called a pescada, of a kind we had not caught before.

One day Tregueiro failed to embark with the rest of us, and we had to camp where we were next day to find him. Easter Sunday we spent in the fashion with which we were altogether too familiar. We only ran in a clear course for ten minutes all told, and spent eight hours in portaging the loads past rapids down which the canoes were run; the balsa was almost swamped. This day we caught twenty-eight big fish, mostly piranhas, and everybody had all he could eat for dinner, and for breakfast the following morning.

The forenoon of the following day was a repetition of this wearisome work; but late in the afternoon the river began to run in long quiet reaches. We made fifteen kilometres, and for the first time in several weeks camped where we did not hear the rapids. The silence was soothing and restful. The following day, April 14, we made a good run of some thirty-two kilometres. We passed a little river which entered on our left. We ran two or three light rapids, and portaged the loads by another. The river ran in long and usually tranquil stretches. In the morning when we started the view was lovely. There was a mist, and for a couple of miles the great river, broad and quiet, ran between the high walls of tropical forest, the tops of the giant trees showing dim through the haze. Different members of the party caught many fish, and shot a monkey and a couple of jacu tinga—birds kin to a turkey, but the size of a fowl—so we again had a camp of plenty. The dry season was approaching, but there were still heavy, drenching rains. On this day the men found some new nuts of which they liked the taste; but the nuts proved unwholesome and half of the men were very sick and unable to work the following day. In the balsa only two were left fit to do anything, and Kermit plied a paddle all day long.

Accordingly, it was a rather sorry crew that embarked the following morning, April 15. But it turned out a red-letter day. The day before, we had come across cuttings, a year old, which were probably but not certainly made by pioneer rubbermen. But on this day—during which we made twenty-five kilometres—after running two hours and a half we found on the left bank a board on a post, with the initials J. A., to show the farthest-up point

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From a photograph by Cherrie.

Camp at the mouth of the Cardozo.

It was named Rio Cardozo after a gallant officer of the commission.—Page 600.

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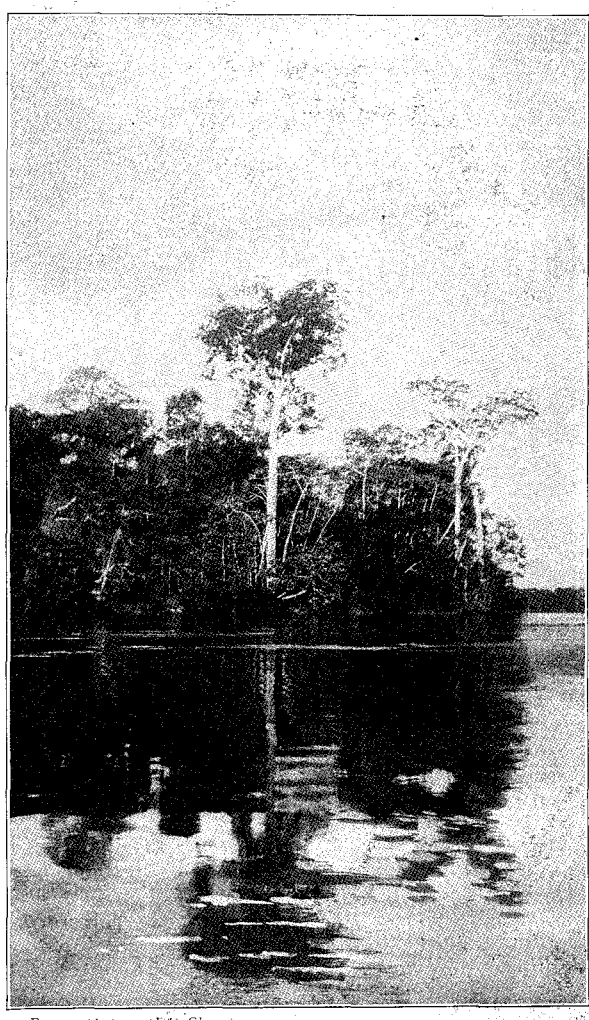
which a rubber-man had reached and claimed as his own. An hour farther down we came on a newly built house in a little planted clearing; and we cheered heartily.



From a photograph by Cherrie.

Castanha-tree.
(Brazil-nut.)

No one was at home, but the house, of palm thatch, was clean and cool. A couple of dogs were on watch, and the belongings showed that a man, a woman, and a child lived there, and had only just left. Another hour brought us to a similar house where dwelt an old black man, who showed the innate courtesy of the Brazilian peasant. We came on these rubber-men and their houses in about latitude 10° 24′.

In mid-afternoon we stopped at another clean, cool, picturesque house of palm thatch. The inhabitants all fled at our approach, fearing an Indian raid; for they were absolutely unprepared to have any one come from the unknown regions upstream. They returned and were most hospitable and communicative; and we spent the night there. Said Antonio Correa to Kermit: "It seems like a dream to be in a house again, and hear the voices of men and women, instead of being among those mountains and rapids." The river was known to them as the Castanha, and was the main affluent, or rather the left or western branch, of the Aripuanan; the Castanha is a name used by the rubber-gatherers only; it is unknown to the geographers. We were, according to our informants, about fifteen days' journey from the confluence of the two rivers; but there were many rubber-men along the banks, some of whom had become permanent settlers. We had come over three hundred kilometres, in forty-eight days, over absolutely unknown ground; we had seen no human being, although we had twice heard Indians. Six weeks had been spent in steadily slogging our way down through the interminable series of rapids. It was astonishing before, when we were on a river of about the size of the upper Rhine or Elbe, to realize that no geographer had any idea of its existence. But, after all, no civilized man of any grade had ever been on it. Here, however, was a river with people dwelling along the banks, some of whom had lived in the neighborhood for eight or ten years; and yet on no standard map was there a hint of the river's existence. We were putting on the map a river, running through be-

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tween five and six degrees of latitude—of between seven and eight if, as should properly be done, the lower Aripuanan is included as part of it—of which no geographer, in any map published in Europe, or the United States, or Brazil, had even admitted the possibility of the existence; for the place actually occupied by it was filled, on the maps, by other—imaginary—streams, or by mountain ranges. Before we started, the Amazonas boundary commission had come up the lower Aripuanan and then the eastern branch, or upper Aripuanan, to 8° 48′, following the course which for a couple of decades had been followed by the rubber-men, but not going as high. The lower main stream, and the lower portion of its main affluent the Castanha, had been commercial highways for rubber-men and settlers for nearly two decades; but the governmental and scientific authorities, native and foreign, remained in complete ignorance; and the rubber-men themselves had not the slightest idea of the headwaters, which were in country never hitherto traversed by civilized men. Evidently the Castanha was, in length at least, substantially equal, and probably superior, to the upper Aripuanan; it now seemed even more likely that the Ananas was the headwaters of the main stream than of the Cardozo. For the first time this great river, the greatest affluent of the Madeira, was to be put on the map; and the understanding of its real position and real relationship, and the clearing up of the complex problem of the sources of all these lower right-hand affluents of the Madeira, was rendered possible by the seven weeks of hard and dangerous labor we had spent in going down an absolutely unknown river, through an absolutely unknown wilderness. At this stage of the growth of world geography I esteemed it a great piece of good fortune to be able to take part in such a feat—a feat which represented the capping of the pyramid which during the previous seven years had been built by the labor of the Brazilian Telegraphic Commission.

From a photograph by Cherrie.

Pacova-tree.

The huge pacova-leaves stamped the peculiar look of the tropics on the whole landscape. —Page 602.

We had passed the period when there was a chance of peril, of disaster, to the whole expedition. There might be risk ahead to individuals, and some difficulties and annoyances for all of us; but there

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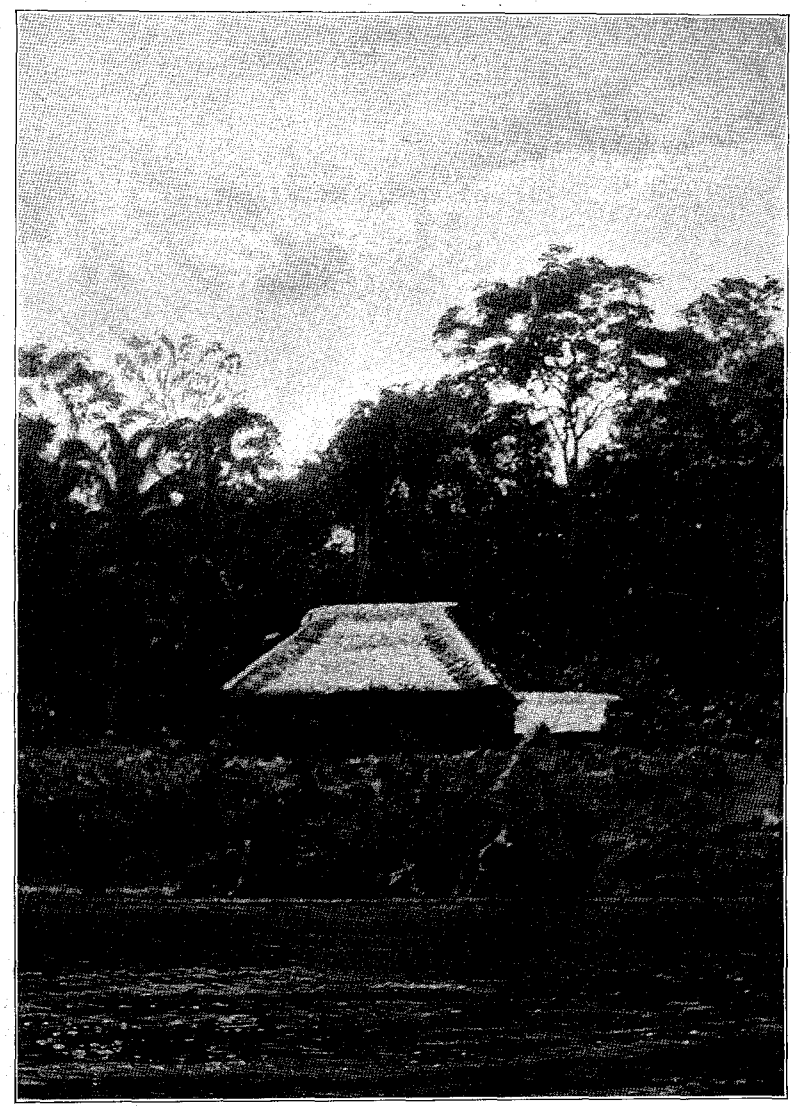

From a photograph by Cherrie.

The first rubber-camp.

We came on a newly built house in a little planted clearing.—Page 604.

was no longer the least likelihood of any disaster to the expedition as a whole. We now no longer had to face continual anxiety, the need of constant economy with food, the duty of labor with no end in sight, and bitter uncertainty as to the future.

It was time to get out. The wearing work, under very unhealthy conditions, was beginning to tell on every one. Half of the camaradas had been down with fever and were much weakened; only a few of them retained their original physical and moral strength. Cherrie and Kermit had recovered; but both Kermit and Lyra still had bad sores on their legs, from the bruises received in the water work. I was in worse shape. The after effects of the fever still hung on; and the leg which had been hurt while working in the rapids with the sunken canoe had taken a turn for the bad and developed an abscess. The good doctor, to whose unwearied care and kindness I owe much, had cut it open and inserted a drainage tube; an added

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charm being given the operation, and the subsequent dressings, by the enthusiasm with which the piums and boroshudas took part therein. I could hardly hobble, and was pretty well laid up. But "there aren't no 'stop, conductor' while a battery's changing ground." No man has any business to go on such a trip as ours unless he will refuse to jeopardize the welfare of his associates by any delay caused by a weakness or ailment of his. It is his duty to go forward, if necessary on all fours, until he drops. Fortunately, I was put to no such test. I remained in good shape until we had passed the last of the rapids of the chasms. When my serious trouble came we had only canoe-riding ahead of us. It is not ideal for a sick man to spend the hottest hours of the day stretched on the boxes in the bottom of a small open dugout, under the well-nigh intolerable heat of the torrid sun of the mid-tropics, varied by blinding, drenching downpours of rain; but I could not be sufficiently grateful for the chance. Kermit and Cherrie took care of me as if they had been trained nurses; and Colonel Rondon and Lyra were no less thoughtful.

The north was calling strongly to the three men of the north—Rocky Dell Farm to Cherrie, Sagamore Hill to me; and to Kermit the call was stronger still. After nightfall we could now see the Dipper well above the horizon—upside down, with the two pointers pointing to a north star below the world's rim; but the Dipper, with all its stars. In our home country spring had now come, the wonderful northern spring of long, glorious days, of brooding twilights, of cool, delightful nights. Robin and bluebird, meadow-lark and song-sparrow, were singing in the mornings at home; the maple-buds were red; wind-flowers and bloodroot were blooming while the last patches of snow still lingered; the rapture of the hermit-thrush in Vermont, the serene golden melody of the wood-thrush on Long Island, would be heard before we were there to listen. Each man to his home, and to his true love! Each was longing for the homely things that were so dear to him, for the home people who were dearer still, and for the one who was dearest of all.

TO THE AMAZON AND HOME; ZOÖLOGICAL AND GEOGRAPHICAL RESULTS OF THE EXPEDITION

Our adventures and our troubles were alike over. We now experienced the incalculable contrast between descending a

From a photograph by Cherrie.

At the rubber-man's house.

The inhabitants all fled at our approach, fearing an Indian raid.—Page 604.

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known and travelled river, and one that is utterly unknown. After four days we hired a rubber-man to go with us as guide. He knew exactly what channels were passable when we came to the rapids, when the canoes had to unload, and where the carry-trails were. It was all child's play compared to what we had gone through. We made long days' journeys, for at night we stopped at some palm-thatched house, inhabited or abandoned, and therefore the men were spared the labor of making camp; and we bought ample food for them, so there was no further need of fishing and chopping down palms for the palm-tops. The heat of the sun was blazing; but it looked as if we had come back into the rainy season, for there were many heavy rains, usually in the afternoon, but sometimes in the morning or at night. The mosquitoes were sometimes rather troublesome at night. In the daytime the piums swarmed, and often bothered us even when we were in midstream.

We had already passed many inhabited —and a still larger number of uninhabited —houses. The dwellers were rubber-men, but generally they were permanent settlers also, home-makers, with their wives and children. Some, both of the men and women, were apparently of pure negro blood, or of pure Indian or south European blood; but in the great majority all three strains were mixed in varying degrees. They were most friendly, courteous, and hospitable. Often they refused payment for what they could afford, out of their little, to give us. When they did charge, the prices were very high, as was but just, for they live back of the beyond, and everything costs them fabulously, save what they raise themselves. The cool bare houses of poles and palm thatch contained little except hammocks and a few simple cooking-utensils; and often a clock or sewing-machine, or Winchester rifle, from our own country. They often had flowers planted, including fragrant roses. Their only live stock, except the dogs, were a few chickens and ducks. They planted patches of mandioc, maize, sugar-cane, rice, beans, squashes, pineapples, bananas, lemons, oranges, melons, peppers; and various purely native fruits and vegetables, such as the *kniabo*—a vegetable-fruit growing on the branches of a high bush—which is cooked with meat. They get some game from the forest, and more fish from the river. There is no representative of the government among them—indeed, even now their very existence is barely known to the governmental authorities; and the church has ignored them as completely as the state. When they wish to get married they have to spend several months getting down to and back from Manaos or some smaller city; and usually the first christening and the marriage ceremony are held at the same time. They have merely squatters' right to the land, and are always in danger of being ousted by unscrupulous big men who come in late, but with a title technically straight. The land laws should be shaped so as to give each of these pioneer settlers the land he actually takes up and cultivates, and upon which he makes his home—the small home-maker, who owns the land which he tills with his own hands, is the greatest element of strength in any country.

These are real pioneer settlers. They are the true wilderness-winners. No continent is ever really conquered, or thoroughly explored, by a few leaders, or exceptional men, although such men can render great service. The real conquest, the thorough exploration and settlement, is made by a nameless multitude of small men of whom the most important are, of course, the home-makers. Each treads most of the time in the footsteps of his predecessors, but for some few miles, at some time or other, he breaks new ground; and his house is built where no house has ever stood before. Such a man, the real pioneer, must have no strong desire for social life, and no need, probably no knowledge, of any luxury, or of any comfort save of the most elementary kind. The pioneer who is always longing for the comfort and luxury of civilization, and especially of great cities, is no real pioneer at all. These settlers whom we met were contented to live in the wilderness. They had found the climate healthy and the soil fruitful; a visit to a city was a very rare event, nor was there any overwhelming desire for it.

In short, these men, and those like them everywhere on the frontier between civilization and savagery in Brazil, are

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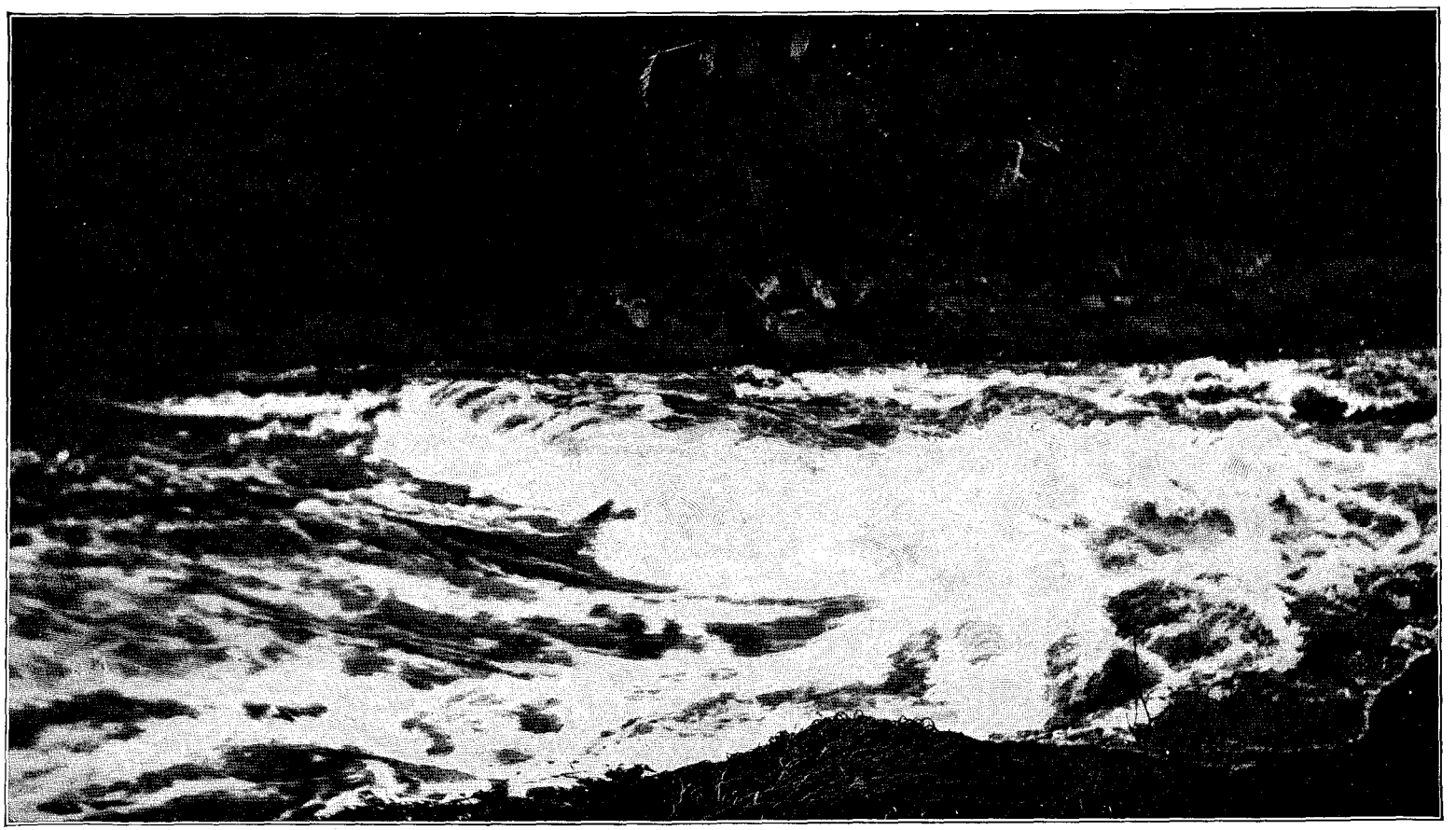
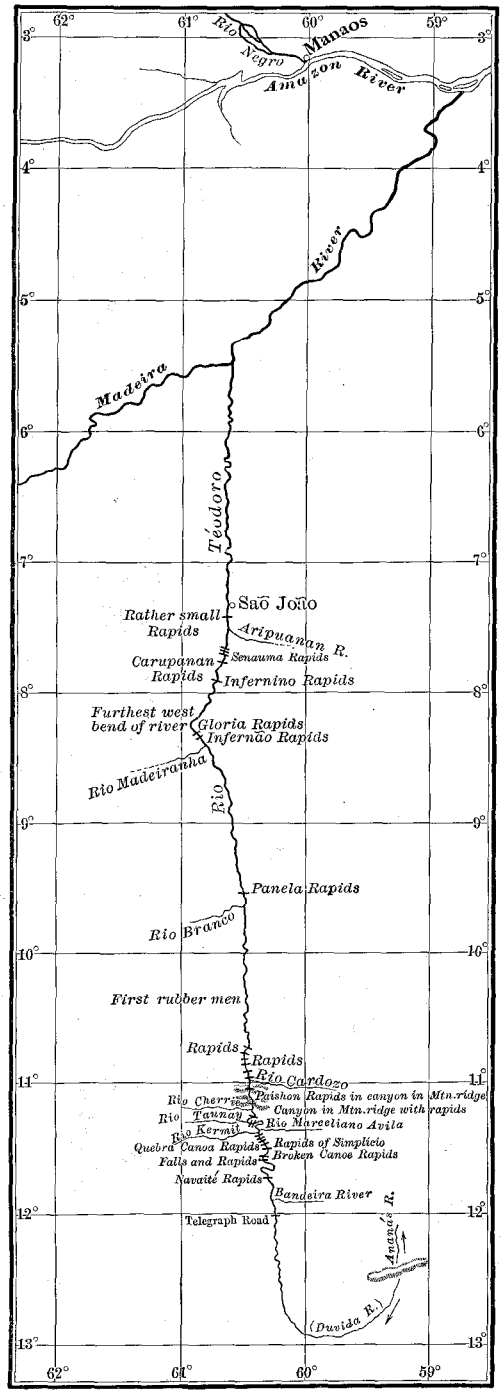


From a photograph by Chevrie.

Rapids of the Castanha.

The Castanha was the main affluent, or rather the left or western branch, of the Aripuanan; the Castanha is a name used by the rubber-gatherers only.—Page 604.



Sketch map of the unknown river christened Rio Roosevelt, and subsequently Rio Téodoro, by direction of the Brazilian Government.

The map was prepared by Colonel Roosevelt from his journal and the diaries of Cherrie and of Kermit Roosevelt; the war having prevented the arrival of the map prepared by Lieutenant Lyra.

The Ananás may be the headwaters of the Cardozo or of the Aripuanan, or it may flow into the Canuma or Tapajos; it will not be put on the map until it is actually descended.

now playing the part played by our backwoodsmen when over a century and a quarter ago they began the conquest of the great basin of the Mississippi; the part played by the Boer farmers for over a century in South Africa, and by the Canadians when less than half a century ago they began to take possession of their Northwest. Every now and then some one says that the "last frontier" is now to be found in Canada or Africa, and that it has almost vanished. On a far larger scale this frontier is to be found in Brazil—a country as big as Europe or the United States—and decades will pass before it vanishes. The first settlers came to Brazil a century before the first settlers came to the United States and Canada. For three hundred years progress was very slow—Portuguese colonial government at that time was almost as bad as Spanish. For the last half-century and over there has been a steady increase in the rapidity of the rate of development; and this increase bids fair to be constantly more rapid in the future.

By mid-forenoon on April 26 we had passed the last dangerous rapids. The paddles were plied with hearty good will, Cherrie and Kermit, as usual, working like the camaradas, and the canoes went dancing down the broad, rapid river. The equatorial forest crowded on either hand to the water's edge; and, although the river was falling, it was still so high that in many places little islands were completely submerged, and the current raced among the trunks of the green trees. At one o'clock we came to the mouth of the Castanha proper, and in sight of the tent of Lieutenant Pyrineu, with the flags of the United States and Brazil flying before it; and, with rifles firing from the canoes and the shore, we moored at the landing of the neat, soldierly, well-kept camp. The upper Aripuanan, a river of substantially the same volume as the Castanha, but broader at this point, and probably of less length, here joined the Castanha

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from the east, and the two together formed what the rubber-men called the lower Aripuanan. The mouth of this was indicated, and sometimes named, on the maps, but only as a small and unimportant stream.

We had been two months in the canoes; from the 27th of February to the 26th of April. We had gone over 750 kilometres. The river from its source, near the thirteenth degree, to where it became navigable and we entered it, had a course of some 200 kilometres—probably more, perhaps 300 kilometres. Therefore we had now put on the map a river nearly 1,000 kilometres in length, of which the existence was not merely unknown but impossible if the standard maps were correct. But this was not all. It seemed that this river of 1,000 kilometres in length was really the true upper course of the Aripuanan proper, in which case the total length was nearly 1,500 kilometres. Pyrineu had been waiting for us over a month, at the junction of what the rubber-men called the Castanha and of what they called the upper Aripuanan. (He had no idea as to which stream we would appear upon, or whether we would appear upon either.) On March 26 he had measured the volume of the two, and found that the Castanha, although the narrower, was the deeper and swifter, and that in volume it surpassed the other by 84 cubic metres a second. Since then the Castanha had fallen; our measurements showed it to be slightly smaller than the other; the volume of the river after the junction was about 4,500 cubic metres a second. This was in 7° 34′.

We were glad indeed to see Pyrineu and be at his attractive camp. We were only four hours above the little river hamlet of São João, a port of call for rubber-steamers, from which the larger ones go to Manaos in two days. These steamers mostly belong to Senhor Caripe. From Pyrineu we learned that Lauriadó and Fiala had reached Manaos on March 26. On the swift water in the gorge of the Papagei, Fiala's boat had been upset and all his belongings lost, while he himself had narrowly escaped with his life. I was glad indeed that the fine and gallant fellow had escaped. The Canadian canoe had done very well. We were no less rejoiced to learn that Amilcar, the head of the party that went down the Gy-Paraná, was also all right, although his canoe too had been upset in the rapids, and his instruments and all his notes lost. He had reached Manaos on April 10. Fiala had gone home. Miller was collecting near Manaos. He had been doing capital work.

The piranhas were bad here, and no one could bathe. Cherrie while standing in the water close to the shore was attacked and bitten; but with one bound he was on the bank, before any damage could be done.

We spent a last night under canvas, at Pyrineu's encampment. It rained heavily. Next morning we all gathered at the monument which Colonel Rondon had erected, and he read the orders of the day. These recited just what had been accomplished: set forth the fact that we had now by actual exploration and investigation discovered that the river whose upper portion had been called the Dúvida on the maps of the Telegraphic Commission and the unknown major part of which we had just traversed, and the river known to a few rubber-men, but to no one else, as the Castanha, and the lower part of the river known to the rubber-men as the Aripuanan (which did not appear on the maps save as its mouth was sometimes indicated, with no hint of its size), were all parts of one and the same river; and that by order of the Brazilian Government this river, the largest affluent of the Madeira, with its source near the 13th degree, and its mouth a little south of the 5th degree, hitherto utterly unknown to cartographers and in large part utterly unknown to any save the local tribes of Indians, had been named the Rio Roosevelt.

Early the following afternoon our whole party, together with Senhor Caripe, started on the steamer. It took us a little over twelve hours' swift steaming to run down to the mouth of the river on the upper course of which our progress had been so slow and painful; from source to mouth, according to our itinerary and to Lyra's calculations, the course of the stream down which we had thus come was about 1,500 kilometres in length—about 900 miles, perhaps nearly 1,000 miles, from its source near the 13th degree in the highlands to its mouth in the Madeira, near

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the 5th degree. Next morning we were on the broad sluggish current of the lower Madeira, a beautiful tropical river. There were heavy rain-storms, as usual, although this is supposed to be the very end of the rainy season. In the afternoon we finally entered the wonderful Amazon itself, the mighty river which contains one-tenth of all the running water of the globe. It was many miles across, where we entered it; and indeed we could not tell whether the farther bank, which we saw, was that of the mainland or an island. We went up it until about midnight, then steamed up the Rio Negro for a short distance, and at one in the morning of April 30 reached Manaos.

Manaos is a remarkable city. It is only three degrees south of the equator. Sixty years ago it was a nameless little collection of hovels, tenanted by a few Indians and a few of the poorest class of Brazilian peasants. Now it is a big, handsome modern city, with opera-house, tramways, good hotels, fine squares and public buildings, and attractive private houses. The brilliant coloring and odd architecture give the place a very foreign and attractive flavor in Northern eyes. Its rapid growth to prosperity was due to the rubber-trade. This is now far less remunerative than formerly. It will undoubtedly in some degree recover; and in any event the development of the immensely rich and fertile Amazonian valley is sure to go on, and it will be immensely quickened when closer connections are made with the Brazilian highland country lying south of it.

I said good-by to the camaradas with real friendship and regret. The parting gift I gave to each was in gold sovereigns; and I was rather touched to learn later that they had agreed among themselves each to keep one sovereign as a medal of honor and token that the owner had been on the trip. They were a fine set, brave, patient, obedient, and enduring. Now they had forgotten their hard times; they were fat from eating, at leisure, all they wished; they were to see Rio Janeiro, always an object of ambition with men of their stamp; and they were very proud of their membership in the expedition.

Later, at Belén, I said good-by to Colonel Rondon, Doctor Cajazeira, and Lieutenant Lyra. Together with my admiration for their hardihood, courage, and resolution, I had grown to feel a strong and affectionate friendship for them. I had become very fond of them; and I was glad to feel that I had been their companion in the performance of a feat which possessed a certain lasting importance.

On May 1 we left Manaos for Belén—Pará, as until recently it was called. The trip was interesting. We steamed down through tempest and sunshine; and the towering forest was dwarfed by the giant river it fringed. Sunrise and sunset turned the sky to an unearthly flame of many colors above the vast water. It all seemed the embodiment of loneliness and wild majesty. Yet everywhere man was conquering the loneliness and wresting the majesty to his own uses. We passed many thriving, growing towns; at one we stopped to take on cargo. Everywhere there was growth and development.

On May 7 we bade good-by to our kind Brazilian friends and sailed northward for Barbados and New York.

Zoologically the trip had been a thorough success. Cherrie and Miller had collected over twenty-five hundred birds and mammals, and a few reptiles, batrachians and fishes. Many of them were new to science; for much of the region traversed had never previously been worked by any scientific collector.

Of course, the most important work we did was the geographic work, the exploration of the unknown river, undertaken at the suggestion of the Brazilian Government, and in conjunction with its representatives. No piece of work of this kind is ever achieved save as it is based on long-continued previous work. As I have before said, what we did was to put the cap on the pyramid that had been built by Colonel Rondon and his associates of the Telegraphic Commission during the six previous years. It was their scientific exploration of the chapadão, their mapping the basin of the Juruena, and their descent of the Gy-Paraná, that rendered it possible for us to solve the mystery of the River of Doubt.

The work of the commission, much the greatest work of the kind ever done in South America, is one of the many, many achievements which the republican gov-

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ernment of Brazil has to its credit. Brazil has been blessed beyond her Spanish-American sisters because she won her way to republicanism by evolution rather than revolution. They plunged into the extremely difficult experiment of democratic, of popular, self-government, after enduring the atrophy of every quality of self-control, self-reliance, and initiative throughout three withering centuries of existence under the worst and most foolish form of colonial government, both from the civil and the religious standpoint, that has ever existed. The marvel is not that some of them failed, but that some of them have eventually succeeded in such striking fashion. Brazil, on the contrary, when she achieved independence, first exercised it under the form of an authoritative empire, then under the form of a liberal empire. When the republic came, the people were reasonably ripe for it. The great progress of Brazil, and it has been an astonishing progress, has been made under the republic. I could give innumerable examples and illustrations of this. The change that has converted Rio Janeiro from a picturesque pesthole into a singularly beautiful, healthy, clean, and efficient modern great city, is one of these. Another is the work of the Telegraphic Commission.

We put upon the map a river some fifteen hundred kilometres in length, of which the upper course was not merely utterly unknown to, but unguessed at by, anybody; while the lower course, although known for years to a few rubber-men, was utterly unknown to cartographers. It is the chief affluent of the Madeira, which is itself the chief affluent of the Amazon.

The source of this river is between the 12th and 13th parallels of latitude south and the 59th and 60th degrees of longitude west from Greenwich. We embarked on it at about latitude 12° 1′ south, and about longitude 60° 15′ west. After that its entire course lay between the 60th and 61st degrees of longitude, approaching the latter most closely about latitude 8° 15′. The first rapids we encountered were in latitude 11° 44′, and in uninterrupted succession they continued for about a degree, without a day's complete journey between any two of them. At 11° 23′ the Rio Kermit entered from the left, at 11° 22′ the Rio Marciano Avila from the right, at 11° 18′ the Taunay from the left, at 10° 58′ the Cardozo from the right. In 10° 24′ we encountered the first rubber-men. The Rio Branco entered from the left at 9° 38′. Our camp at 8° 49′ was almost on the boundary between Matto Grosso and Amazonas. The confluence with the Aripuanan, which joined from the right, took place at 7° 34′. The entrance into the Madeira was at about 5° 20′ (this point we did not determine by observation, as it is already on the maps). The stream we had followed down was from the river's highest sources; we had followed its longest course.

AFTERWARD

By Marguerite Merington

So long as there was something left to do
As you had done it, still to fill one's care—
How could the dead past claim, your place seem bare,
With things your hand had touched, to rummage through!
Your deeds while yet your world held in review
Life merely seemed grief's mocking mask to wear,
As any turn might show you standing there,
Or meet the warm-blood clasp that symboled you.
But now, your house in final order set,
And, up-drawn close to shut out Heaven's light,
The spaded earth your stirless coverlet,
My heart that stopped with yours in life's despite,
Wakes to the anguish of love's unpaid debt
Through days of empty longing, endless night!

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NORWAY AND THE NORWEGIANS

FROM AN AMERICAN POINT OF VIEW

BY PRICE COLLIER

Author of "Germany and the Germans from an American Point of View," "The West in the East from an American Point of View," "England and the English from an American Point of View."

II

THE population of Norway is 2,391,782, about equal to the population of Chicago; but if the entire population met in a given area, I venture to say that their coming and their going, and their meeting, would not make as much noise as one may hear every five minutes on dozens of street-crossings, either in New York or in Chicago. In this connection it is of interest to note that there are 80,000 more women than men in Norway; 1,800,000 more men than women in the United States; and 1,300,000 more women than men in the United Kingdom. The total population of the United States is 92,000,000, of the United Kingdom 45,000,000. Theorists may make such deductions as they will from the proportion of men to women in these countries, but of the comparative peace and quiet there is no question.

Norway is the country of quiet voices, gentle manners, and no noise. The steamers dock almost without a sound, and depart as silently. At Christiansand, where we touched first on Scandinavian soil, people got on and off the steamer, farewells were waved, the crowd on the dock moved about deliberately; but no voice was raised, there was no shouting, no physical unrest expressing itself in squirming bodies or twisted features; they were almost as calm as the stars above them. All over Sweden and Norway one is attracted by the smooth skins, unwrinkled cheeks, and unfurrowed brows of both the men and the women. They have placid faces, as of men and women who have not yet been in contact with our disease of striving to live all of life in a day. The trains slide away from the stations at the sound of a scarcely audible whistle, and there are no bells or shouted warnings; the crowds in the streets or elsewhere seem to pitch their voices out of the range of hearing of ears accustomed to the catarrhal rumble of London, the strident gabble of New York, or the sibilant cackle of Paris.

Men and women accustomed to crowds get to think unduly highly of themselves; while those bred where water, mountain, and sky are continually snubbing their insignificance are more hesitating in asserting themselves. It may produce an effect among masses of men to pitch one's voice above that of the crowd, to gesticulate more feverishly than one's neighbors, to talk more rapidly, or to assert oneself more impudently; but the dullest realize that there is no gain in apostrophizing a waterfall, in gesticulating at mountains, or shouting to the sky, or in self-assertion against the sea.

One may drive for miles, or walk for hours, through Norway with no sound but that of rippling or running water, or the whispering of the trees among themselves.

Amundsen, the explorer, tells me that the greatest hardship he has suffered was when he lost his provisions and wandered four days without food in his own Norwegian mountains. That most silent of all moving things, the snow, falls in Norway for months, covering everything with a fleece-mantle that deadens sound.

Even so far south as Christiania there are weeks in the winter when the sun only appears for a few hours, and looks like the rim of a burnished copper hoop that some giant-child of the gods is rolling along the horizon. In the north they are plunged in darkness for months, with only the northern lights as dim candles in the distance. When the sun lights Norway for the months of its longest stay, it makes gigantic shadows of the mountains, and

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black depths of the deep fjords, and the forests stretch for miles like a dark velvet carpet over the landscape. Nobody but a maniac would make a noise in such surroundings, and nobody but a fool would be in a hurry.

Not even in the East are people more quiet or slower than in Norway, outside the three or four larger towns. They have learned the truth of the Arab proverb that "Slowness comes from God, hurry from the devil," by centuries of living with the sea in front of them and the mountains at their backs. Why hurry in the desert? "Why so hotly, little man," with the sea's ceaseless murmur in front of you and the mountain's calm behind you?

Those who have memories of the peremptory speech and wanton discourtesies of our "Step-lively-there!" conductors of cars under the ground, above the ground, and on the ground could wish them no more purgatorial punishment than to be put in charge forever of the Norwegian passengers on steam and electric railways. They move in and out as leisurely as though they were blackberrying, and a herd of cows on a public road are not more regardless of haste. On the small steamers that run about from place to place on the fjords, the passengers often come aboard from small boats, and often enough a cargo of fish, or cows, or a horse are hoisted on board, and all with quiet, composure, and contempt for time. The American conductor would waste his energy like Sisyphus in his attempts to hustle these people, and he would finally be taken to a rest-home a deplorable nervous wreck gesticulating and muttering hoarsely, "Step lively there!" One might as well attempt to make a walking-stick out of the contents of the cream-jug, or to eat honey with a football for a spoon, or to do any other maniacal thing, as to tempt the Norwegian with the siren song of our high-strung civilization, "Step lively!"

The hours of labor and the hours of headwork are shorter here than elsewhere, while the concentrated nervous energy given to labor of all kinds is less. The farm-hands, the street laborers in the cities, the diggers and delvers everywhere, work at a slower pace; and perhaps no country in the world shows fewer signs in the faces and figures of the men and women of exhaustion, of the haggardness of feature and undue leanness of figure, of the feverish eye and furrowed features, that denote an uneasy energy and a constant state of tension.

Lawyers and other professional men go to their offices from ten till two. In the public offices the hours are from nine till three, and though heads of departments work longer hours, the subordinates receive extra pay if they work overtime.

Breakfast among the well-to-do is at nine, and dinner at three or four, with perhaps a bite in between. There are a good two hours taken after the principal meal of the day, whether it is at one o'clock for the clerks and subordinates, or at three or four o'clock for others. On the farms at harvest-time the laborers work long hours, but there is a bite when they begin, a meal at nine, another at one or two, another at six, and supper before bedtime.

One old farmer took me over his fields where his children and his grandchildren were at work, and where eight generations of the same family had worked. The farm was in debt to the Land Bank, to be sure, but the grandchildren would have gladdened the heart of the president of a eugenic society. They were binding the grain together in small parcels as it fell, bending, twisting the sheaves together, and their bright eyes, their hair of the color of the corn-tassels, and their well-developed and lithe figures made one think that they were indulging in agreeable exercise. These land banks are backed by the government; they lend money at small interest—three and a half or four per cent—and for a long period of time, and with a system of amortization that enables the farmer to pay off his debt by degrees. There is no usury, and no harpies gobbling up the land by wearing out the patience of the peasant proprietors. This is state interference of a wholesome kind, the state interfering not to weaken the individual but to protect him, the state as policeman warning off the robber.

Now that the ten million horse-power latent in the waterfalls of Norway has attracted the notice of the exploiter of such things, the state has stepped in to see that the people are fairly treated. Foreign companies receive a limited and

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conditioned franchise. The franchise is only for a given number of years, fifty to seventy-five; only Norwegian labor may be employed; five per cent of the horse-power generated may be demanded by the state, and five per cent by the community or district where the plant is situated, at a fair rate, and both property and income tax take their share.

Wages and salaries are low as compared with ours. The royal household is allotted $175,000 a year; the prime minister receives $5,000; the secretary for foreign affairs, who is the entertainer among the officials, receives $7,500; and the other members of the cabinet, $3,000. The Bishop of Christiania, the head of the Lutheran or state church, though he is, he says, only *primus inter pares*, receives $4,000 a year; the other bishops—there are six in all—$2,000 to $2,500; and the clergy, of whom there are eight hundred, from $1,000 to $1,500.

An income of $5,000 a year means every comfort; an income of $10,000 includes more than all the luxuries that the small towns afford; and $20,000 means wealth, and places a man well outside the realm of expenditure of his neighbors in Christiania or anywhere else in Norway.

Cooks are paid $6 a month, a good one $8; and a certain diplomat who pays his cook $13 gave us a dinner that his chef in Paris would find it difficult to improve upon. Housemaids and the like receive $5 a month. In one of the smaller towns I was told on the good authority of a leading citizen that families with $500 to $600 a year keep at least one servant, who receives, say, $50 a year; and where the income is from $1,000 to $1,500 there are two. Nobody, in short, works too hard.

On the farms, the servants are more or less members of the family, and women of small officials and others sometimes go into service, and very often take employment as clerks, stenographers, secretaries, and the like.

The wife of a foreign diplomat was asked for an evening off by her maid the night of a court ball. The mistress demurred as she needed her maid on that particular evening, but discovered that the maid also was going to the court ball, being invited as the daughter of a small official in the town. I have no means of knowing exactly, but from what one sees in shops and offices and on the farms, in the inns throughout the country, and in the shops and factories, and in the streets of all the cities and towns, and in the railways and other restaurants and eating-houses, the women of Norway are more generally at work than in other countries, except, perhaps, in France. They certainly do not suffer in appearance from it. They are bigger, broader, and thicker in the ankle than our women, and not of the same daintiness of feature, coloring, or build. Many of our idle women have come to have an exotic look, as though they were bred in hothouses, and not a few of them of that class have the sterility of temperament and the uneasy uselessness of the artificially bred everywhere.

We are all looking for salvation everywhere, except in work. We even count it as a characteristic of progress that our women do not work. We point to women in the fields, women doing household drudgery, in other countries, as a mark of degradation; when it is as certain as the law of gravitation that those countries which have the least artificial idleness, among either their men or their women, are bound one day to conquer and to rule. Honest work is the only sire that can be trusted to produce the rulers and governors of the future. In Norway one sees women engaged in almost every sort of occupation. One woman sat in the Storthing, but not for long, and the experiment has not been repeated; one woman sits now as a judge; there are, of course, women doctors, lawyers, and professors. I saw one on the top of a ladder painting a sign in Christiania; they work in all kinds of shops, even the butchers' shops; and on the train the porter had a woman assistant who helped make up the beds. Why not? This is woman's rights, such as all intelligent people believe in. The most damnable tyranny toward women in the world is the subtle slavery practised among the rich in America of making their women into millinery and dressmakers' models, or displayers of jewelry, or advertisers of scents and bath-powders; sterile creatures who have made America supreme in drug-taking and divorce. This class of women in our social body is a dangerous corrosive, they "are haughty, and walk with stretched

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forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet . . . with their tinkling ornaments . . . and their cauls and their round tires like the moon (tiaras), the chains and bracelets and mufflers, the bonnets and ornaments of the legs, and the headbands and the tablets and the earrings, the rings and jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles and the wimples and the crisping pins, the glasses and the fine linen and the hoods and the veils." What an intimate knowledge of the boudoir and the dressing-table Isaiah must have had; but I refrain from quoting his awful curses upon such creatures!

Women in Norway are now entitled to the same voice in all elections as the men, but I cannot find that this has made the smallest difference thus far. The more emphatic advocates of the suffrage for women claim that the woman's opinion is now listened to with more respect than formerly, and that votes to the women have doubled, and sometimes more than doubled, the voting power of the well-conducted and happy homes, where father and mother, and perhaps grown daughters, vote the same ticket. But Norway has only a population equal to that of Chicago. Norway has no serious and armed rivals to fear, nor is Norway governing large alien populations. The problem still confronts us, that with a surplus population of women, as in the United Kingdom for example, with officers and officials on service abroad deprived of their vote—a ridiculous and dangerous provision—and with a possible war where the men would fight and die, and the women live and vote, there would arise the impossible situation of a great empire or a great republic like ours suddenly finding itself overwhelmingly in the hands of women, and these women not unlikely under the influence of a shifty demagogue. No harm has come to Norway, to be sure, but what has happened there has little bearing upon what might happen in countries very differently situated. Women at home governing a great empire, whose men are fighting for its life abroad, would end in a revolution which would result in depriving women even of their just rights. An incompetent ochlocracy is invariably succeeded by a competent autocracy, which after years of toil and struggle must again be diluted to the strength of democracy, and from gynarchy to anarchy would be an even shorter step. We of this generation have seen it in the case of France, and even the casual reader of history can point to a dozen examples of the same thing in the past.

A minor consideration, too, is that the women who have enjoyed the notoriety of leaders of a crusade, once the vote is won for women, find themselves with their occupation gone. There is no rag to worry, and many people deprived of their grievance, and not a few among them unmarried women of child-bearing age, resort to other forms of restlessness as disturbing to the state as is so-called militancy. In Norway, where this last feature of the problem has been noted by the Norwegians themselves, there is a tendency to feminine forms of tyrannical legislation on the one hand, coupled with a freedom bordering upon license on the other. The tendency toward total prohibition grows hand in hand with almost complete facilities for divorce. In Sweden divorce may be had almost for the asking. In Norway such cases come under the jurisdiction of the Department of Justice, and are not tried in court. One of the leading statesmen in Norway, perhaps the most influential to-day, grew enthusiastic as he talked to me of the benefits of easy divorce. Nothing could be more awful, he maintained, than a man and a woman tied together irretrievably, and nothing more indelicate than that they should be compelled to air their grievances in court.

Divorces have increased from 300 to 400 out of an average of 14,000 marriages per year between the years of 1907–11, but as this minister of the crown said, two-thirds of them are among the well-to-do classes in the towns, and the people at large have not been influenced for the worse. However this may be, it is portentously indicative of the fact that women no more than men are inclined to forego the personal advantages accruing to them with increased power.

Since 1882 women are on an equal footing with the men at the university; and the boys and girls attend the same schools, though here as elsewhere practically all who can afford to do so send their children

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to schools where fees are charged. The theoretical democrat, I have noticed, draws the line sharply where his own boys and girls are concerned, and sends them to school in the very best company his purse permits. There are, however, no such differences of income in Norway as in richer countries, and the cleavage between rich and poor, between peasant and town-dweller, in the schools as elsewhere, is but a dim line. The peasant farmers are in a majority in the Storthing, and their sons outnumber the town-dwellers at the university, and changes from one class to another are more frequent even than in America.

Work is no bar to social intercourse. There are classes in Norway as there are and always will be everywhere, but they are classes made up of people of kindred pursuits and tastes, rather than of people of widely different social standing and income. An actress, a musician, a clerk in a shop, well conducted, of respectable family and with enlightened tastes, mingles with the society which most appeals to her. The same is true of the men. There are fewer artificial social or political barriers than elsewhere. There are people who dig and there are those "qui counsel l'homme qui digs"; there are people who carry luggage, who wait at table, who cook and sew, who collect fares in tramcars, who wait upon you in shops; but woe be to the snob who patronizes them, or orders them about gruffly, or assumes an attitude of superiority. Such a one is left to his own devices, ignored, left to serve himself.

On one's first arrival in Norway, the much hat-lifting, the saluting of one another on all occasions of uniformed officials, lead one to anticipate a certain suave politeness. The Norwegians are not people of manners, though, so far as one man's experience goes, they are friendly and kindly. Acknowledging no superiority, there is very little deference, but appealed to as an equal they are friendliness itself.

The wary traveller always prefers to be taken for something less than he is. Less is expected of him to begin with, and then there is nothing more mirth-provoking than to be patronized by one's inferior, whether he be an under-official, or a mediocre intellectual, or a snob; and travelling would be even more wearing upon the nerves than it is already were it not for these occasional misapprehensions, which result in the delicious boastings of strangers bent upon impressing you with their social, financial, official, or intellectual importance. The American recently in London, who impressed her English friends by telling them that her ancestor who went to America on the *Mayflower* was the only one of the Pilgrims who travelled with a valet and a secretary, was a glorious specimen of this not uncommon type.

The Norwegian is less moved by this gilded form of autobiography than might be expected from the simplicity and leanness of his own life. I do not know the incomes of the various Norwegians with whom I have partaken of bread and salt and wine, but they were many, considering the short time I was there, and in no single case was there evidence of splurge or extravagance, and no apologies for their way of life.

It is easy to be hospitable when one has a surplus, but even more delightful to receive the hospitality of those who only have enough. These give you of themselves; the rich often only of their purchases. What they are and what they have, they give freely enough, and they are entirely without that simian and vulgar notion of hospitality that when one entertains one must give not what one has, but what others are accustomed to, which has made the modern dinner-party such an arid thing. Who would not give all the chef-tinkered dishes he has ever eaten to have a chop and a potato and a pipe with Doctor Johnson; or a cigarette with "Chinese" Gordon or Robert Louis Stevenson; or a curry with Clive; or a buckwheat cake and syrup with Lincoln; or a sausage and a glass of beer with Goethe; or a glass of punch with Vasa or Gustavus Adolphus; or to have said "Skaal" over a glass of the plainest vintage with Bjornson and Ibsen; or put to sit at the same table with those modern vikings Sven Hedin and Nansen and Amundsen? The Scandinavian, being the democrat of the most ancient lineage in the world, seems to know better than almost any one else what independence means.

In the country church at Molde, in the

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churches in Christiania, in the cathedral at Trondhjem, the modish hat and the shawl-covered head sit side by side. There are no pews bought and paid for, with the owner's name upon them, into which Christ himself might not go were the sexton or the ushers on the alert.

Private vehicles, great houses, large fortunes, are almost to be numbered on one's fingers. Their smallest—in size and value—copper coin is worth one hundredth part of twenty-seven cents, and this one *öre* has a purchasing power. They carry their small coins even carefully in a purse, we jingle ours as dross in a trousers pocket. It is significant of the comparative importance of things that three different cabmen in Christiania were unable to drive me to the principal bank in the country without asking the way thither. What a shock it would give one in London if a cabman asked the way to the "Bank"; or in New York if he did not know the way to Wall Street, or in Paris if he could not find the Crédit Lyonnais!

If you travel much in the country in the early autumn, you find many cows as your companions. They are returning from their summer outing. The land cannot afford to keep them and they are sent off to graze in the mountains, where the land cannot be used for the crops, and where, attended by a few men and maids, they give their milk and butter and cheese, which are carried long distances back to the towns. There are nearly half a million goats in the country, 170,000 reindeer, and during the winter months reindeer meat is eaten all over the country.

You will be puzzled to see everywhere long ropes of wire stretched down from some inaccessible place on mountain or hillside, but down this slender path are sent the small bundles of grass or hay recovered from places that might, one thinks, tempt a mountaineer but not an agriculturist. The grass is dried on lightly built hurdles, so that it may get all the benefit of wind and sun, and escape the dampness of the ground. The oats and barley and rye are tied in small bundles and slipped over the top of a pointed stake from six to eight feet long stuck upright in the ground, so that scarcely a kernel of grain is lost in the harvesting. In the twilight the fields look as though they were guarded by companies of men in some rough kind of armor. The fields are all shaved as close as a putting-green, that nothing may be lost; and even the scythe used has a shorter, straighter blade than ours, that it may cut more closely to the ground. What the wealth, and consequent comfort, of our farming communities could be, with these careful and economical methods adopted, are beyond every description! The 12,000,000 farmers in the United States, who sell their crops for more than $9,000,000,000 each year, are working with a borrowed capital of $6,040,000,000, on which they pay annually $510,000,000 of interest. Slipshod and careless arrangements, commissions, and renewal charges bring the average rate of interest charged them up to 8½ per cent, while in poor Germany and Norway the rate is from 3½ to 4½ per cent. That our American farmers could save $250,000,000 in interest alone each year if they would take the trouble to organize, shows what careless and extravagant gamblers we are, and explains the fact that we, with the richest agricultural and cattle-raising land at our doors, are fast approaching the day when we cannot raise enough to feed ourselves.

Nobody is to blame but the individuals themselves; but these people who are practically throwing away $250,000,000 a year are appealing, and not without result, for state help! The high cost of living is laid at the door of the trusts, to the decreased value of gold, to the tariff, to the middleman, to railway freights, to any semi-impersonal thing that has no vote; but never to the unwholesome fact which underlies all other reasons, that people prefer the cinematograph to the plough, and that it is politically out of fashion these days even to suggest that if the race is to be fed, somebody must do the monotonous work of raising the food, and that choice of one's employment must now and always depend not upon the state, but upon one's individual prowess. The man who is too good to dig will not dig long; the man who is capable of directing the work of a hundred ploughs will not walk between the handles of one plough for long. On the other hand, mere discontent with one's position, mere envy of another man's job or wages, mere taxing wealth into a strait-

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waistcoat of impotency, is little more valuable than the attempt to see over taller people's heads by pulling oneself up by one's boot-straps.

In this comparatively poor country of Norway there is a bank established by the state, as far back as 1852, to meet the demand for loans on mortgages. The capital of the bank, mostly furnished by the state, is $5,875,000, and the loans on mortgage in 1910 amounted to $47,506,538. This population of 2,391,782 had in 1910 1,001,310 depositors and $126,759,755 to their credit in the savings-banks. Men may drink and smoke and eat too much, or eat unwisely; they may be dissipated or lazy; they may waste their time and their energy; they may submit to the usury of the money-lender through sheer dull disinclination to take trouble, and then the blame is to be laid at the doors of other people. What ghastly humbug!

The food of the country people is plain, with little variety; fresh meat is a luxury; but meat smoked and dried and hung for months, salt fish and dried fish, porridge (*gröd*) made of barley, rye, or oats and eaten with sour buttermilk, and potatoes when they are plentiful, make up the common fare. White bread and rolls, and very good they are, in the towns; but black or rye bread and *fladbröd* in the country. There is a very good light Pilsener beer brewed in the country, and they are great butter and cheese eaters, and, like the Swedes, great coffee drinkers. Their *gammelost* and *pultost*, made from sour skimmed milk and kept in a dark cellar for a year or so to ripen, are expensive and suited only to the palate of a real lover of cheese.

The food is better in the old order of inns than in the newfangled hotels. There are good bread and butter, fresh milk, fish, raspberries, the finest in the world, and cloudberries, eggs, chicken, potatoes, coffee and tea, and everywhere a sound red or white wine, cheap because the duties are low. At the railway-station restaurants you march in from the train and on a central table are the viands: soup, fish, meat, vegetables, berries, bread, butter, and knives and forks and plates and spoons. You help yourself, and carry your meal to another table to be eaten. You may have as much as you like, and the charge is usually about forty cents. No liquor is sold except at one station, that of Hamar, which has this unique privilege, but there are good light beer and wine at moderate prices everywhere. Two or three women, by this labor-saving arrangement, are enough to look after a train-load of passengers.

Economy is practised by high and low alike. The offices of the various heads of departments are in small and dingy rooms, and members of the cabinet are no better off than others. What these hard-working, economical gentlemen in their small and plainly furnished rooms would think could they see the effeminate luxury provided for our senators and representatives, might put back their desire for a republic many hours on the political clock. What, above all else, our Jeffersonian democracy has taught the world is extravagance. No one could, or would, complain, if by our methods we succeeded where others fail, but this is not the case. These Norwegians and Swedes, with their economy and poverty, are breeding men and women with whom ours do not compare favorably. Whether you read the plain figures of vital statistics, whether you compare our literature, art, or even our scientific discoveries and methods, or when you run your eye over the respective national assemblies with a view to a prospective football match between them, one's national pride is not flattered. Waste is a sign of weakness in whatever sphere of life it is found, and extravagance never yet outran economy in an international economic Marathon.

These Scandinavian people, whether in town or country, are all well clothed and shod. In the common schools you see no bespectacled gnomes among the children. I have watched them by the hundred filing in or out of school, and on one occasion I saw twenty-five hundred schoolboys exercising together in Stockholm at the Stadium. They ran shouting onto the field, and they ran shouting off, and not one stumbled or fell, and I saw but one pair of spectacles.

In the country districts of Norway school is held three days a week, and children both in town and country must attend from the age of six to fourteen. There are 1,500 students at the Christiania Uni-

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versity, 17,860 pupils in the secondary schools, and some 3,500 pupils in private schools. Besides these, there are 154 students at the Agricultural Academy, 795 in the schools of technology, 223 in commercial colleges; besides those in primary technical schools, schools of design, of domestic industry, and the Royal School for Arts and Science. In the primary schools in the towns there are 94,600, and in those in the country 280,000, children in attendance.

The school-children in Christiania have several gardens, on land belonging to the city. I visited one of these, which has an area of some twelve acres, where between seven hundred and eight hundred children are taught to grow flowers and vegetables and fruits, working themselves a certain number of hours each week. The herbs, fruits, vegetables, grains, and even the weeds and insects, of Norway are shown them there. Each child has a small plot of ground of its own, where it may make its own failures and successes, under the eye of an instructor who interprets both failure and success. They are taught bee culture; they raise their own seeds, and the children themselves take part in clearing and draining and preparing the ground. In practically all the schools I visited cooking was taught, as well as sewing, and the children may grow the seed for, and plant and raise, cabbages, radishes, lettuce, turnips, carrots, and potatoes, and then take a hand in preparing them for the table.

England spends $150,000,000 on primary education, but according to the majority report of the Poor Law Commission of 1909, "$300,000,000 a year was spent on poor relief, education, and public health, but this still left a vast army unable to support themselves." The education in Scandinavia is directed to make the children independent; while to a large extent with us the slovenly book-learning, given in regiments, simply makes thousands less, rather than more, fit for the struggle of life.

If I were a rich man I would transport one school I have seen bodily as an object-lesson, and travel with it through the length and breadth of the land.

In the first room I entered I found two dentists at work. Every child must appear before both dentist and physician, and must submit to being kept in as healthy a condition as possible. Thence you are introduced to the bathrooms, where, at least once a week, all get a good scrubbing; thence to a large, airy hall where all receive gymnastic instruction. In the rooms above, the usual lessons were given; and on the top floor I found sewing, cooking, and handiwork classes.

This was not a fashionable school, a school of young aristocrats entitled by wealth to these superior advantages and paying high fees for these privileges. On the contrary, these were boys and girls, aged from seven to fourteen or fifteen, paying nothing; and out of the 600 of them, some 80 of the poorest were given a free breakfast. They were being taught the essentials of life: to keep their teeth, eyes, ears, and noses in order; to keep their muscles supple and their blood running free, and then how to cook their own food—with instructions also about prices and choice of foods—and then how to make their own clothes. Who were these children? I asked this one and that. The father of one was a policeman, of another a bricklayer, of another a washer of motor-cars, of another a paper-hanger, and so on. They belonged to the class of small wage-earners, and by some God-given wisdom of these common-sense Scandinavians they were being really educated, not intellectually ornamented with the cheaper and tawdry gewgaws of learning. The teachers, too, were a trim, wholesome-looking lot. The young woman at the head of the gymnastic department where the girls were taught would have made most men of her size look underdeveloped. And all these men and women teachers were paid, the women from $300 to $500, the men up to $1,000 a year. The school building—and this description applies to practically all the school buildings—was on high land, with a large playground and open to the sun and air on all sides. The expenditures of the University of Christiania in 1911 were $250,000; of the common schools in the towns, $1,437,640; of the common schools in the country districts, $1,566,650. In 1910 we had in the United States 16,898,791 pupils on the rolls of our common schools in the elementary grades and the amount expended was $426,250,434. We spend $25 per head to Norway's

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$8 per head; and teachers, instruction, curriculum, and pupils are all inferior to theirs. It is not of here and there a picked school that I am writing. This sound and sensible schooling, with the dentist and the physician at the entrance gates, with bathing and gymnastics to follow, and with sewing, cooking, and handicrafts compulsory upon all the pupils, is to be found everywhere in Norway and Sweden. We are content to hang the alphabet and the multiplication table around a child's neck, and then send the poor thing out to educate itself.

Almost the only buildings in Norway of palatial dimensions, situated in favored places, and with every hygienic comfort, are the school buildings. There are no marble baths for fat legislators at their capital, there is no hidden pension list, there is no river and harbor bill; but there is a training for the children of the common people that we may well envy. In Norway preparatory rifle practice may be included in the gymnastic courses, and in Sweden every boy is trained in rifle practice. We have drifted down to next to the last place, Russia alone behind us, in agricultural methods and results, and we are on the way there in our public schools. We are worshippers of programmes, of examinations, of numbers, but of health and efficiency we think far too little.

I should think it fair to say that the minimum requirement, I will not say of our public schools, nor of our high schools, but of our colleges, should be not that the graduates should be able to read and write German, or French, or Latin—we will not ask so much, though it would be fair enough to expect a knowledge of at least one foreign language of a college graduate—but that they should be able to write a decent letter in English. I have a personal experience of scores of our college graduates who are a long way from even this low standard, and how many more must there be if that is the experience of a single individual.

The superintendent of our Military Academy at West Point some years ago made a well-documented report of the slovenly preparation the lads had received who came up for admission to West Point. His facts and figures made a ludicrous display, an article indeed to laugh over, had it not been such a serious unmasking of the inefficiency of our common-school methods. Politics enters even into our school methods and school-teacher appointments, and even our little children are sacrificed upon the altar of party politics, and our politicians are indirectly cannibals, devouring even our children.

Our demagogic orators cover these vital defects by telling the poor humbugged taxpayers that our common schools, our freedom, our wealth, and general well-being, are the envy of the world. The easy answer to that is that the self-respecting nations no longer send even their riffraff to the United States. The immigration from Norway, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Belgium, Holland, France, and the United Kingdom, overcrowded though they be, has been replaced by the hordes from Italy, Poland, Russia, Austria-Hungary, and the countries surrounding the eastern end of the Mediterranean. We are the international soiled-clothes bag into which the nations throw their refuse. So far as our schools are concerned, Germany, France, Sweden are a long way in advance of us; and so far as general well-being and economy and independence are concerned, these Scandinavian countries show a population whose average is higher than ours. We are taught by our mob-orators that it is unpatriotic to see through their humbuggery, and all the while we are not surpassing other nations, we are not even keeping up with them, but falling behind. We have nothing to show comparable to the schools of Germany, France, or Sweden; no farming equal to that of Belgium and Denmark; and no population anywhere to be compared in well-being to these Scandinavian people. The average height of the conscripts in Sweden is five feet eight! The women in the streets of Christiania and Stockholm carry themselves with an ease and grace unsurpassed by any women I have ever seen; and the hundreds of them who are trained by their system of gymnastics to be teachers are corsetlessly far superior in figure to any group of women in either America or England.

It is as much a betrayal of one's country to betray our fellow men and women to ignorance, as to betray them to the

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army or navy of another country. The politician who tells his American audiences that in our school system, in our morals, in our physique, in our general well-being, we are leading the world, is verily a Benedict Arnold betraying our country into an ignorant satisfaction with mediocrity. He pleases them that they may be pleased with him. No spy, no traitor, ever did a country the harm that is done by the flatterers of ignorance. We have no such average of physical well-being among our population as exists here in Norway and Sweden. So poor were they in Norway not many years ago that even leprosy existed among them, and consumption, as it is everywhere, is the dangerous foe to health. They have nearly stamped out leprosy, and consumption is decreasing. Drunkenness was the curse of both Norway and Sweden twenty-five years ago, but to-day they have the most effective system of regulating the drink traffic anywhere in the world. Drunkenness and disease will never be wiped out altogether anywhere; but the people can emancipate themselves from the tyranny of them, and that they have done.

In the first article the facts as to longevity were given. It can do us no harm to call attention to them again. The average life is in—

	For men	For women	For both
Sweden.....	50.94	53.63	52.30
Norway.....	50.41	54.14	52.22
France.....	45.74	49.13	47.40
Belgium.....	45.39	48.84	47.12
England.....	44.13	47.77	45.96
Italy.....	42.85	43.15	43.00
Germany....	40.56	43.97	42.23

In 1911 the mortality, or deaths per 1,000 inhabitants, were in Stockholm 12.9; in Christiania 13.3; in London, 15.0; in Berlin, 15.6; in Paris, 17.2; in New York, 16.4; in Saint Petersburg, 20.9; in Rome, 18.5.

The superiority of the Swedes and Norwegians in this matter of general health is due, not perhaps altogether (for their system of gymnastic training for the young counts for much) but to a large extent, to their sensible and effective legislation in the matter of the sale of spirits.

The Göteburg licensing system takes its name from the city of Göteburg, founded by Gustavus Adolphus, the second largest in Sweden; although modified forms of the same system were in existence in several small towns of Sweden, notably Falun, as early as 1850. In Sweden the word *Bolag* and in Norway, *Samlag*, meaning "company," are generally used rather than "Göteburg" to describe the system.

Although there are many variations, some of them important, of the system, the fundamental rules apply to all. Drunkenness has been the curse of both Norway and Sweden. To lessen the evil it was proposed as early as 1865 in Göteburg to put the sale of spirits into the hands of a disinterested company legally incorporated, which should be allowed a profit of not more than five per cent on capital, surplus profits to go to the town or rural community for benevolent purposes, and the company was to be responsible for the cleanliness, ventilation, and orderliness of the places where spirits were sold; to see to it that no minor and no disorderly person should be served, and that only cash payments were made, and that such liquor as was served was of the best. The origin of the system was due to a committee appointed to investigate the causes of pauperism, which committee reported that drunkenness was the chief cause.

The system is also partly regulated by plebiscite; that is, the voters in cities and towns and smaller electoral districts may decide, by a vote of all men and women over twenty-five years of age, whether the *Samlag*, or *Bolag*, system shall be adopted, or whether the sale of spirits may be entirely forbidden. In the majority of the small towns and in the country, with few exceptions, the retail sale of spirits is forbidden; this is true also of Finland and Sweden. In other countries, England and America for example, the system has been warmly praised, but not adopted. In Germany a similar system has been adopted in a few places, notably in Westphalia.

The heart of the system is that the sale of spirituous liquors shall be restricted by taking away from the sellers any chance of exorbitant profit, and that even this profit of five per cent shall be in the hands

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of a company held responsible by the licensing power in town or country for the decent conduct of the business. In some places the sale of beer and cider is also handed over to the company; in Sweden particularly the companies sell milk, tea, coffee, and eatables, and are allowed to supplement their earnings by making their places of business as attractive as possible. In the majority of cases all sales of liquor are prohibited on Sundays, holidays, and days when by reason of a fair or an election crowds assemble, and in Göteburg the sale is forbidden after seven o'clock in summer, after six o'clock in winter.

In Stockholm the number of sales-places has decreased from 193 to 30; from 1 in 764 of the inhabitants to 1 in 10,816. In the year 1870 in Norway, which was the year before the law became effective, there were 501 places for the retail selling of spirits, or 1 to every 591 inhabitants; in 1890 the number had been reduced to 227 sales-places, or 1 to 1,413 inhabitants. In Bergen alone the reduction from 1877 to 1898 was from 1 in 3,400 to 1 in 8,200 inhabitants.

The total consumption of spirits in Sweden has decreased from 11.8 litres* per capita in 1871–1875 to 7.6 litres per capita in 1901–1905. In Stockholm the decrease has been from 26.56 litres in 1877–78 to 14.70 in 1905–06. In Norway the consumption has fallen from 5 litres per capita in 1870 to 2.6 litres in 1898, which is the smallest per head of the population of any country in Europe.

In the eighteen years from 1878–96 the Swedish companies contributed from their profits 74,000,000, or if the duties be added 110,000,000, kroner† to various benevolent objects. The net profits in Sweden from 1872–97 were over 20,000,000 kroner; from 1881–1907, 51,500,000; and in the year 1907, over 3,500,000 kroner. Up to 1894 the companies distributed their profits to such objects as they wished, and various sums were turned over to temperance societies; to churches, labor societies, orphan asylums, reading-rooms, libraries; to provide parks and to aid museums; to schools, particularly schools for cooking, sewing, and housekeeping, and even for street building and street lighting in various parts of the country.

It must not be supposed that this system has escaped criticism. Total abstainers claim that the state has taken over the sale of spirits; others claim that the lower classes are thus compelled to pay a tax for the benefit of institutions for the welfare of the well-to-do, the assumption being, of course, that they drink more; it is claimed, too, that because the whole business of liquor-selling is now under the supervision of the more prominent and more eminent men of the community the business itself derives a certain moral status therefrom; again, it is claimed that the receipts of the companies and their profits are so large that they are tempted into uneconomical ventures, charitable and otherwise; and lastly, that where the companies, as in Sweden, are allowed to sell eatables and other things, and to provide games and newspapers, the working man is tempted to make a club of such places and to lose all sense of shame in frequenting them.

These criticisms are practically all from the standpoint of those who favor laws prohibiting the sale of alcohol. As Professor Morgenstierne writes: "The Götenburger system has never pretended to be a method of total prohibition, but an attempt to lessen the misuse of spirits and a weapon against the demoralizing influences of such misuse." No legislation can put a stop to drinking, gambling, and prostitution, though legislation, if wise and not too drastic, can, and has here and there, mitigated all three evils. Audacity and courage are the good side of gambling. The Viking's Code proclaims:

> "Let your goods be divided by lot or by dice,
> how it falls you may never complain;
> But the Sea-king himself takes no part in the lots
> —he considers the honor his gain."

Thousands of years of the use of the milder forms of alcohol, by civilizations that have not only mastered the world, but furnished it with its most cherished ornaments, show that total abstinence is a forlorn solution of the liquor question; as the Viking's Code reads: "Wine is all-father's drink, and the cup is allowed if you only can use it with sense"; and productivity and the fundamental law of the persistence of the

* 1 litre = 1.56 quarts.
† 1 krona = 27 cents.

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human race upon the earth is the other side of the shield of the last and most repulsive evil. To attempt to stamp out these evils under a legislative iron heel of total prohibition is always everywhere doomed to failure, and to something even worse than failure, should such exaggerated legislation produce an artificial curiosity, as it often does. The men who, in a seventy-foot vessel, took the North Sea, the Mediterranean, and the Atlantic Ocean in their stride, and who are still to-day the bravest sailors and fishermen in the world, are not so foolish as to turn to slavery to find freedom. The clanking chains of legislation are heavy these days elsewhere in the world, but not here. With a common sense born of mountain and sea and storm and solitude, they have attacked not the temptation but the tempter and put him in harness for the state. It is a philosophy of legislation that we all may study with profit.

We could if we would—if the politicians dared, would be more accurate—in every great city in America do away with the liquor tempter, the gambling tempter, and the procuress male and female; but we prefer to fumble with the evil, which has no votes, rather than to attack those who live upon the exploitation of the evil, who have votes, money, and influence. We lose no votes by adopting the grape-juice code of morals; on the contrary, it intrenches us smugly in the citadel of hypocrisy; but it needs the viking temper to come out boldly and proclaim that the state must make it its business to see that no individual and no body of individuals shall make an exorbitant profit out of temptation. Life would soon become extinct were all forms of temptation to disappear, but there need be no fear of that, the devil is prolific enough. What we can do is to see to it that he should not be artificially stimulated to overproduction by being paid lavishly for his exertions.

It is not easy to give in figures the exact status of sobriety in any country, for the reason that so many diseases, so much ill health and unfitness, due to excessive drinking, are not put under that heading. In the years from 1856–60 in Norway the number of deaths assigned to drunkenness was put at 33 per 1,000; during the last years of the century the numbers had fallen to 10.5 per 1,000, while crime, which is in its way an index, has steadily decreased. The average number of persons sentenced for transgression of the ordinary penal laws of the country twenty-five years ago was about 3,000, and despite the increase of population of some 400,000 the number of sentences since then has ranged below that figure, with a total of 2,967 convictions in 1909.

In 1894 an act of the legislature gave the towns the choice between prohibition of a retail trade in spirits or *Samlag* management. Every six years, if one-twentieth part of the electors demand a poll, a vote is taken on this issue. A majority of *all* electors, not merely of those voting, is required to effect a change. Those not voting are counted as being in favor of the *status quo*. Only one town of over 20,000 inhabitants has voted for prohibition, Stavanger; two towns of between 10,000 and 20,000; two between 5,000 and 10,000, but twenty-two of under 5,000 inhabitants. With few exceptions one may say that in Norway prohibition prevails in the country districts, and *Samlag* management in the larger towns.

The capital required by these *Samlag* companies is not large. The total capital of all the *Samlags* in Norway has never exceeded $145,000, and the average capital required in any given town is seldom more than $5,000.

Although no system will ever do away entirely with the evil effects of the misuse of alcohol, the preventive methods in Norway, which fifty years ago was one of the most drunken countries in the world, have worked marvels. During the period 1851–1905 the population increased by 60 per cent; the imports per inhabitant by 300 per cent, and the exports by 200 per cent, while the consumption of alcohol per inhabitant decreased by 45 per cent. During the period 1871–1905, when the *Samlag* was effective, the population increased over 30 per cent; imports per inhabitant by 130 per cent; exports by 100 per cent, and the consumption of alcohol per inhabitant decreased by about 40 per cent, a truly marvellous showing.

In comparison with other nations the figures are equally interesting. The aver-

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age consumption of spirits and beer per head of the population from 1905–09 were in:

	Beer. Imperial gallons	Spirits. Proof gallons
Norway	4.1	0.57
Sweden	12.8	1.33
Denmark	20.5	2.29
United States	16.8	1.23
United Kingdom	27.4	0.78
Belgium	48.6	1.08
Germany	23.7	1.48

But all these figures may be interpreted in various and in devious ways. Belgium and Denmark, for example, are two of the most prosperous and self-sufficient countries in the world, but if the consumption of beer and spirits be regarded as an infallible gauge of prosperity they should not be. Perhaps all that can be said fairly is that Norway is no longer a conspicuously and notoriously drunken nation, and that the *Samlag* system has the high merit of eliminating private profit and securing the monopoly value for the public; of insuring the highest quality of liquors sold; of reducing the number of licenses; of an easy enforcement of the law; of the destruction of the power of the spirit trade; of the furtherance of measures of reform; of prohibiting the sale to minors; of restricting the sale to those who pay cash; and, above all and best of all, of not becoming a tyranny by depriving the individual of all freedom of choice.

In Sweden, both in Göteburg and Stockholm, from January 1, 1913, new legislation prescribes that no individual shall be permitted to buy spirits either by bottle to take away, or to drink on the premises, without a permit countersigned by the police, thus effectually debarring the habitual drunkard, criminal, or loafer from procuring any liquor whatsoever.

In the United States the use of alcoholic beverages doubled between the years from 1880–1902, or from 10.09 to 19.48 gallons per capita. Our drink bill in 1899, figuring beer at $20 per barrel (thirty-one gallons) and wine and spirits at $6 per gallon, was as follows:

Beer	$731,580,880
Spirits	510,753,192
Wine	155,257,512

or a total of $1,397,581,512, a respectable sum even when $75,000,000 is deducted as the value of spirits used in manufactures.

The census of 1900 gave the following interesting figures:

	Population 1900.	Saloons	Arrests for drunkenness	Arrests for disturbing the peace	Total arrests
New York	3,437,202	10,832	44,013	30,855	137,875
Chicago	1,698,575	6,460	40,270	....	71,914
Philadelphia	1,293,697	1,709	28,689	8,154	62,185
St. Louis	575,288	2,060	3,974	7,113	24,420
Boston	560,892	709	23,896	170	39,760
Washington	278,718	513	3,136	5,956	25,923
San Francisco	342,782	3,007	12,827	1,998	27,769

I am far from being a fanatic on the subject of liquor legislation. If you will read "The Prelude" carefully, you will find that even Wordsworth admits having been drunk once, and that Doctor Beattie, who wrote the famous "Essay on Truth" about the time of our Revolution, soon afterward took to drink. But when I hear that we are in the hands of the money trust, I add together the $1,322,581,512 spent for alcoholic beverages, the $250,000,000 wasted by the farmers, the $525,000,000 spent for tobacco, not to mention scores of other extravagances, and I wonder who would own our railroad securities were this $2,097,581,512 invested in our domestic concerns. Has any man a right to cry tyranny, who is a member of this $2,097,581,512 trust! In 1912 we drank 143,000,000 gallons of whiskey and brandy and 64,500,000 barrels of beer; we smoked 7,000,000 cigars, 14,000,000 cigarettes, 403,000,000 pounds of tobacco, and took 33,000,000 pounds of snuff. We received in revenue from the taxation of these luxuries $302,500,000.

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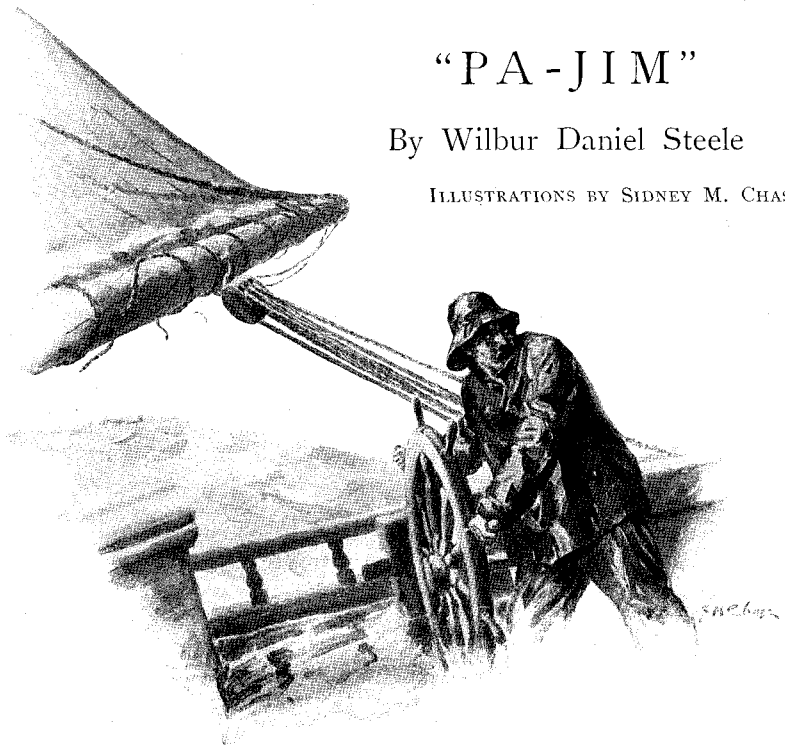
"PA-JIM"

By Wilbur Daniel Steele

Illustrations by Sidney M. Chase



"But once in a while we can finish in style for the ends of the earth to view."

—*Soldier and Sailor Too.*

"PA–JIM, Pa-Jim!"

I can remember the very inflection of my mother's rich, full-throated sarcasm, as she used to utter that Old Harbor taunt. Many a winter's evening of my boyhood that comforting admonition not to be a coward followed me out along the slope of our home dune, on my gloomy expeditions to the chicken-house. It stretched out to me like a hand from the door of the kitchen, where my mother washed the supper things in a secure glow of light.

"Pa-Jim, Pa-Jim." An inland boy would have said "scared cat."

I had never seen Pa-Jim. He went away long before my generation came into the world, driven from Old Harbor by the sore scorn of a fishing people for a fishing captain who has betrayed his men. He was a Yankee with a crew of Yankees—in those days my own Portuguese had not yet come from the Islands to do the Cape's fishing. His schooner sailed away one day with twenty-three men. Three days later she came back with two—Pa-Jim and the cook. They had set the trawl in a shifting weather, and then while the dories were out a black gale came down over them, turning the Channel grounds to the hell they can be with the wind in the northeast. Pa-Jim turned tail and ran for the cover of the cape. Not one of those twenty dorymen was ever heard from again. Of the three left on board, the "spare hand" was washed from the bowsprit, still cursing the coward at the wheel, and the cook came ashore in Old Harbor on a stretcher, half out of his mind, but raving at Pa-Jim with the other half. Pa-Jim went away, no one knew or cared where, before the week was out. But "Pa-Jim" stayed in Old Harbor.

It is curious to remember how completely that name had grown into the Old Harbor tongue. Even the very little children had it with their meagre first levies of words. So I would say to my brother, who was scarce more than a baby at the time of which I write, "Aw, Pa-Jim, Man'el, Pa-Jim—he won't hurt you," when he bolted at sight of a yellow turtle in the back-country. And he in turn would scorn me with "Pa-Jim, y'self," when I drew back at the spectacle of his

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Sunday shoes and socks setting out across a puddle in the State road.

I do not believe there was ever any one so thoroughly and outrageously plied with that taunt as little Man'el, in the wonderful game I invented that autumn. In the spring gales a schooner had come ashore abreast of Peaked Hill Bars, straight across the Neck from my father's house. The storm had left her broadside on and canted a little inshore and by the head, so that she posed forever on the yellow sand in the ultimately perfect gesture of the vessel close-hauled, beating into the wind.

Never was there another such plaything for a fisherman's child. Over her decks a red wild freebooter might have strode with a savage and insolent grace, one eye on his muttering crew and the other on the rich galleon which had taken the place of Peaked Hill Station, wallowing in a furrow to the westward. Or the bars, flinging up their watery feathers to seaward, might have been a company of spouting whales, at the spectacle of which the New Bedford skipper should finger the barbs of his harpoon speculatively. All the romantic and enthralling possibilities of the sea were spread out before the boy of ten. Neither had Fortune stayed her hand there, but with a superlatively lavish gesture had equipped him with a crew of

I spied him from the first barrier of the dunes.—Page 630.

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buccaneers, a band of whalers, a file of marines, anything that the chance of adventure might demand at any time, all within the compass of a brother of five. stage-coach, careening at a tremendous pace through the defiles of some vague and adventurous western land. And little Man'el was a tribe of Indians or a band

"Who is that?" he put to me.—Page 632.

But the gesture of Fortune is no more lavish than the gesture of Youth, and the brother of five was never any one of these things.

I have an immense pity for the child who plays with his toys the games for which they were intended. There is something wrong with him. That wreck at Peaked Hill was never by any stretch of the imagination a piratical craft or a whaler. Half a glance from an Old Harbor boy's eye would have known it for a of robbers, according as I was charged with a princess of great beauty or a chest of treasure in the boot.

That is a pleasant memory for a man to hold, a whimsical memory. So long as man can remember, the tides have garnered the flotsam and jetsam of romance from all the margins of the world and flung them down on Peaked Hill Bars. Inland, beyond the barrier of the shore dunes, one will stumble over the bones of tall ships that the sand has eaten up, and, if the

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ghosts of all the men who have perished there could talk, a riot of alien tongues would carry down the wind. And here it was, in this sumptuously appointed theatre, that a pair of youngsters must scatter the properties with a high disdain and pursue the fantastic lady through a far-away country on the back of a trundling coach.

There has never been enough time in the world for the tremendous enterprises of youth. There was the space it took to get across the Neck from my father's house to the wreck, upon no account to be squandered. Sometimes we were scouts setting out to rescue that princess from the beleaguered coach, sometimes Indians, sometimes outlaws. In any guise we advanced cautiously, peering about the corners of the woods which blazed away at us with a million rifles of changing leaves. Then there was the dune country farther along, with vast and vacant basins to be scrutinized with as little as possible of one's head showing over the rim.

It was on a day of this sort that our path was barred by an enemy. I spied him from the first barrier of the dunes, sitting very small and far away on a knoll to the west of Snail Road. We held a hurried consultation, spoke largely of an attack in force, and ended by fetching a wide circuit to the eastward through the valley of Black Water Pond.

Every day for a week after that he lay in wait for us, always in a different spot, always feigning absorption in the empty horizon. But no matter what he was, Indians or soldiers or bandits, we always discovered him in time to frustrate his schemes by scuttling away down dry defiles of the sand or crawling laboriously through the "poverty grass" or hiding up in copses of beach-plum. He was a tremendous acquisition. The perils of coaching were enhanced a hundredfold by the

He stared to seaward for half an hour in unbroken silence.—Page 632.

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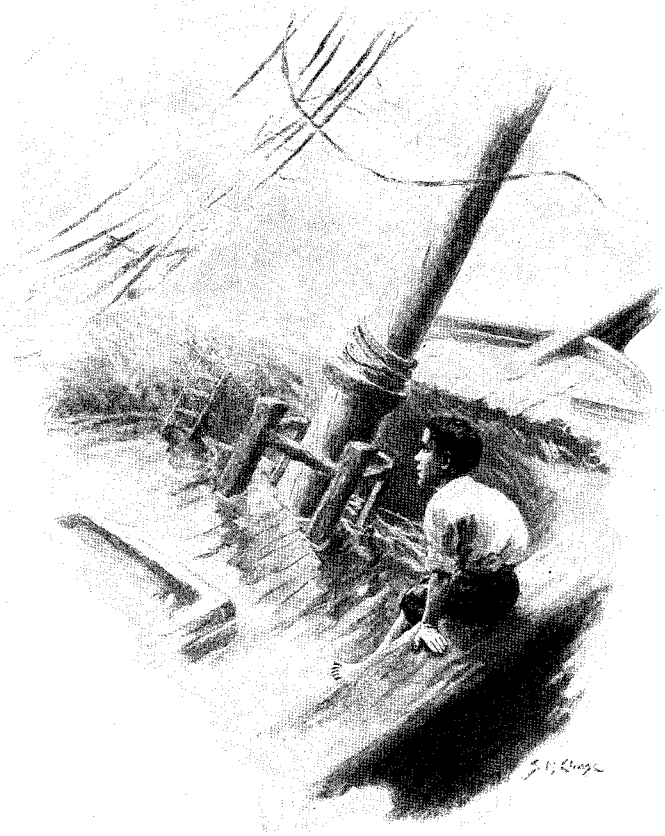

I was very much alone . . . and very glad to be alive.—Page 634.

consciousness of his presence in the dunes and the imminent possibility of his appearing suddenly over the sky-line.

My brother believed in him utterly, so utterly that when we came upon him abruptly one day about the shoulder of a hummock, Man'el took to his heels in a great panic, howling lustily. I will confess that I bolted a few steps myself before the fog of make-believe got out of my eyes, but then I perceived a sober citizen in law-abiding clothes, hunched on the oblique sand and rather amused at our fright.

"Man'el," I called after my brother, who had fallen down by this time and was fighting an imaginary terror with his feet, "Man'el, aw Pa-Jim—he won't tetch you."

Then I wheeled again at an exclamation from the side of the dune, and there was my citizen with the strangest look on his face and little rivers of sand trickling down to witness his start.

I had time to observe him better now. He was an entirely new and bizarre sort of person to me because he sat there surrounded by the sea and sea things, clothed in the fine style of inland cities. He trembled on the verge of foppishness. His clean white hands folded themselves placidly over the richly waistcoated paunch; his cheeks were smooth-shaven and ruddy. His eyes were pale-blue, squinted somewhat from gazing too much to sea of late—for, all the time he had been lying in wait for us in his romantic quality, in reality he had been looking out over the water.

I suppose I must have stared at him overlong and with the incomparable rudeness of childhood, for he got to his feet after a little and made off over the

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neighboring ridge, picking his way through the sand with a laboring nicety that told his strangeness in the country.

We saw much of him after that. Sometimes he would come and sit hunched up on the shore-dune abreast of the wreck, with his fine trousers tucked over his knees to keep them from bagging, and his eyes on the white feathering of the bars. One day he said to me, sweeping the watery horizon with a gesture of his hand:

"Boy, what's that?"

"Why—*ocean*," I answered, wondering. Perhaps it was his ignorance, then, that made him seem always so sad.

"Go away from it," he commanded. "It's no good. Go away from it to the big cities and be rich and comfortable and a great man."

He said this with a heat that went oddly with the sober fineness of his clothes. After a moment's pause he added:

"I—I know nothing about it—the sea."

Man'el spoke up promptly, to ease his anxiety on the point.

"W'en we'll be man, we'll leeve in de mountuns, me and Zhoe," he announced. The stranger smiled over the answer. He was pleased to give Man'el a bright new quarter, and that day the game of the coach and treasure was unusually realistic, and the robber bands howled and wept with more gusto than ever before and threatened me with the vengeance of my mother if I did not give it back.

It was curious that no one else in Old Harbor seemed to know anything about the stranger. Man'el was continually babbling about him at home, but my father and mother let it pass as some story he had made up in his head. Often I saw our man get up suddenly from his seat on the ridge and hurry away along the beach, always nicely, till a shoulder of the dunes blotted him out. And always at such times some wanderer would be coming along the ridge from the Neck trail on his way to the station.

Once it was old William Hull himself, going in the other direction. The station captain halted near me and stared after the retreating figure for some minutes with a frown.

"Who is that?" he put to me, when my citizen of the fine clothes had vanished around a bend in the shore.

"Dunno—summer boarder f'm East Harbor way, I guess," and it was a guess. He went on his way with the quizzical expression of a man who is trying to remember something which refuses to be remembered.

The autumn was beginning to grow old and Man'el had long ago ceased to look upon the stranger as a possible reinforcement, when he surprised us both one day by clambering over the side of the wreck and offering himself whimsically as a princess of beauty or treasure-chest or whatever. I was abashed and at a loss for a proper speech. But it would not have mattered what I said, for he fell immediately into abstraction and seemed to forget our presence. He tapped the warped deck with a foot, hunched over to squint along the sheer, regarded long and intently the rigging, mostly gone adrift by this time, then walked aft and cast himself down in a slouching posture on the taffrail, from whence he stared to seaward for half an hour in unbroken silence. Ten years later I should have wondered at that gesture in a landsman—one who knew "nothing about it—the sea."

Every day after that he was a passenger of mine on the coach. Mostly he wandered about the vehicle in the same abstraction, lounging in the companionway or appearing suddenly from below-decks with a frown and a grunt and a clenched hand. At other times he conferred with me gravely on the difficulties of the road, advocating a "course through that draw to the le'ward," or spurring Man'el on to larger demonstrations. This was often necessary, as Man'el was inclined to wander off when most needed, to concoct games of his own with colored shells.

I remember my father, one morning, hauling his two dories high up on the beach of our creek. It was a lowering day, and the wind that came in from the eastward had that curious feel of "weight" which presages the birth of winter.

"High cou'se tides," he grunted to my mother when he came into the kitchen, stamping the wet sand from his boots.

I started away toward the Neck, calling Man'el to come, but my mother grabbed his wrist and hailed me back.

"W'ere you goin'?" she demanded.

"Back side," I answered.

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"Do you see their—their trawl-buoy—cook?"—Page 635.

"Oh—so y' goin' t' de back side, are you, Mister Boy?" she jeered, with a fine sarcasm I have never found in any other person. "Look at de weadder—look. Y' goin' back side—Oh ho—you stay right here t'day, Mister Boy."

Heaven knows I had looked at the weather. I had looked at it so well, indeed, and with such visions of the great surf that would be breaking on the beach at Peaked Hill, that it was all I could do to keep up an appearance of interest in prodding the pig till my mother had gone back into the house with Man'el. Then I doubled about an angle of the dune, conscious of sin, but also conscious that the inevitable whipping at the day's end would set me right with the world once more.

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It was a wonderful world that day. The mist in the woods waved and trembled like the tatters of some old and sumptuous tapestry, and farther along, in the dune country, it took each little hollow of the sand and made a province of it, driving back its vague horizons till the eye could scarcely tell where they encountered the sky.

I came to the wreck, shinnied up a shroud that hung over the side, and sat down on the landward rail amidships. I appeared the only and lonely occupant of the whole tormented circle. Athwart this circle stretched the wavering and thundering thread of the breakers. Overhead a mob of clouds filled all the spaces of the sky with their hurry, as though there were some killing to be done in the west. The spume came up from the ocean and stung my face; I opened my mouth wide and bit at the air; I was very much alone and very small and very glad to be alive.

So it was that I gasped a little at the spectacle of a head protruding suddenly from the after companionway. It was my friend, the stranger, with such a queer look on his face that I hardly knew him for the moment. He seemed racked by some terrible anxiety. He made glasses of his two hands and swept them back and forth across the angry water; then holding them against the flowered waistcoat he scanned the rigging, line by line, with infinite care. After that he shook his head, bent down to the aperture, and called: "Andy—Andy—come up and have a look."

When he raised his head from this he saw me—round-eyed, I can imagine. He appeared so taken aback and guilty at sight of me that I wondered what manner of scoundrel could be stowed away below. He gave me no time to speculate, however. He sauntered over to the side where I sat, his face entirely drained of its odd expression, his dapper fingers busy with the wrinkles of his fine clothes. He must have noted my perplexed glance toward the companion, for he cleared up the mystery with a gay wave of his hand.

"There's nobody there, really—I was just playing a game," he said. Nothing could be more natural. I understood it perfectly now. After a moment he spoke again.

"Where's the little enemy to-day—stay-at-home?"

"Aw, ma wouldn' let 'im come," I told him, with a touch of venom, I am afraid. "She's Pa-Jim, ma is—awful Pa-Jim 'bout——"

But there he broke in fiercely.

"*Pa-Jim*—why do you say *Pa-Jim?* What do you mean?"

"Aw you know—leery—scared—like Pa-Jim."

I had to cry out then at the pain of his hand on my wrist. His face was close to mine; his eyes were cold blue fire.

"Pa-Jim's not scared. I—I know him. I know Jim Sears—I've seen him a lot of times in the city—I've talked with him. Jim Sears lives in a fine big stone house and rides out in his own carriage. He's rich. He's happy. He's forgotten all about this little country town down here. Men look up to him. One day he'll be a great man. He's happy—you can't touch him—nothing can."

He passed without gradation from this blazing heat to a light good humor, carrying me with him in some extraordinary way.

"Let's play," he cried, jumping to his feet and starting aft. "I'll stow myself away in the boot."

That was a day of days for a break-neck career through the fanciful mountains. I lashed my mustangs into a fury of speed, I yelled across their straining backs; the tormented vehicle lurched and groaned on its crazy course. Gullies and canyons and thundering crags rushed by in the streaming half-light of the scud; from every side came the shoutings of those that pursued and of those that lay in wait. It was something to have a companion on a ride like that, even if the companion were not more than an express-box in the boot.

So we had come into a very desolate place, familiar to the driver as the War-path Valley, when the wheels of the coach must have encountered a bowlder in the trail, for I found myself suddenly sprawling on my back on deck, having come there with some violence. I scrambled to my feet and looked toward the stern. I had been alone, after all, on that ride, for

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my man was back at his own game again, his face contorted with that same agony of indecision, his hip braced against the wrecked wheel-box, his fingers writhing over the wrecked wheel. Now and then he shouted toward the mouth of the companionway.

I was angry at him—with the complaining rage of a child. I started aft to cry out against his desertion and I had gone half the length of the deck when the vessel lurched again, throwing me this time against the rail. Still half in the make-believe of my game, it took me a moment to realize what was happening; then it came to me as an echo of my father's words that morning, when he stamped into our kitchen. "High cou'se tides."

On a calm day high water sometimes wet the lower streaks of the vessel's hull. But now it still lacked an hour of the full, and two breakers had rocked the shell already. What it would be when the spring-tide was at its height, and with that power of wind lashing it on, I could only now begin to understand.

That echo of my father's words came to me in the instant it took me to get to my feet. Then I ran toward the man at the wheel.

"We got to git off o' here," I cried at him.

"How's that?" he shouted back, without taking his eyes from the water. I had no time to answer, nor was there any need to put my reason in words. A gray comber heaved its hulk out of the spindrift and advanced upon us, bellowing and gesturing like some huge creature of the depths come up with shells and weed clinging to its wide back. For an instant it seemed to pause at the edge of the beach, rearing its tremendous head higher and higher and sucking greedily at the mottled drain of the slope—for that instant I stared at it with a sort of numb fire licking up along my spine. It stood over us like a hill. Then it toppled and flattened out in thunder, smothering the forward half of the wreck with a boiling destruction that shot out thin, evil tongues at us along the sloping boards of the deck.

"Dere—see—tide's comin' in atop of us," I screamed, catching at his sleeve. The sleeve was not so nicely pressed now, for a wisp of the breaker had flung over the rail, drenching the two of us. His answer was very queer.

"I know who you'll be," he said. "You'll be the cook."

"I'll be *who?*"

"The cook—Mazuka. It's a game. You're Mazuka and Andy's below and he wants to run—and the dories are all out. I can't seem to pick any of 'em up—" this last with his cupped hands over his eyes, sweeping back and forth across the gray wall of the scud that encroached forever upon the ring of the horizon. He had to shout his words.

"I don' want to play," I whimpered. "I want to git home."

I am afraid I was not very brave—not nearly so brave as in the game of the coach and bandits. The spectacle of the masthead reeling in crazy circles across the face of the cloud-drift at every crash of the breakers frightened me beyond measure. The thundering voice of the water beat me down. One of the heavy aftershrouds, adrift at the lower end and swinging with the lurch of the craft, caught me squarely in the back and sent me sprawling toward the mouth of the companion. The terror that filled me then was the terror of being pitched headlong down the black opening into the presence of that "Andy" below—the "Andy" who wanted to run. It seemed to me that I could almost see the fingers of this vague and monstrous man curving to clutch me.

And so, in spite of myself, I had come into the game of the lost dories.

When I had gotten to my feet the man was searching the water once more through his hollowed hands.

"W'ere—w'ere are dey?" I faltered.

"I don't know," he muttered, scowling and twisting his mouth. "I *don't know*, I tell you. Sam and Johnnie Small ought to be somewhere to the no'th'rd there, but I can't make them out. Do you see their—their trawl-buoy—cook?" The last he had to shout, above the tumult of a great breaker that crashed over the weather rail and gnawed at the corners of the house. Even with the water about my knees, I found myself staring to seaward with the vision of a small, gaudy keg, lifting on the shoulder of some far-off swell, filling my head.

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"I don't make out nothin'," I screamed at length.

But the man was looking at the sky now. Only once or twice in my life have I seen a sky like that. It seemed more like sand than vapor—ropes of sand, if ever there were, stretching taut from windward to leeward.

I followed the man's regard as it ran along this impalpable cordage and dropped to the wall of the dunes. He made a grimace and shook one hand at them, while with the other he spun the futile wheel alee, as though to run away from their security. I felt the shock of a wave breaking against the weather side of the vessel, and then the space behind the hulk was filled with a milky whirlpool that lapped far up on the slope of the sand. It drained away slowly, leaving the glistening beach tortured by a multitude of tiny gutters.

"We got to git off," I screamed. "I got to git home."

"You hear that, Andy?" he called down the companion. "Now it's *him* that wants to go—you and him. You want to run and leave 'em out there—*you* do. Well, I'm captain of this craft—and we'll stick—see?"

I have no way of telling how long we "stuck." I know it seemed to me an eternity. I crouched down behind the wheel-box and shivered with the cold and terror and wet. I was afraid of the froth that crawled around the box and smothered my feet. Now and then the man's voice emerged from the body of the tumult, sometimes cursing, sometimes yelling without meaning, sometimes jeering at Andy. The spume was so thick that the fragmentary glimpses I caught of the shore-dunes made them appear very far away.

Every breaker now was rolling the vessel so violently that I had to cling to the box to keep from washing about the deck with the distracted foam. It must have been a tremendous sea that struck us once—for the fraction of an instant we were actually afloat and tossing to the swell of the water. Then we grounded again with a shock that made the whole hulk cry out with the agony of strained and splitting timbers. In the succeeding pause I heard the stranger's shout.

"God—the game's over."

The next wave struck fairly on the weather side and broke straight into the air, a hundred feet I would take my word. I remember some fragment of my brain wondering at the sky suddenly grown white, and that was the spray. The next instant I felt the man's arms about me.

He stood over the rail holding me. The white water streamed toward us off the higher sand, giving us for the moment the illusion of surging forward at great speed. It drained away and the man jumped. We came down in a heap together. A roar was behind us of the coming breaker. I shall never forget the feel of that man's stumbling strides below me, or of falling with him twice in the rising water, or his awful breathing at the back of my neck. And I shall remember vividly the picture of his hand, a few inches before my face, clutching and clutching at a wisp of poverty-grass that broke away from the crest of the dune and let us slide back a pace into the spume of the spent breaker.

I lay there in a heap on the sand for many minutes, near dead with all of it. I could tell that the man was standing above me by the vision of his feet just before my eyes, and a bit of the fine trousers above them plastered to the curve of his leg by the wet. His voice came down to me as though from a great height.

"They'll ride this out," he was muttering. "They'll ride this out easy. Good sea boats—dories are. And then they can—they can make Chatham—easy row. They're out there now. All alone. . . . Hell, it's only a game! What does it matter?"

His feet moved out of my sight, along the ridge. When he came back a few minutes later I could hear him still muttering that it didn't matter.

"It's a game—it's a game, I tell you," he was saying.

I turned over and looked up at him. He seemed to have shrunk to no more than half his old bulk, and there were new lines in the cheeks that had been so smooth and ruddy. His hands were fumbling with one another. He stared to sea as though he had never taken his eyes away from it.

"I know what they'll say," he went on. "I don't care what they say, though. I'm

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going back to the city. A man can be comfortable in the city and not always thinking about dories out there."

And then happened the strangest thing I can remember. A breaker rolled up, broke on the sand below us, and receded in a smother of white. And my man went down behind it, jumping through the air in a grotesque sprawl of arms and legs. Splashing, tumbling, staggering, he came down to the side of the wreck, clutched at a shroud, disappeared under a fresh billow of foam, reappeared clambering toward the rail like a drenched spider.

I lay there and watched. I think I must have been a little giddy. For some unaccountable reason that last scene remains with me as something dreary and monotonous—the never-ending twist of those sand-ropes to leeward, the feathery biting of the waves at the angles of the wreck, every wave like the wave before, the constantly recurring spectacle of the small, gesticulating man coming back to sight after every onslaught of the surf and shaking himself clear of the water. If "Andy" had come ashore with us, then he had gone aboard again with the stranger, for I could see that he was below in the cabin once more. The man continually shouted into the companion, and now and then pointed to seaward. He was pointing once when a swell broke over him, and the rigid hand was the first of him to reappear when the water drew away.

I believe it must have been the crest of the spring-tide—at any rate it was a gigantic wave that took him away, I don't know where. I only know that when it fell away the hulk was heeled far over to starboard and the decks, what there was left of them, quite bare.

It may have been a minute, it may have been fifteen, that I lay there in a sort of daze before I felt my father's hand on my shoulder.

"W'at you doin' here?" he asked roughly.

"I been onto the wreck," I answered him.

"W'en?"

"Few minutes ago," I whimpered.

"He's been onto the wreck, few minutes ago— Oh, my!" And then he laughed with a boisterous show of mirth at the humor of the tale I had made up. My mother did the same, when she had gotten over the emotion of discovering me alive and safe. We came upon her halfway back across the Neck, wringing her hands.

It was their utter lack of belief that dried up the story of that day, and I never told it to any one. It was a strange thing that no one ever seemed to know that a man had been lost—never any hue and cry of distracted relatives—not so much as a line in any paper. I know this because years later I went over many files of them in many cities.

But the strangest thing of all is that I never realized who that stranger of the fine clothes was till I was a grown man, and many thousands of miles away from that place. That day I thumped the café table with such a bang that people all about stared at me.

"Of course—of course—of *course!*"

THE ROSE

By Sara Teasdale

BENEATH my casement window
Pierrot was singing, singing;
I heard his lute the whole night thro'
Until the east was red.
Alas, alas, Pierrot,
I had no rose for flinging
Save one that drank my tears for dew
Before its leaves were dead.

I found it in the darkness,
I kissed it once and threw it,
The petals scattered over him,
His song was turned to joy;
And he will never know,
(Alas, the one who knew it!)
The rose was plucked when dusk was dim
Beside a laughing boy.

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THE TRADE OPPORTUNITY OF THE UNITED STATES

By A. Barton Hepburn

IF one keeps and trains a bulldog, he will very likely, at some time, break leash and exercise the functions for which he was bred and trained and fasten his teeth in some tempting or provoking flesh, be the same brute or human. The dogs of war, petted, pampered, nourished on the fat of the land, with ever-growing numbers, with ever-increasing armaments, the pride, the pomp of nations, have slipped their leashes and engulfed Europe in a most cruel and destructive war. No human right is clamoring for vindication, no principle inuring to the benefit of humanity is to be established by the conflict, but rather the ignoble ambitions that characterized mediæval times are the impelling cause.

Five of the great civilized countries of Europe are thus involved, and straining every resource—physical, mental, material—in destroying property and sacrificing life. The moralist may easily speculate upon the retrogression in civic morals, public and private virtue, and Christian character which is likely to result, but I am asked to discuss the material aspects: How will it affect trade and commerce in the United States and the people who are striving now, as ever, for the three great desiderata—food, clothing, shelter?

The exports of Germany last year totalled over $2,000,000,000, and the exports of Austria-Hungary amounted to over $500,000,000. Only to a limited extent do these countries export raw material; they are large importers of raw material, and having greatly enhanced its value by transforming crude into finished product, they create a favorable international balance of trade and build up their wealth by selling the same in the marts of the world.

The greatly superior English and French navies, while protecting their own commerce, have practically driven German and Austrian commerce from the high seas. The outside world, at least all over-seas countries, will lose these nations as purchasers and be freed from their competition in all over-seas markets. It is not a question of grabbing their trade—their trade is gone—but of supplying the wants of the world heretofore supplied by them. Who shall take their place? England to some extent may gain this trade, but with every energy devoted to the war, with her factories crippled by the loss of men called to the colors, her position is not an advantageous one; France, the theatre of war, is less favorably situated than England; the extent to which Russia can supplant German and Austrian trade is negligible; Italy, so far neutral, can compete for this trade, Spain to a lesser extent; and Japan will make a great effort to grasp and retain their Oriental trade.

From its ocean-wide distance from the theatre of war, from its production of the fundamental staples that enter into almost all kinds of commercial products, from the perfection of its manufacturing machinery, from the enterprise of its citizens, the United States is ideally situated to take advantage of the opportunity and gain not only German and Austrian, but French and English trade as well, since war must curtail their foreign exports. In order to avail of the opportunity we need capital and we need ships. At one time 90 per cent of our foreign commerce was carried in our own bottoms, under our own flag; now only about 9 per cent is so carried. The change from wooden vessels to steel, and from canvas to steam as motive power, is largely responsible for the loss in tonnage. Our forests lost their relative importance in ship-building, and England's coal and highly developed iron industry made her the great ship-building centre. Why did not Americans buy ships abroad and continue the shipping industry? Prohibition is the limit of protection, and for more than a century American registry has been denied to foreign-

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built vessels. Manifestly this is an instance where protection has failed to maintain or develop an industry. The fact that Americans could make more money on land also served to keep them off the sea. By compelling Americans to buy home-made vessels they were compelled permanently to capitalize their fleet thirty to forty per cent more than their foreign competitors. This, of course, kept them off the seas, and as a result we have not sufficient merchant marine to act as tenders to our navy in case of war; as a consequence our war-ships in case of war would be compelled to seek and to hover about our own coasts, where fuel and supplies would be available. The vessels of all combatants in the present war are subject to varying risks of capture. Our flag, being neutral, is immune; but, alas! we have no adequate merchant marine to embrace this wonderful opportunity to advance our commerce. Crucial conditions have opened the eyes of Congress, and a recent law permits American registry to foreign-built vessels to be engaged in foreign trade. All nations naturally protect their domestic commerce; but there are labor employment restrictions as to American crews which render competition with other flags practically impossible. Realizing this, Congress provided for a temporary suspension of some of these requirements and the President by proclamation has made the suspension operative.

Building up a fleet is not a temporary matter, and merchants naturally hesitate to buy and operate vessels under conditions that may in the near future change very much to their disadvantage. The coming of this commercial bridegroom finds us in the condition of the unwise virgin.

Every national bank heretofore has been compelled to do business only at the one place named in its charter; no branches permitted, no agencies at home or abroad allowed. That is changed by the new banking law about to go into effect. Again we are unprepared, and for the present must meet the same conditions as heretofore, namely, our goods must seek foreign markets under the flags of our competitors; the transactions must be financed, wherever transactions are consummated abroad, by the banking institutions of our rivals. The purchase of raw material, its manufacture, transportation abroad, sale upon the usual time credit which obtains in the country, and the purchase and remittance of exchange, against the return flow of trade, with which to make payment, involve a long period of time—from nine to twenty-four months—and involve much capital. A half century ago the banks of continental Europe were largely owned by the factories, and banking, manufacturing, and merchandising were closely interwoven. Independent banking is very modern; Germany, with its central bank and highly mobilized capital, is in better shape to do a large foreign business than any other nation; it has colonists, if not colonies, all over the world, who begin by sweeping out the establishment and end by owning it. The Germans are the sturdiest, strongest people, and competition with them on our part would be almost hopeless; but they are not competing. Their customers, looking for a supply, will meet us half-way, and there is a glorious opportunity, notwithstanding our handicaps, to enter in a large way into the commerce of the world, increase and render steady and more uniform the business of merchant and factory, and steady and make more uniform and continuous the employment of labor. Uniform and dependable conditions for business and labor are, above all things, most to be desired.

What may be accomplished depends largely upon the duration of the war. The titanic character of the combatants insures a long war, if it is to be a fight to a finish. If the war shall prove that large armaments and myriads of soldiers do not guarantee victory, it may result in disarmament and prove a boon to mankind, however dearly bought. The man in the gutter serves to point a temperance argument quite as effectively as the pure and upright, and when the carnage and broken lives, broken hearts, and broken homes resulting from this war are garnered and set forth in history, it would seem that the dread arraignment must insure arbitration in a court of the nations and the blessings of peace in the future.

The first effect produced by the shock of war is the suspension of credit. Since

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over 90 per cent of business is consummated by means of credit, the suspension of credit means business paralysis, in greater or less degree. Even before the war commenced the two great creditor nations, banker nations, England and France, decreed a moratorium. Parliament passed a law the first section of which reads as follows:

> 1. His Majesty may by proclamation authorize the postponement of the payment of any bill of exchange, or of any negotiable instrument, or any other payment in pursuance of any contract, to such extent, for such time, and subject to such conditions or other provisions as may be specified in the proclamation.

In pursuance of this authority, thirty days' extension of payment was decreed upon certain specified obligations.

In pursuance of similar authority the President of France decreed:

> *Article I.* The periods during which protests and the other acts intended to preserve the rights for all negotiable instruments signed before the 1st of August, 1914, and which fell due since that date, or which will fall due before the 15th of August, 1914, are extended for thirty clear days. The same extension of thirty clear days is accorded to negotiable instruments which are becoming due before the 15th of August, 1914.

Americans abroad were unable to get money upon the usual instruments of credit with which travellers provide themselves, and suffered great hardships. Credit was withdrawn from American commerce, trade between the United States and Europe for a time was absolutely closed, exchange was demoralized, exchanges in Europe were closed, and the New York stock market was availed of to sell anything and everything that would create a credit with which to get gold for export. Many people failed through no fault of their own, but owing to this paralysis of business and the resulting depreciation in prices.

To stop this flood of European securities, some of which, like Canadian Pacific, were listed on the New York exchange but were not United States properties, to protect prices and prevent failures, and also to protect our gold, the Stock Exchange was closed. In order still further to protect our gold, the clearing-houses of the principal cities were placed upon a credit basis, settling their debit balances in clearing-house certificates instead of gold. Many people individually and all collectively suffered great loss because of this general business demoralization.

In the long run and in the last analysis this war will prove to be a damage to the United States, although there will be many compensations. Europe, especially England, has been the great reservoir from which we have drawn funds to finance our various enterprises. The amount of our investments held abroad is variously estimated at from $3,000,000,000 to $6,000,000,000. We have already contributed toward financing this war by buying back our securities and sending to Europe over $100,000,000 in gold. We may not loan directly to any of the governments engaged, but we will buy American securities sent back to us and the sellers will invest the funds realized in their government securities, and thus indirectly we are financing the war. Why need we buy these securities held abroad? By far the larger portion we need not and will not buy, but our choicest bonds, such as are authorized and held by our investment institutions, must be protected, the price must be reasonably maintained; otherwise the great depreciation in value would render these institutions insolvent; their assets at market value would be less than their deposit liability; with no contributory fault on their part, but owing to this wholly unprecedented condition, most unjust condition, they would find themselves in the greatest embarrassment. We are therefore compelled to buy our listed securities in order to protect our savings-banks and other home institutions.

For the two to three hundred thousand bushels of wheat which we may export the country will receive a high price, about $1.25 per bushel, and the growers and holders of wheat will profit; but how about the five or six hundred thousand bushels consumed by our own people?—they too will be compelled to pay this very high price.

War is very destructive of horse-flesh, and those who raise horses and mules will realize a large advance from the increased demand. Our farmers and planters, all who require these animals, will be compelled to pay high prices as well.

Cotton is the principal item in creating

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our international trade balance; Germany last year took from us about 1,900,000 bales. She will take none this year, and other nations may take reduced amounts. The lessened demand results in a much reduced price, and raw cotton will be a less potent factor in paying our debts abroad. But in supplying the foreign demand for cotton goods, which will be greatly increased, our own mills will require for manufacturing purposes a largely increased number of bales. Instead of sending cotton in bales we will send it as finished product, greatly increased in value, and thus it may be a still greater factor in creating a trade balance favorable to this country and at the same time give business to our cotton-mills and employment to labor.

Burlap bags, made from jute, used for sacking raw sugar, fertilizer, and kindred purposes, are not obtainable, and already orders are being given for coarse cotton bags to take their place. The lower the price of cotton the more extended will be its use, and increased demand will tend to restore price equilibrium.

The best linen comes from Ireland, though by far the greater part from Germany ($22,000,000 last year). We must substitute cotton. Under the circumstances people may wonder why we do not manufacture linen from the thousands of acres of flax straw in the West, instead of burning such straw. The field straw from crops raised for the flax seed is brittle, lacks fibre, and would make only the coarsest fabric. Linen is made only from flax carefully grown and harvested for that specific purpose. We imported $2,000,000 worth of handkerchiefs last year; we can supply that need at home. We imported $7,500,000 worth of toys and dolls, mostly from Germany; already our dealers are negotiating with Japan for holiday and Easter toys. What machines can produce we can produce in competition with the world, but where manual labor is required we must go where labor is cheap.

Basic chemicals come from Germany, because Germany makes them better and more cheaply. They can and should be made here. Over $20,000,000 of dyestuffs were imported last year; all aniline dyes come from Germany, and most of the others. Aniline dyes are made from coal-tar, the residuum after manufacturing gas. Why may not this whole industry be permanently transferred to the United States, as the result of Germany's isolation?

The coarse cotton goods that constitute the clothing of both sexes in tropical countries have been largely furnished by Germany. These goods are coarse in material and meretricious in coloring, and can easily be supplied by America. When travelling in Mexico, four years ago, I encountered a German who was photographing the people in their various costumes, and then coloring the photographs so as to reproduce, color effect and all, just what the people were wearing. He was appointed by the German Government, but paid by the manufacturers, and his task was to let his employers know just what the people wanted, in order that they might consult their tastes and the more easily sell their goods. If America is to supply the foreigners with goods, America must study the idiosyncrasies and cater to the taste of foreigners *à la* German.

The Germans handle the major part of the shelf hardware in all the lesser commercial countries. Their knives are not so good as the English, but very good and cheaper, and they make what each country wants. That surely is a field America can occupy.

We buy more coffee and rubber from Brazil than any other nation, and settle for the same through London; we ought to settle directly with Rio Janeiro and ought to pay mostly in goods, instead of paying mostly in cash. South America offers us a most inviting field, rich in splendid possibilities. A careful study of local conditions is necessary, the long credits which they require must be patiently watched and guarded; German painstaking thoroughness and persistence are needed, and we must be prepared to buy whatever they have to sell.

In agricultural machinery and implements we lead the world; in all forms of mining machinery our primacy is conceded. There is no need to particularize, our consular reports are most valuable, and the customs reports of each country show what goods they import and from

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what countries they are received. An opening once made and one line of trade established, other lines will follow naturally and quickly.

We have no walls to breach, no citadel to reduce; the portcullis is up, the drawbridge down, and we are smilingly invited to enter. Enter we must and at once, lest others precede. Every merchant owes it to his country as well as himself to accept this opportunity so fortuitously given us.

We are still a debtor nation; we owe billions abroad, but we are being compelled to reduce our indebtedness by the present necessities of our creditors. When the war is over it will take the nations involved long years to recover from the destruction and waste, long years before they will be in a position to invest in other nations as freely as they have invested with us. This will make for the conservation of our latent resources. The industrial crime of this generation consists in trying to convert all forms of real estate, especially mineral lands containing the precious and cruder metals, into personal property by means of the fiction of stocks and bonds, anticipating the future in amount of capitalization and selling the same to an optimistic public. The curtailment of our borrowing ability abroad will curtail this reckless exploitation, in the present, of what really belongs to the future.

An able-bodied laboring man is an asset, an income-producing asset, equal to his gross earnings for the year. Take 12,000,000 or 15,000,000 such men—and only the strongest and best are accepted as soldiers—from the assets of the nations, put them into the liability column, lose what they might have earned, and in addition support them, not in idleness but in destruction, their every energy devoted to destroying life and property, and this will give some idea of the material cost of the war.

Regard also the effect upon the human race. The killing and maiming of all these able-bodied men, the physical perfection of the nations involved, negatives the law of natural selection. It leaves the coming generations to be propagated, largely, by the old and the very young and the maimed, and the deleterious effect will be pronounced. The destruction of so large a portion of virile French manhood during the Napoleonic wars found marked expression in the physical inferiority of the succeeding Frenchmen for many years. The unparalleled carnage and wounding and killing of the present war will seriously affect the coming generation in the countries where these losses occur, and must be reckoned among the primal costs of the war. The females of the world, already numerically greater than the males, will be preponderant in still greater degree.

The great, rich, powerful nations are crippling themselves and crippling each other, and impairing their ability to continue to finance and dominate the commerce of the world as in the past. The circumstance of this most deplorable war tends to force upon us the boon of becoming the greatest of creditor nations. This is our opportunity and the compensation which may offset all the losses which the war entails upon us. How easily this may be accomplished, with responsive energy and wholesome economy on our part! Should each one of our 20,000,000 families economize an average amount of $50 per year it would amount to $1,000,000,000, a handsome contribution toward the payment of what we owe abroad, and a splendid fund with which to finance home enterprise or invest with other nations. It is the nation as well as the individual that saves that becomes financially strong. Wise economy and prudent commercial enterprise will easily make us a creditor nation, give us a commanding position in commerce and finance, insure business for our industries, employment for our people, and prosperity for all.

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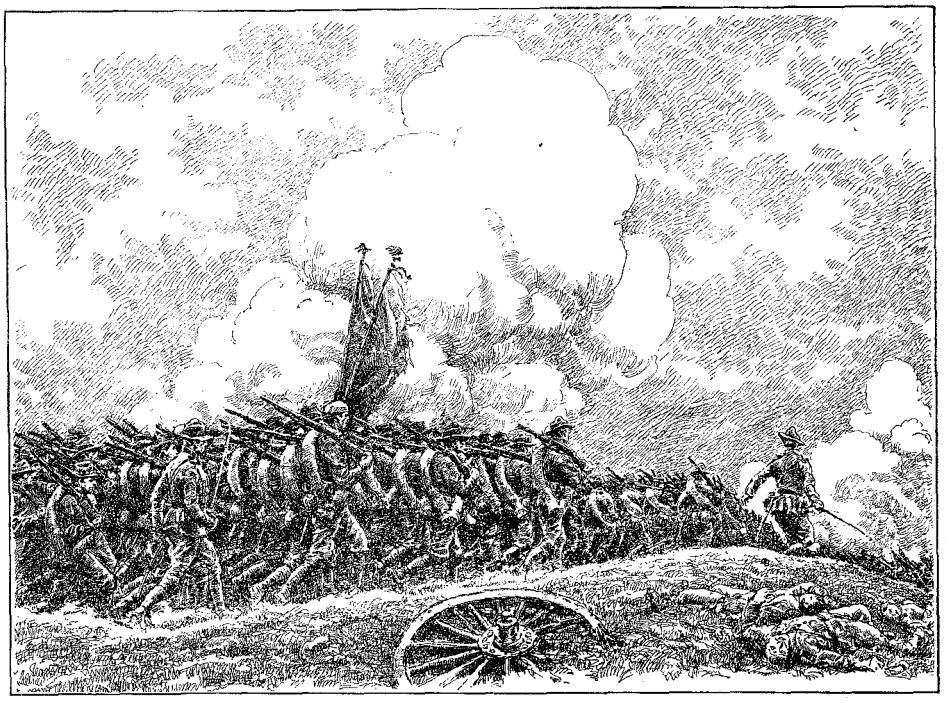

THE DRUM

By E. Sutton

Illustrations by John Wolcott Adams

There's a rhythm down the road where the elms overarch
Of the drum, of the drum,
There's a glint through the green, there's a column on the march,
Here they come, here they come,
To the flat resounding clank they are tramping rank on rank,
And the bayonet flashes ripple from the flank to the flank.
"I am rhythm, marching rhythm," says the drum.
"No aid am I desiring of the loud brazen choiring,
"Of bugle or of trumpet the lilt and the lyring,
"I'm the slow dogged rhythm, unending, untiring,
"I am rhythm, marching rhythm," says the drum.
"I am rhythm, dogged rhythm, and the plodders feel me with 'em.
"I'm the two miles an hour that is empire, that is power,
"I'm the slow resistless crawl in the dust-cloud's choking pall,
"I'm the marching days that run from the dawn to set of sun,
"I'm the rifle and the kit and the dragging weight of it,
"I'm the jaws grimly set and the faces dripping sweat,
"I'm the how, why, and when, the Almighty made for men,"
Says the rhythm, marching rhythm, of the drum.
"Did you call my song 'barbaric'? Did you mutter, 'out of date'?
"When you hear me with the foemen then your cry will come too late.
"Here are hearts a-beating for you, to my pulsing as I come,
"To the rhythm, tramping rhythm,
"To the rhythm, dogged rhythm,
"To the dogged tramping rhythm
"Of the drum!"

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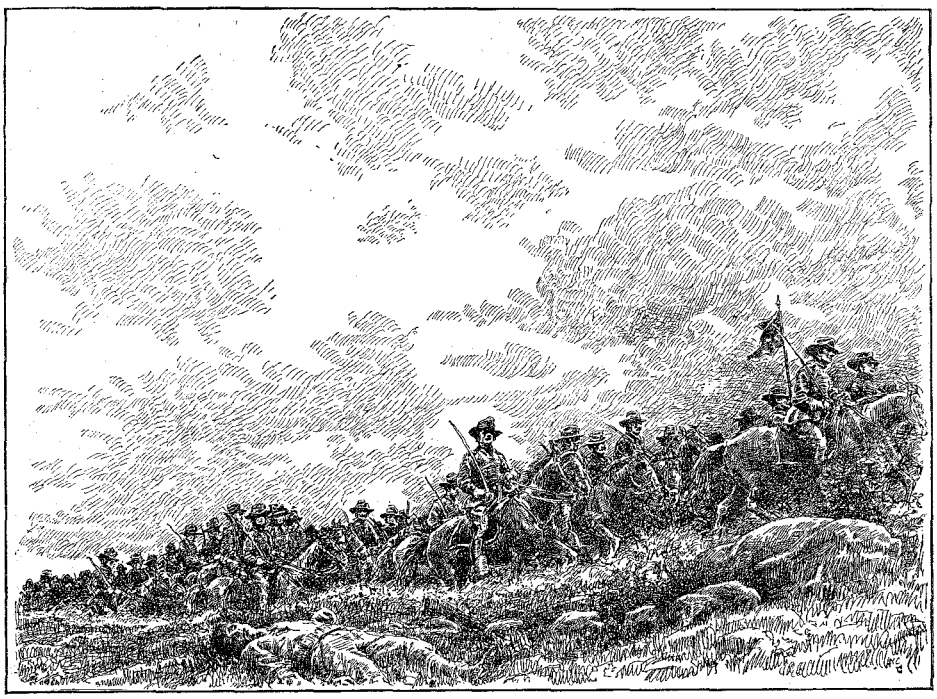

There's a clashing snarling rhythm down the valley broad and ample
Of the drum, kettledrum,
There's a low swelling rumor that is cavalry a-trample,
Here they come, here they come,
To the brassy crash and wrangle, to the horseman's clink and jangle,
And the restive legs beneath 'em all a-welter and a-tangle.
"I am rhythm, dancing rhythm," says the drum.
"White and sorrel, roan and dapple, hocks as shiny as an apple,
"Don't they make a splendid showing, ears a-pricking, tails a-blowing?
"Good boys—bless 'em—well they're knowing all my tricks to set 'em going
"To my rhythm, dancing rhythm!" says the drum.
"I am rhythm, clashing rhythm, and the horses feel me with 'em.
"I'm the foray and the raid, I'm the glancing sabre-blade.
"Now I'm here, now I'm there, flashing on the unaware.
"How I scout before the ranks, how I cloud along the flanks,
"How the highway smokes behind me let the faint stars tell that find me
"All night through, all night through, when the bridles drip with dew.
"I'm the labor, toil, and pain, I'm the loss that shall be gain,"
Says the rhythm, clashing rhythm, of the drum.
"Did you speak of 'useless slaughter'? Did you murmur 'Christian love'?
"Pray that such as these before you when the war-cloud bursts above,
"With the bridle on the pommel meet the foemen as they come,
"To the rhythm, dashing rhythm,
"To the rhythm, crashing rhythm,
"To the crashing dashing rhythm
"Of the drum!"

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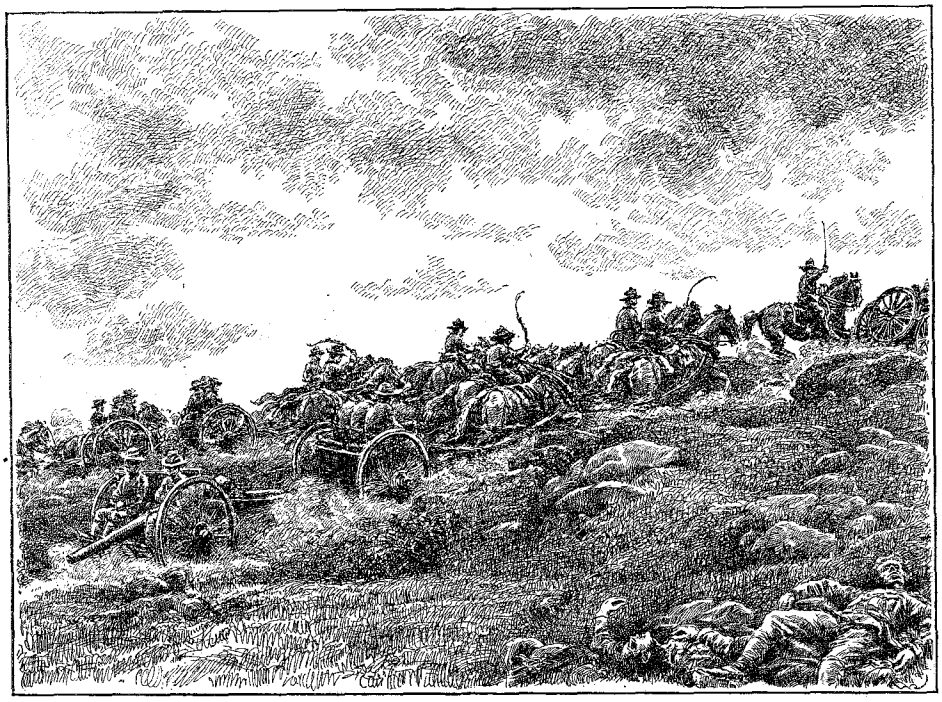

There's an echo shakes the valley o'er the rhythm deep and slow
Of the drum, of the drum,
'Tis the guns, the guns a-rolling on the bridges down below,
Here they come, here they come,
Hark the felloes grind and lumber through the shadows gray and umber,
And the triple spans a-panting up the slope the stones encumber,
With the rhythm, distant rhythm, of the drum.
"'Tis the long Shapes of Fear that the moonlight silvers here,
"And the jolting limber's weighted with the silent cannoneer,
"'Tis the Pipes of Peace are passing, O ye people, give an ear!"
Says the rhythm, iron rhythm, of the drum.
"They are rhythm, thunder rhythm, and they do not need me with 'em,
"That can overtone my choir like the bourdon from the spire.
"*Avant-garde* am I to these Lords of dreadful revelries,
"Iron Cyclops with an eye to confound the earth and sky.
"Love and Fear, Love and Fear, neither one but both revere,
"And whatever grace ye deal let it be from courts of steel,
"Set the guns' emplacement then to expound the Law to men,"
Says the rhythm, iron rhythm, of the drum.
"O ye coiners, sentence-joiners, in a fatted, tradesman's land,
"Here's evangel Pentecostal that all nations understand,
"When they speak before the battle fools and theories are dumb!"
God be with 'em, and the rhythm,
And the rhythm, iron rhythm,
And the rolling thunder rhythm
Of the drum!

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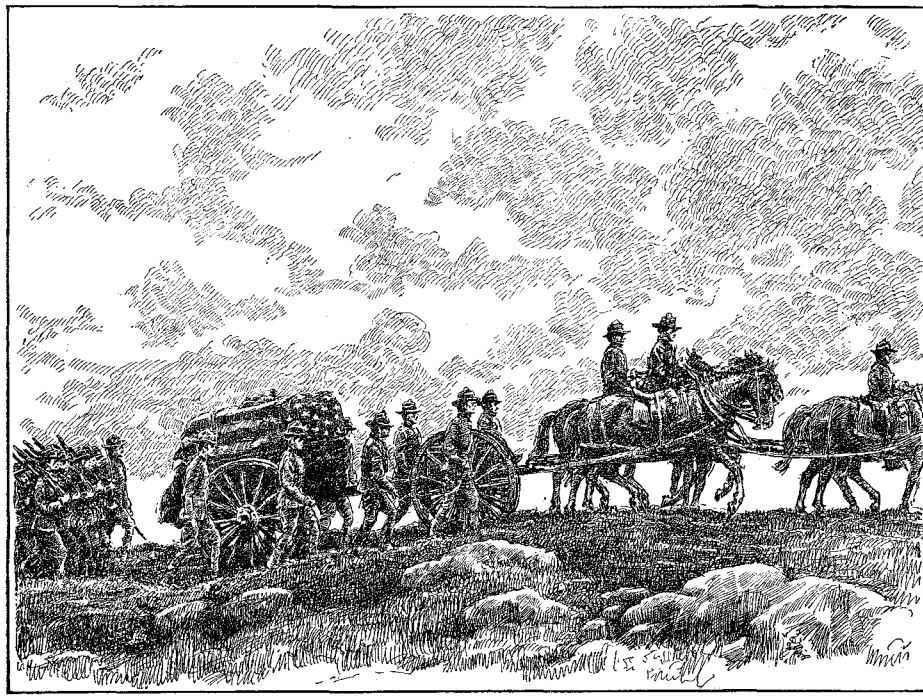

There's a rhythm still and toneless with the wind amid the green,
Of the drum, muffled drum,
And there's arms reversed and something 'neath a flag that goes between,
As they come, as they come.
"Just a soldier, nothing more, such as all the ages bore
"And as time and tide shall bear them till the sun be sere and hoar,"
Says the rhythm, muffled rhythm, of the drum.
"No more am I requiring of the keen brazen lyring
"Than 'taps' from the bugle—some shots for the firing.
"Hats off; stand aside; it is all I'm desiring,"
Says the rhythm, muffled rhythm, of the drum.
"I am rhythm, muffled rhythm; long and deep farewell go with him,
"Hands that bore their portion through tasks our nature needs must do,
"Feet that stepped the ancient rhyme of the battle-march of Time.
"Blood or tribute, steel or gold, still *Væ Victis* as of old,
"Stern and curt the message runs taught to sons and sons of sons.
"*Chair à canon*, would you call? What else are we, one and all?
"Write it thus to close his span: '*Here there lies a fighting man*,'"
Says the rhythm, muffled rhythm, of the drum.
"O ye farms upon the hillside and ye cities by the sea,
"With the laughter of young mothers and the babes about the knee,
"'Tis a heart that once beat for you that is passing, still and dumb,
"To the rhythm, muffled rhythm,
"To the rhythm, solemn rhythm,
"To the slow and muffled rhythm
"Of the drum!"

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THE NECESSITY OF BEING IRISH

By Maurice Francis Egan

ILLUSTRATIONS BY BARKSDALE ROGERS

IT was absurd to think of marrying a beggar. Joan Havard admitted that. She agreed on that point entirely with daddy; but even if a beggar—a nice beggar—marries, there may be a future for him. Daddy said not. But, if he happens to have a great talent for research work—in history, for example—and if he expects to get his Ph.D. in a reasonable time, and if the university then should pay him a thousand dollars a year as instructor——

"That's just what makes him a beggar," said Mr. John Havard firmly, while his daughter filled his coffee-cup a second time. They were in Mr. Havard's comfortable house in Westerville, before a grate fire, and there were early daffodils on the table.

"A college professor must remain in our times a beggar all his life, unless he marries a rich girl, or unless his 'research work'—which you are always talking about—happens to be in practical science of some kind. If I hadn't been able to hire a college professor in chemistry, I should never have invented 'Wisteria' soap. We were poor, I admit, but your mother drove in her own motor-car before she died."

"That didn't make her happy," said Joan, with a touch of petulance in her voice, though the tears came to her eyes.

"It made *me* happy!" said her father; "it makes me happier to think of it."

Joan's gray eyes, a little short-sighted, fixed themselves appealingly on her father's face.

"I have my weaknesses—all self-made men have, I suppose," continued Mr. Havard, looking through the windows giving on a large lawn dotted with the early crocus. "And one of them is that I'd like you to know people. Your mother and I were content to be 'plain,' as they used to say in her part of the South, and it's only since you've grown up that the returns from 'Wisteria' soap—mauve and silver wrapper, none other genuine!—have come in and made me rich. It's too late to send you to a finishing school, where you'd meet swells. That's the usual way for people in our class, I believe, and when you developed a voice I made up my mind that your time had come. Your mother always cared a lot about people, but she kept herself aloof. 'If I can't know the people I read about in the society page, home's good enough for me,' she often said. And it was; but I knew what her ambitions were, and I'm going to carry them out, if money and your voice can do it. Dion Fitz Gerald can't help you—he'd be quite a drag. When Wollach was making my researches for a new soap I saw a lot of these professors in his laboratory. I heard them talk. Learning's no good with pants frayed at the bottom, Joan! I'm a pretty strong man for my age, but when I do leave this world there won't be a cent for any girl of mine that marries a man that wears frayed pants!"

It is too bad that in moments of high tragedy—it was a moment of high tragedy for Joan—that the cues should often be so vulgar. Joan was about to protest that Dion Fitz Gerald should never wear frayed "pants" while she lived, but she saw that it would do no good; she gave her father some honey.

"But Dion is good and sensible——"

"Yes," sarcastically, "a research worker. Highbrow! With an Irish father and mother who'd turn in their graves to hear him read 'Dooley' in an eastern-shore Maryland accent! He can't see a joke."

"Daddy, he can't help not being Irish," Joan murmured. "You're only Irish on one side, and Dion doesn't always laugh at your jokes because he's preoccupied."

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"Oh, come, Fitz Gerald is good-looking. His red hair and blue eyes might catch any girl's fancy. I'm not blaming *you*. But his looks don't show what he is. He looks Irish and twinkling, but he has no sense of humor and he's bound to be a beggar."

After dinner that evening Joan received a little box containing a few early violets and many anemones, with a note, announcing on the part of Mr. Dion Fitz Gerald that he had been appointed teacher of French in the Maria Pound School, in Montcalm, a delightful suburb near one of the Oranges. "Uncle Badger is one of the trustees of this select school," wrote the research worker. "I am to teach French—they really had to give me something—as he endowed the Hall of Domestic Sciences, and, you know, I was in Paris for six months."

That evening her father made his ultimatum. First, his daughter should not, with his consent, marry a pauper; second, if she married, in spite of him, a dull, stupid creature, who had not even the wit of his race, she might go: so Joan went off and married Dion Fitz Gerald.

In Paris Mr. and Mrs. Fitz Gerald did not find the simple life as easy as they imagined. "Oh, my dear," one of their friends had said, "you'll spend absolutely nothing in France. You can live on almost anything. I had the most delicious omelet with a dandelion salad at Dieppe for a franc or two. People in France eat things we couldn't think of eating here—their cooking is so good." Pleasant words like these from ladies who had lived several weeks in France helped to convince Dion Fitz Gerald and his wife Joan that they were doing the right thing in taking an apartment *au quatrième* in Paris, in order to complete and elaborate the thesis which had been part of Dion's work for his doctorate of philosophy.

Joan had come to the conclusion, too, that it was her duty to let herself be absorbed entirely in her husband's work. It interested her, and she could relieve Dion of a great deal of drudgery. There were certain questions about Beaumarchais that could only be cleared up in Paris. And these, concerning Beaumarchais, were of real importance in the rounding out of "The Origins of the Sympathy for the American Revolution in France." This was to be the name of Dion's book. Mr. Havard, Joan's father, though he would have described himself as a "loving dad," considered that his responsibility for his daughter ended when she married. He turned over her mother's fortune to Joan—it consisted of shares in an old silver mine. These shares, which had fluctuated in value, were supposed to yield fifteen hundred dollars a year. There had occurred a sudden "boom." Up to a month before Joan's marriage they had yielded almost nothing. There was no reason to believe that the "boom" would last, and it did not. Just after the Fitz Geralds had settled in Paris the stock began to yield fifteen dollars a week. It was "the bears," Mr. Havard wrote, who had done this. All Dion's knowledge of Wall Street was summed up in the opinion that the Wall Street bears were much more inhuman than Elijah's ravens. Nevertheless, Paris in the spring was delightful—Joan said that "delicious" was the real word. In her zeal for research she had even devoured the verses of the famous Gouverneur Morris, who came into the thesis, and even had an hour of triumph when she discovered some hitherto unknown verses of that clever diplomatist. Dion made a precious note of them. The question of the suicide of Beaumarchais was under the microscope of the research workers, when the bears in Wall Street made a new sortie from their lairs, and Joan's income was much curtailed, so much that she had to give up her work in the libraries. Their servant having been dismissed, she remained at home, in order that Dion might have his breakfast and dinner. Their little apartment was in the old quarter of the city not far from the house of the Duc de Rohan—Dion never passed it without wondering what documents might be concealed there. He was a research worker—pure and simple.

"Life does seem strange," Joan said one day as they were walking under the blowing chestnut-trees. "To me particularly." He laughed, and she laughed.

"Would you call that exactly original?" he asked.

"Oh, yes," she said, drinking in the light and softness of the spring day—it

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was the feast of the Ascension and everybody was out—"everything that's old is new; death is new to the person that dies for the first time."

"I ought to have said that!"

"But you can't be Irish!"

"It's a holiday," he said, curling the brim of his ancient Panama hat with a jaunty air. "We'll go to Versailles and reconstruct. We'll find out just where Marie Antoinette faced the mob with the dauphin in her arms."

"Lovely!"

As they walked toward the tram Joan continued to talk, while Dion watched her with admiration. She was as trim and *chic* as ever, and her resources and taste for being in the prevailing style had been improved by Paris.

"Life *is* strange! We want so little; just a 'sufficiency,' as Saint Paul says, just enough to be together and do the work we like—and we can't have it! We really do not want a motor-car, Dion!"

"Not unless you hunger for the motor-car you left at home——"

"And the singing lessons with Madame Barillini, and the flat fields and the trees with no branches, in the hard sunlight, and the sparse buttercups trying to struggle through the factory refuse on the lots! No, indeed, Dion! But we *must* do something. Father writes that the bears are at my money again, and he is rather disappointed in us. You haven't secured your instructorship——"

"But I shall next year," said Dion eagerly. "He knows as well as I do that the man who left the money for the Historical Building stipulated that it all should go into stone and cement. There isn't any money for books and none for the instructor either. The dean asked me for a list of my rich friends; he said that he might be able to raise enough amongst them. He advised me to make a personal canvass."

Joan shuddered. "Isn't it curious that the first duty of a university man is to beg? I heard a learned professor protest against the number of begging friars in Italy. I couldn't help thinking when his hat went round that he was rather inconsistent."

"You don't mean to say that his hat actually went round——"

"Metaphorically, of course. Really, Dion, we've just enough to stay in Paris for three months more, if the bears keep going on as they are. Father will not help us. If our names should appear in the Sunday supplement as the guests of a duke or a duchess, he might be generous. As it is, he will pay what he must and no more."

"It will have to be *au cinquième*, then, my dear!" said Dion. "I thought that *au quatrième* was high enough. I don't deserve all this sacrifice—I don't, Joan, I don't!"

"The labor we delight in physics pain," said Joan lightly, her eyes brimming a little. "I have a proposition to make. You'd like to go to the history conference in Chicago, wouldn't you?"

"Of course I would, Joan. The dean and all the great historical people are to be there, and there's nothing like getting into personal touch. It's an essential part of a man's progress. But we can't go; my university would like me to read a paper—but the bears!" He laughed.

"You'll have to go without me," said Joan decidedly.

Dion laughed. "You're tired of me already!"

"I am serious, Dion. Miss Roberta Williams, who has been cultivating her voice in Paris for the last fifteen years, will share our *au cinquième* with me until you come back. I can live cheaply and go on with the research, now that I have the knack of it. Dion, you *must* go! It's the great university convocation week, and besides, father is to be there."

"Your father! What is he doing in that gallery?" asked Dion astounded.

"Well," said Joan, blushing a little, "you know how father is—the best man in the world—you don't see him as I do, Dion. You misunderstand him, Dion, because you cannot know how much he longs for the things he has never had—society, for instance, and position—you know. But you will never understand! Some of your university people—he has the reputation of being rich—asked him to read a paper at one of the coming meetings on the 'Relation of Business to the University,' and he has asked me to write it. Of course I shall."

"I simply call that pandering to inutile vanity, Joan!"

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"Dion!" Joan's eyes filled with tears.

Dion did not look at her; he drummed with his fingers on the coarse table-cloth and gazed out into the woods. It seemed odd that people should be talking of a successful soap-merchant's speech in the haunted town of Versailles. To Dion the veil of history made even the wretched Louis XV mystical and sacred.

"At any rate," Joan went on while the *pot au feu* steamed, "you'll have a chance to talk to father and help him with his speech. Appeals to him by letter do no good—I know him—but if you are seen among the historical swells, and the speech goes well, you can perhaps tame these awful bears he writes about."

"Joan," said Dion bitterly, "this is the last criticism of your father I shall ever make; he is what they call a respectable man, but he is the greatest egoist and the vainest man I have ever known!"

"Dion!" she said, her eyes flashing—then she smiled. "I'm so glad you didn't say 'egotist'; so let it pass. Besides, old President Wollach wants him to give one hundred thousand dollars for a bacteriological laboratory."

"The mercenary beast!" Dion frowned. "The vile old curmudgeon! when he knows that the historical courses are actually strangling—actually starved! Do you suppose I could turn him away from old Wollach? A hundred thousand for history would help out immensely, and it would mean my appointment!"

"Lovely!" Joan brightened up at the thought. "Father's letter came this morning, and——"

"You might let me read it."

"I haven't a pocket." She flushed.

"Oh, I see," he said. "Never mind, Joan; he'll appreciate me some day."

"You must *make* him," said Joan. "I really think that you ought to go home and see what you can do."

Dion controlled his feelings; fortunately it was necessary to attend to the *omelette aux fine herbes*, and he found time to think: "Who can hook the leviathan or conquer the egoist's colossal vanity?"

"*You* can," said Joan. Dion raised his head suddenly and blushed. He knew that Joan could not have read his thoughts; but he was uneasy.

"Dion," she said firmly, "I know that six weeks of separation will be horrible for us both, but it's the only way. Father has money, yet he is not awfully rich, and a hundred thousand dollars means a great deal. Besides, dad doesn't care about bacteria—I have heard him speak disrespectfully about microbes! He *does* want to have his name on something that will last—that's all. We've some money now; if we stay here it will soon be gone. Miss Roberta's being turned out of her apartment is providential—and I can stand the sacrifice." Tears came into her eyes. "Besides, they asked you to read a paper, and you ought not to have refused!"

"But I can reconsider, and put in the latest thing about Beaumarchais!" He was all aglow.

Joan sighed a little. Research work was not her whole existence.

"Then you will go?"

"But the plan of campaign?"

"None, my dear—you'll just have to be Irish!"

They both laughed.

"I've lots of Beaumarchais stuff in my portfolio for you. Let's order a *baba* to cheer us up!"

"You ought to go!" he said suddenly; "suppose I should fail!"

"I—without you—no! Besides, you know how powerless I am with father in anything that is really important. Nobody," she added, "thinks I am clever but you."

The waiter had gone for the *baba*, and for the moment Joan knew that neither Madame du Barry, nor Beaumarchais, nor Benjamin Franklin, nor Gouverneur Morris really shared her husband's affections with her.

Dion told himself over and over again that he was starting on a wild-goose chase. Nevertheless, he went. The concierge, who looked down on even temporary absences of husbands as foreboding serious trouble, treated Joan as a deserted wife. Miss Roberta was quiet, except when she practised her cadenzas, Joan in the various document-rooms traced Beaumarchais and De Lauzun and De Lafayette and others of less importance to their lairs. "It may be a wild-goose chase,"

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she said to Miss Roberta, "but Dion has possibilities which you Anglo-Saxons do not understand. I know father and I know him."

Miss Roberta had only one opinion—that Joan ought to be independent and cultivate her voice.

Dion, reaching Chicago, called on his father-in-law at the "Annex," which was full of university people, and gave him the speech which Joan had written, in his best style. Mr. Havard was so glad to get it that he carefully calculated Dion's mileage at two cents a mile, and munificently gave him a check for the whole amount. Mr. Havard was all enthusiasm about the university meeting. Professor Wollach was a man of ideas. "If Joan and you could put your research work to some use you'd look up my coat of arms in London. Wollach is going to put in stained-glass windows for each of the donors, and some of them are to have their arms in heraldic colors."

Dion Fitz Gerald.—Page 647.

Dion shook his head disparagingly. "I wouldn't know where to find the sources. You've always said you were a self-made man——"

"But even a self-made man must have had ancestors. After he's made himself, he begins to look around and tries to discover what blood is in him."

Dion was silent.

"Well?"

"But, if there isn't a really good foundation for it, it's rather like lying to appropriate crests and things like that."

"Is it?" Mr. Havard looked at his cheerful-looking son-in-law, and felt that Joan had indeed married a blind person, to whom a wink was more useless than a kick. "I'm sure that I should not be so much like Cœur de Lion and William Wallace—my grandmother was Scotch-Irish—if I hadn't their blood in my veins."

This was Dion's opportunity, but he let it slip because he did not see it.

"I do not know what Cœur de Lion and William Wallace were like. I have never done any Middle Age work."

"Good-by," said Mr. Havard coldly. "However, I must say that a historian who knows so little about great historical characters as you seem to would make rather a poor professor."

"Perhaps so," answered Dion frigidly. "Oh, Joan! Joan!" he said to himself, as he went down in the lift, "*why* did you send me?"

Mr. Havard read his paper before the convention "presided" over by President Wollach. Few people listened; they all had papers to read, and they were thinking of them. Excerpts from his paper appeared in the newspapers the next day, with his photograph.

Dion read his monograph, too, to a small circle of what a lively journalist called "experts in back numbers"; then, downhearted, he waited only to say good-by to his father-in-law, and to be shown the sights of the city by his host the dean of the faculty of history, who was in town for the convention.

"If you could only get your father-in-law's hundred thousand for us," said the dean, "we'd put you in at once. We need you, but we're starved by buildings with no money to keep them up—everybody wants his name on a front of brick and marble."

Dion sighed.

"I wish we could have you; we need

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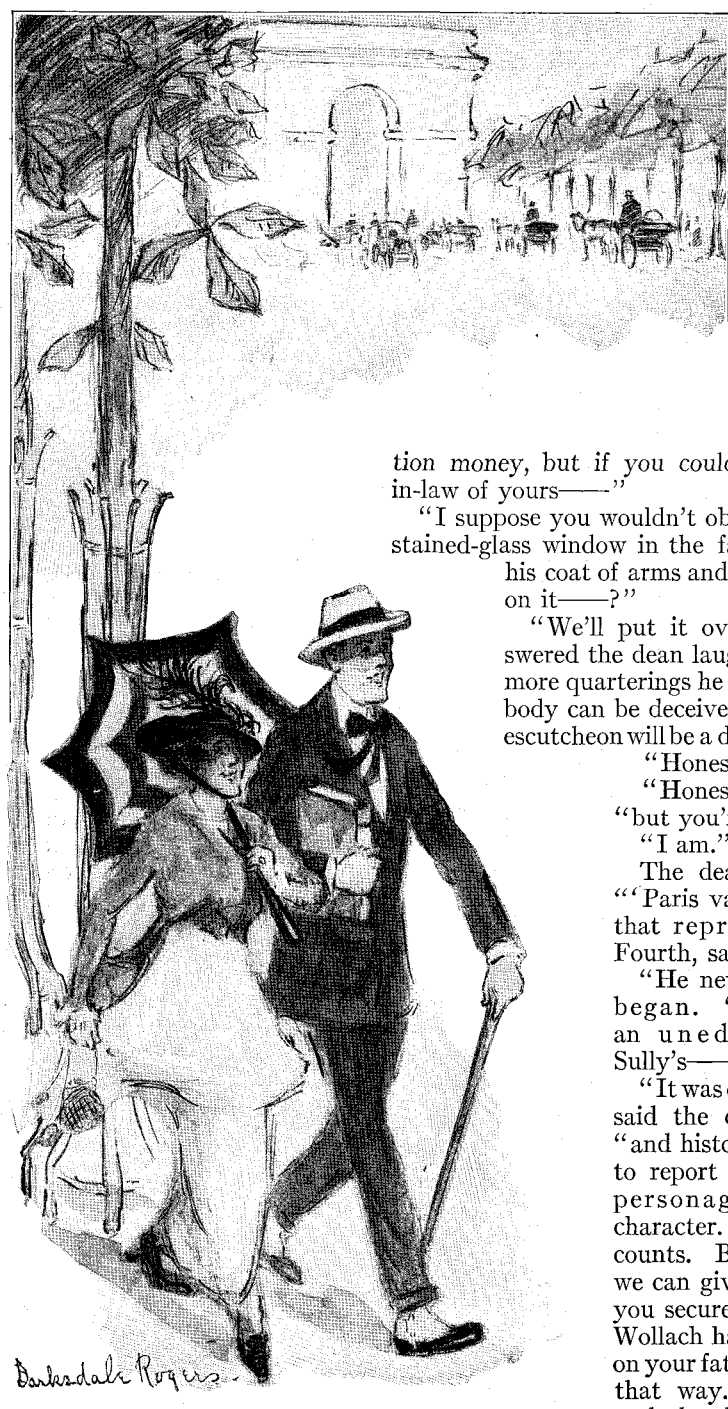

"Life does seem strange," Joan said one day as they were walking under the blowing chestnut-trees.—Page 648.

you," continued the dean. "The modern policy of catering to the vanity of rich men, regardless of the balance of university teaching, is a bad one. We've got so low now that a great university is judged principally by the success of its football and baseball teams. The gladiators are petted and scholarship dies. I hate to mention money, but if you could grip that father-in-law of yours——"

"I suppose you wouldn't object to putting in a stained-glass window in the faculty room, with his coat of arms and motto emblazoned on it——?"

"We'll put it over the door," answered the dean laughing. "And the more quarterings he has the better; nobody can be deceived by it then. The escutcheon will be a dazzling ornament."

"Honest?" asked Dion.

"Honest!" said the dean, "but you're not serious."

"I am."

The dean laughed again. "'Paris vaut une messe!' as that reprobate, Henry the Fourth, said."

"He never said it," Dion began. "I can show you an unedited letter of Sully's——"

"It was quite in character," said the dean indifferently, "and history has no business to report anything of great personages that is not in character. It's the type that counts. But, really, Dion, we can give you the place if you secure the money. Old Wollach has no right to work on your father-in-law's vanity that way. It's nefarious—and the department of history dwindling for books and men! It's vile! But if you can get the money we'll let him put his book-plate—his arms, of course—any-

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where he likes. Good-by! Keep up your heart! Wollach is giving a dinner to some worm-eaten biologist to-morrow night, and I'm going to telephone at once that you'll represent me. You'll oblige me, won't you? Grip your old man and be happy!"

The dean, who looked more like a well-groomed business man than the author of the famous monograph, "Why Priests of the Orthodox Greek Church Wear Beards," walked off in his usual jaunty manner.

Miss Roberta Williams.—Page 649.

Dion was most conscientious in all the small relations of life—a habit of mind which often repels the more frivolous; yet there were times when his imagination had run away with him. His friends always assumed that these aberrations were due to atavism, for most of his ancestors had been Celts. Now, as he took his afternoon walk down State Street, it occurred to him that if he answered his father-in-law according to his hobby—in a word, become "atavistic"—something might be done. "Havard," he thought, "bears a close resemblance to Howard, and that is a great name in England, frequently, no doubt, corrupted in America. Much in the way of glittering quarterings might be done with the splendid intermarriages of the Havard-Howards! Some of the Spanish grandees had to draw on their imaginations to prove their descent from his Majesty King David. He had often been told that the heralds' office in the time of Louis XVI had been forced to work overtime for two years to fix up his grandmother's pedigree; and she was an O'Connell!" A great temptation beset him. He saw the Havard-Howard arms, glitteringly quartered with those of Charlemagne and other prominent people of the Middle Ages, glowing above the dean's chair as he sat in imagination among the faculty. In his heart he almost yielded to this terrible temptation; with a great effort he dismissed it.

On the next evening Dion presented himself at the "Annex" and was admitted to his father-in-law's sitting-room. It was just a little after six o'clock, and Mr. Havard was struggling with a collar-button.

"I'm getting into full evening dress," he remarked, having conquered the button. "I see you're in a smoker."

"Yes, I've a card for Professor Wollach's dinner to some distinguished biologist. Our history people are having a dinner of their own; but I'm to represent them. I think this biologist is a foreigner—he may be an Algerian."

Mr. Havard assumed a particularly pompous air. "Wollach can't be present."

"But he's the host, and lots of people have been asked," said Dion. "The invitation was very sudden, anyhow. If Wollach can't be there, the dinner had better be declared off."

"It's going on." Mr. Havard drew his brush gently across the sparse hair on the crown of his head. "It's going to be a great occasion. A short time ago Wollach put his head into my room, in an awful hurry, and called: 'Must catch the

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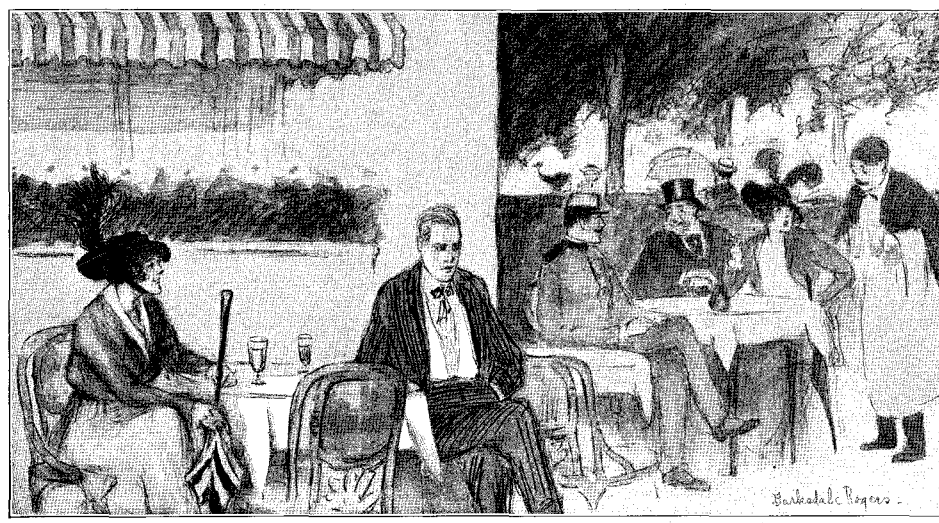
train for New York; J. B. Throckton, the Duluth multimillionaire, is very sick, and I've got a cable from St. Moritz, saying that I must go to him at once. His heirs have got hold of him again, and they want him to cut the university out of his will; it's half a million. We can't lose so much. You're a dandy speaker, Havard, and I want you to preside at the dinner to-night. The menus are ready at the clerk's desk, and the list of toasts will come from the printer's later. Everything's paid.' I protested. 'Just look wise, and drop a few pearls of thought about biology,' he said, out of breath. 'Good-by! can't stop! I wouldn't trust anybody to do this but a man of resource like yourself.' Then he went off. I couldn't stop him. When the toast-cards come, I'll find the name of the guest of honor. Do you know him?"

"No," answered Dion with contempt; "he's a biologist."

"And a very great one, I imagine. Wollach said he would arrive to-night from Washington; he telephoned in a hurry to make up the dinner to introduce him. By the way," Mr. Havard went on ingratiatingly; "of course I know all about biology in a general way; but what sort of speech would be proper by way of introduction?"

"Oh, anything," said Dion, "three minutes of the usual rot; biology is the tie that binds the sciences—Darwin, Wallace, Spencer, Huxley, you know. Just run in their names. Say something about protoplasm and plant-grafting, I suppose, and the bacteriological treatment of the soil. You'll get back to the farm that way, and everybody goes in for that now. People that do not think it patriotic will think it funny."



"At any rate," Joan went on, . . . "you'll have a chance to talk to father and help him with his speech."—Page 650.

"Thanks, Dion." His father-in-law had these pearls of thought carefully in mind. "I suppose you'll know everybody there."

"Not a soul! I had a freshman course in biology, but I have never associated with that kind of people since."

"You'll never cultivate the swells—you and Joan!" Mr. Havard sighed. "I suppose three minutes will be enough for me to fill before the guest of the evening arises to reply?"

"Plenty," said Dion, taking up the menu of the coming dinner. "I'll just write down these names for you on this ticket. Speaking of names, I've found that the Havards are connected with the English Howards." Dion blushed as he uttered these unconscientious words.

"I know that," responded Mr. Havard, taking a side view of himself in the mirror. "Wollach is to have my arms done over the main entrance. Oh, Dion, be

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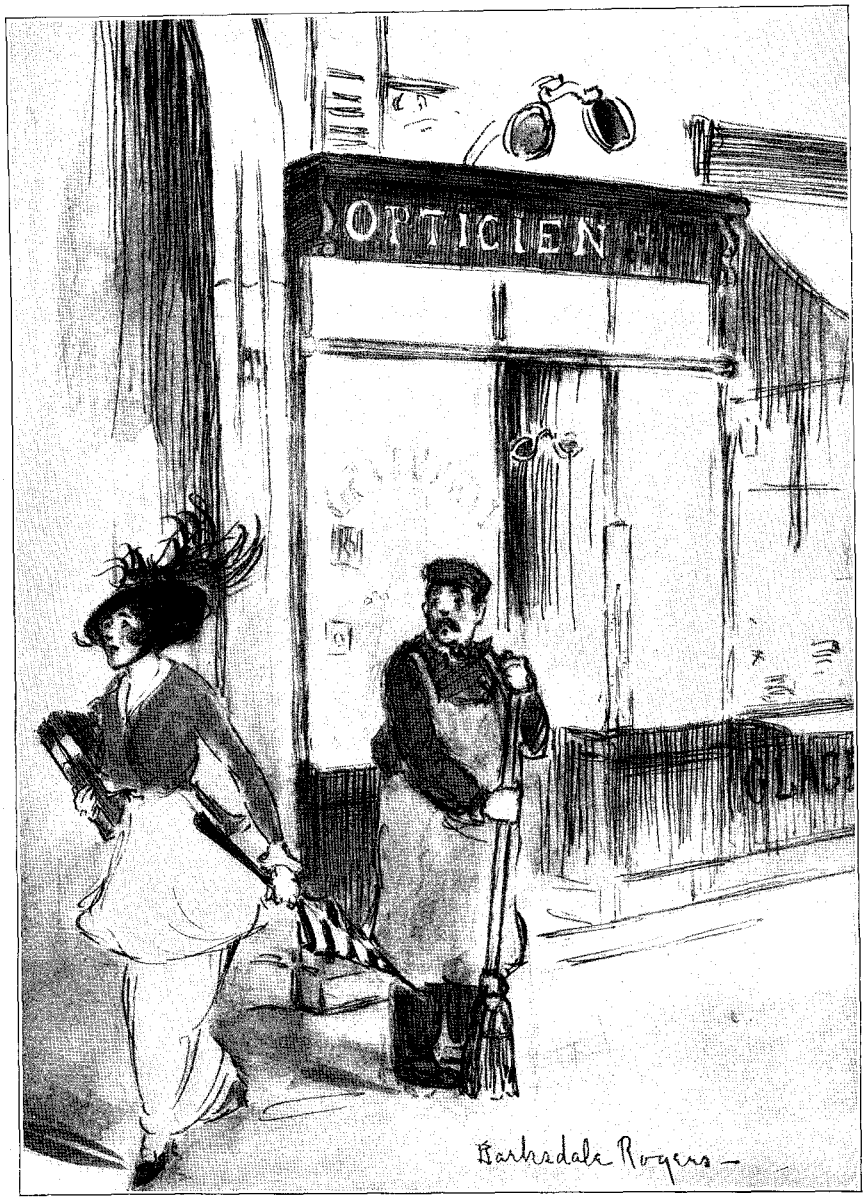

The concierge . . . treated Joan as a deserted wife.—Page 650.

sure to help me out, if I don't seem so fluent as usual, with a hand-clap or two. Good-by! At eight!"

Dion closed the door with suspicious softness.

The hotel anteroom, vast in proportion, was most brilliant. Even the crowd of black coats and bald heads and white shirt-fronts could not spoil the air of cheerfulness given by the electric light, pink hortensias, and sheaves of American Beauties. The dining-room doors had not yet been opened, and the guests were assembled—a large group circling around Mr. Havard.

He was evidently somewhat nervous, as the toast-cards had not arrived yet,

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and he was doubtful by what name the guest of honor called himself. Nobody knew.

Wollach had brought the assembly together to do honor to "an eminent biologist who had done great work off the coast of Africa." "What had he published?" "Something great, or Wollach would not have taken all this trouble!"

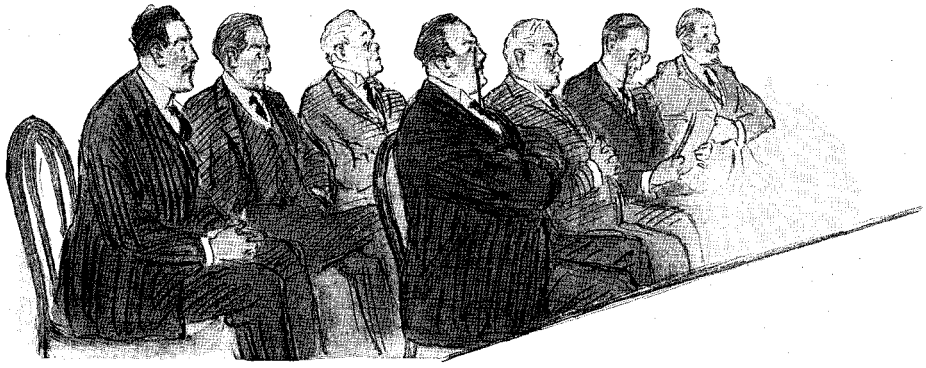
"Printing-office closed, sir," said a bell-boy to the perspiring Mr. Havard. "Can't get the toast-cards!"

"Why don't you 'page' him?" asked the professor of chemistry, who, knowing more than most men about the natural juices of the body, felt that to eat one's dinner on the minute was a scientific duty. Somebody told the band to strike up. The professor of chemistry seized Mr. Havard's arm and dragged him toward the dining-room.

gist should be dug from his undistinguished place.

Curiously enough, Mr. Havard felt a certain comfort in Dion's presence, for, like Dion himself, he knew nobody in the room. Dion obligingly sent a card to be passed from guest to guest, on which he had scribbled, "Are you the guest of honor?" It did not come back until the coffee and cigars were served, and then the inscriptions on it showed that it had been regarded as a joke.

"Oh, he'll turn up," said the professor of chemistry, aglow, for the filet and the Little Neck clams had been good. "He's just modest, that's all! You begin now; he'll speak a little, then I'll follow, and then the crowd will begin to talk about their pasts and sing German songs. "We'll start 'Die Lorelei' when he's finished. Go on—they're waiting!" And,



Mr. Havard read his paper before the convention.—Page 651.

"I'd 'page' him quick enough if I knew his name," murmured the perturbed Mr. Havard. What did that pompous ass Wollach mean by getting him into such an awful scrape?

The procession filed into the dining-room, which was all damask red, electric lamps, asparagus vine, and American Beauty roses. The table was in the shape of a great horseshoe; soon every seat was filled, and the waiters had to put in extra chairs. Havard grew hot under the collar. "Wollach has overplayed his hand," he muttered. The professor of chemistry was on his left hand, and Dion popped into the seat on the right—ready to vacate it when the distinguished biolo-

indeed, through the faint haze of the early tobacco smoke, expectancy could be seen on many faces.

"Hoch!" called a voice. "Hoch!" other voices repeated. Mr. Havard rose. He had never liked his son-in-law, but when he saw that Dion had rewritten clearly the few notes on the back of his menu-card he felt, for the moment, almost paternal.

"I have the honor," he said, looking nervously at the card, "to introduce tonight the guest of the evening, known in two hemispheres—famous from the Atlantic to the Pacific" (solemn pause) "nay! from the Granite State to where the Africal waters flow over Oriental strands."

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(Applause, led by the professor of chemistry.) "Biology," continued Mr. Havard, much encouraged, "couldn't exist without the world, and I may add that the world would stand still without biology!" (Unexpected laughter, which disconcerted the speaker. He grinned, however, and concluded that he had made a point.) "Biology, gentlemen, is the queen of the

sciences! He who is in our midst to-night may not agree with me, but he knows full well that when I hail him I hail a gladiator in the fields of—of—("research work," whispered Dion) "who has no equal on those startling heights to which the whole creation moves." (Applause, led by Dion.) "He has no equal, gentlemen." (Short pause. In agony, to the professor of chemistry, "Has he come?" No answer.) "In our midst, gentlemen—in our midst we have a star of the first constellation, a constellation to whom Mars is but of the earth earthy." At that moment the violin gave an unexpected squeak, due to surreptitious tuning. Dion really pitied his father-in-law, and as the old gentleman tried to go on, with every evidence of a dogged determination mingled with horrible fear, he felt that something must be done. "Biologists admire him, scientists acclaim him—and he is here to-night! Tyndall——"

Heads turned in all directions in evident hope.

"Tyndall was a biologist of settled fame, and yet our guest of honor ranks with him. Darwin"—here poor Mr. Havard's glasses dropped, and he stooped to recover them. "Darwin, greatest of evolutionists, most prominent of biologists, I salute thee!"

"I thought he was dead," murmured a Philistine, who had come in on a transferred card.

"Huxley, greatest of the great, biologist of the biologists, I salute thee!" Then Mr. Havard stumbled over a word that turned out to be "Haeckel"—"I salute thee! Verily, but he who is among us to-night——"

"Good heavens," whispered the professor of chemistry across Mr. Havard's back, "he's talking rot. You get up and say something. What are you doing on his right if you are not the guest of honor?"

"—he who is in our midst to-night is the peer of any archangel of biology, of any seraph of science." Mr. Havard could no longer hide his agony. His eyes seemed to be murmuring "Where is he?" The audience were merciful and applauded. "He is the *ne plus ultra* of the progress that makes for the highest uplift—I mean the Milky Way of the scientific——"

Dion arose. The piteous look on his father-in-law's face moved his heart.

"I did not take to my feet, gentlemen," he said, as Mr. Havard sank into his chair, "before this, because the eloquence of our honored and eloquent chairman made me feel like taking to my heels!" (Relieved laughter and applause.) "My humble efforts as a biologist do not deserve the praise of a patron of the arts and sciences so erudite and so generous as John X. Havard." (Violent applause.) "He is eclectic!" Mr. Havard raised his head, refreshed, as it were,

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by the morning light after a bad dream. He felt that he was eclectic—how little he had understood himself or Dion!

"Eclectic, I repeat! His knowledge of what biologists have done is vast, and, alas! he lays too much stress on the work of a tyro like myself." (Cries from the end of the table where a number of champagne bottles had accumulated: "No! No!") Dion bowed. "Eclectic, I add with emphasis, for not only has he busied himself with science, represented by our absent friend Wollach, but he is about to found in a well-known American university—I shall be happy to give the name to the newspapers afterward—a hundred-thousand-dollar professorial chair for historical-research work! Let me beg of you to drink to the health of John X. Havard, the modest and consistent friend of all true learning!"

A scene of enthusiasm followed. The guests had broken into the prelude of "Roselein Rot," and everybody sang in a university language, supposed to be German. Then the professor of chemistry called out "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow," and Dion slipped away to give the glad news to the newspaper men.

Once in his room Mr. Havard, flushed with the delight that only a successful orator can feel, found a telegram from South Chicago:

"Biologist took wrong train. In Cincinnati. Explain. WOLLACH."

"Wollach!" Mr. Havard cried out contemptuously.

With compressed lips, with fury in his eyes, he took his check-book from his bag and wrote with the energy that Cæsar might have shown had he lived to discover the treachery of Brutus.

"Wollach!" cried out Mr. Havard, when Dion interviewed him at midnight. "Treacherous brute! How did you know I intended to give the money to the dean? Here's that check. Hand it to him to-morrow. Dion," he added, "you write to Joan and tell her——" Mr. Havard paused meaningly. "Tell her——"

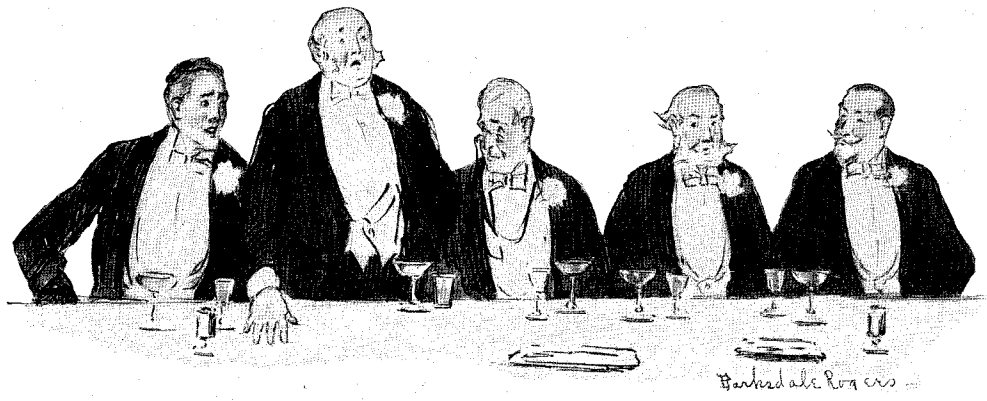
"Just what she ought to know," interrupted Dion. "You had a great success; your picture will be in all the papers to-morrow!"

There was a pause. "But," asked Mr. Havard, with a shyness so unusual that Dion gasped, "what will the papers call the guest of honor? How did they find out his name?"

"Oh, John Smith," said Dion, "John Smith! Curious, isn't it? I was named Smith, too—one of my middle names—after my godfather, John Smith Badger."

Mr. Havard gazed at Dion stupefied. There was almost fear in his eye.

"I'm sending for Joan to-morrow," Dion said calmly. "And, by the way, dad," he added, boldly meeting the flickering light in his father-in-law's glance, "if you're eclectic, I'm discreet."



"—he who is in our midst to-night is the peer of any archangel of biology, of any seraph of science."—Page 657.

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AËRIAL FOX AND GEESE

BY JAMES F. J. ARCHIBALD

From a photograph by Heinrich Schuhmann.

The "Foxes" receiving their final instructions as to the course and ruling.

THE aviation corps of the Austrian army will undoubtedly be a great surprise to the world during the European war, as it is far more advanced in efficiency and numbers than is generally believed. For several years the government has devoted much attention to this important branch of the military arm and has brought it up to a splendid standard. To accomplish this the authorities have made every effort possible, until to-day they have more than three hundred aëroplanes and balloons at their command, with sufficient pilots and mechanicians. The Austrian military authorities lost no opportunity of developing aviators, and their official participation in the new game of "Aërial Fox and Geese" is a good example of their thoroughness in training, and this new game became so immensely popular that it swept the country from one end to the other with the enthusiasm which always follows the chase. No country but Austria could have staged the sport as it was staged. No people but the Austrians could have played it as it was played.

It is a simple game, where all comers are more than eligible—they are welcome. Any person owning a balloon may sail as a "goose" and any person driving an automobile may follow as a "fox," and in a sport-loving country like Austria that welcome to outsiders assures a great field of starters at every event. Men and women of all classes and from all stations of life and society intermingle in the happiest spirit of democracy. The late heir to the throne, Archduke Franz Ferdinand, was one of the prime movers and frequent participants in the game and his assassination will be keenly felt among the regular followers. He donated several cups to be contested for by the participants and always manifested a keen personal interest in the game.

To Baron Constantine Economo, the president of the Austrian Aëro Club and to Alexander, Count von Kolowrat, Austria's best-known all-round sportsman, belongs the credit for organizing and developing the "aërial fox-and-geese" chases. The sport really emanated from an impromptu contest, about three years ago, between Baron Economo, in one of his balloons, the "Sonia," and Count Kolowrat, who chased him in his great "Laurin and Klement" racing-car. On that occa-

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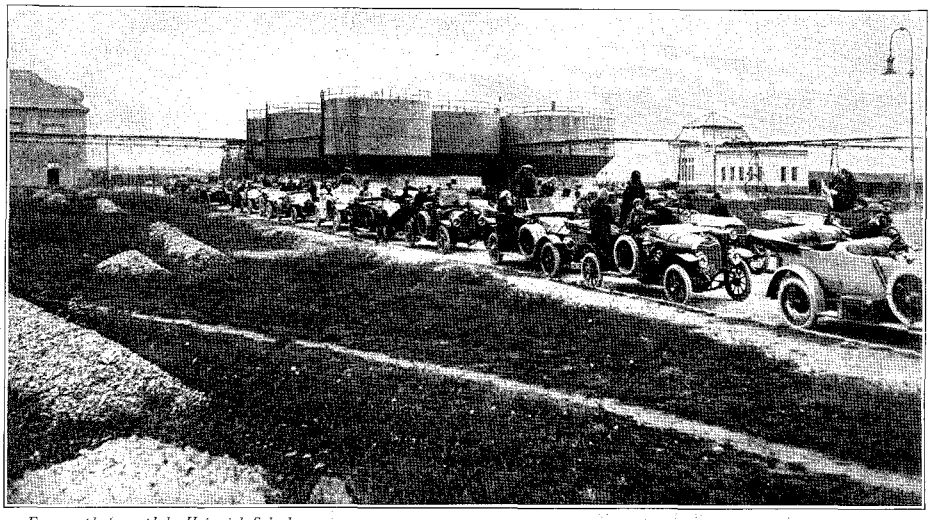

From a photograph by Heinrich Schuhmann.

The "Foxes."

A part of the line ready to start.

sion I made the ascension with Baron Economo and knew the excitement of attempting to evade the pursuing automobile as it followed us across town and country. The direction of the prevailing wind laid our course directly across the city of Vienna and gave me a view of that splendid capital which few persons are privileged to have. We were not limited as to the time we were to stay in the air, and therefore escaped the automobile pursuing us by sheer endurance, and landed many miles away on an island in the Danube, on the edge of the famous forest which bounds the battle-field of Wagram. All that moonlit night we drifted down that wonderful river to Vienna, having packed our balloon in a small rowboat which we bought from some peasants. From that little incident of friendly contest, arising from a joke, has developed one of the most splendid sports of Austria and one that is destined to become very popular throughout Europe when days of peace return. In many countries, including our own, there have been contests of similar nature where balloons have been followed by automobiles, but it has remained for the Austrian and Hungarian sportsmen to reduce the game to rule. Unfortunately it cannot be properly played in America, owing to our petty laws restricting the use of motor-cars. The majority of laws in this country have been framed with the intention of annoying motorists rather than protecting the public, and in most States have not been revised in keeping with the progress of the industry. Until our legislators differentiate between the automobilist who drives with caution and the ordinary reckless speedster we cannot hope to see such a sport develop in America. Throughout Europe the speed of the automobile is dependent entirely upon the moment, and the driver is only required to drive for public safety. When on an open country road, a man may make whatever speed he may desire. And it is, therefore, this broad spirit of legislation which makes the game possible in Austria and Hungary, but the lack of such spirit makes it impossible in America.

On the particular morning of which I write seven balloons were entered in the race and were followed by several hundred automobiles. As early as dawn the first automobiles arrived to take places of vantage for the start and for the next two or three hours a steady stream of motor-cars of every size and description, of every color and condition, poured into the enclosure at the gas-works, or took up their positions along the roads just outside. Great powerful racing-cars with their

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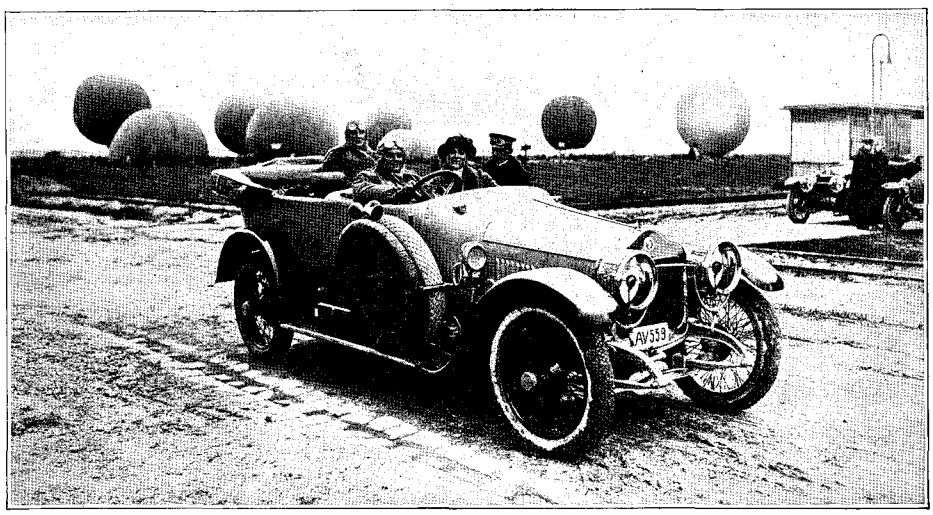

From a photograph by Heinrich Schuhmann.

The "Geese."

The balloon field before the start, and the winning car.

businesslike exhaust-pipes trailing down the side of the engine like the legs of a huge insect; touring-cars of every variety and every power, joined the mass of motors already formed, some with gay parties of the Viennese ladies and gentlemen, some hooded and goggled for a true race, some to tour along slowly and calmly, more as spectators than contestants, but always with the chance of winning the cup; for no one knows where the variable winds may land the quarry. I noticed several American cars among the contestants, although they were all driven by foreign owners, and one of these cars had the good fortune to be among the winners. At the appointed hour for the start of the contest the balloons were released one after another at intervals of two or three minutes, and when the last balloon was free the signal was given, the automobiles released, and the chase was on.

Baron Constantine Economo, president of the Austrian Aëro Club, giving final instructions before the start.

The first balloon to sail is known as the pilot balloon and is designated by covering the basket and lower part of the bag with white cloth so that it will be discernible at a great distance.

There are no restrictions whatever upon the balloonists except that they must come to earth within five hours of the time of leaving; otherwise they may sail as they choose and use every subterfuge possible to evade their pursuers. Their endeavors to escape are both scientific and amusing, while their adventures are thrilling and often attended by much danger and an occasional disaster of more or less serious nature. "Fox and geese" is a great sport but it is no child's play. The balloonists endeavor to get up into any clouds which happen to be hanging over

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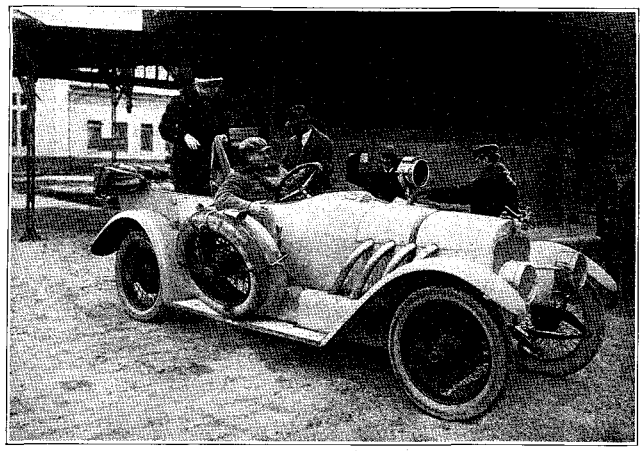


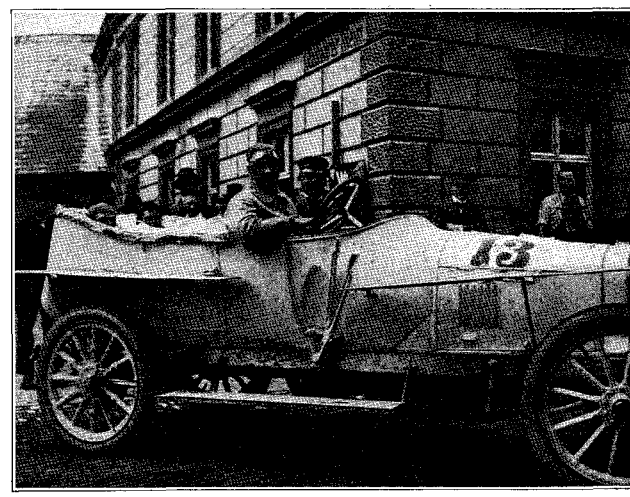
From a photograph by Heinrich Schuhmann.

Alexander, Count von Kolowrat, Austria's best-known all-round sportsman.
It was in this car the author rode during the chase.

them, to find counter currents which will unexpectedly change their course, and in other ways throw off the pursuing motor-cars. Among the "geese" themselves there is another contest being waged. The aëronaut who succeeds in coming to earth nearest to the pilot balloon when it lands also wins a prize, and this extra endeavor also brings forth the best work of aërial navigation, in which the Austrians are among the foremost of the world. The coveted prize is a grand cup for the motorist who first lays hand on the basket of the "pilot balloon" when it alights; there are also minor prizes for those who first reach any of the other balloons in the chase, but the predominant note of the day is the keen love of the sport shown in every event by the hundreds of participants.

The rules of the game are no more complicated than those of the simple old-fashioned "fox and geese" played by every schoolboy throughout the country. In this case, however, there is a little more reality in the game because the geese are actually in the air and the foxes must follow their flight and endeavor to capture them when they come to earth. As the geese may not make a prolonged flight, and although they may come down any time they desire, there are some really remarkable exhibitions of the control of direction of the free-balloon shown in these contests.

There is no limit to the number of contestants, and there is no class distinction; there is no club-membership nor social standing required. It is a game for all comers and for all classes, and, more than that, it is enjoyed by the entire countryside. The peasant in the field and the busy man of town watch with keen interest the flight of these huge "geese" and the wild dash of the "foxes" following, and all enter into the spirit of the sport. It is quite true that the number of sportsmen who own their own balloon is more or less limited, but there are always enough; and any person who owns an automobile is not only eligible but really made welcome at these sporting-meets. It is an open event and the contestants range from



The four-passenger racing-car.
Note the sheet and manner of covering the passengers in the rear seat.

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From a photograph by Heinrich Schuhmann.

Count Edmund von Sigmundt's balloon.

This balloon was followed by the car in which the author rode.

tradesmen to grand dukes. They meet on equal ground in a splendid show of friendly association, and, I regret to say, there is a far greater spirit of democracy among them and among all sportsmen of Austria and Hungary than there is in America.

The starting-point is always from the great field at the gas-works where the administration of the institution has laid a

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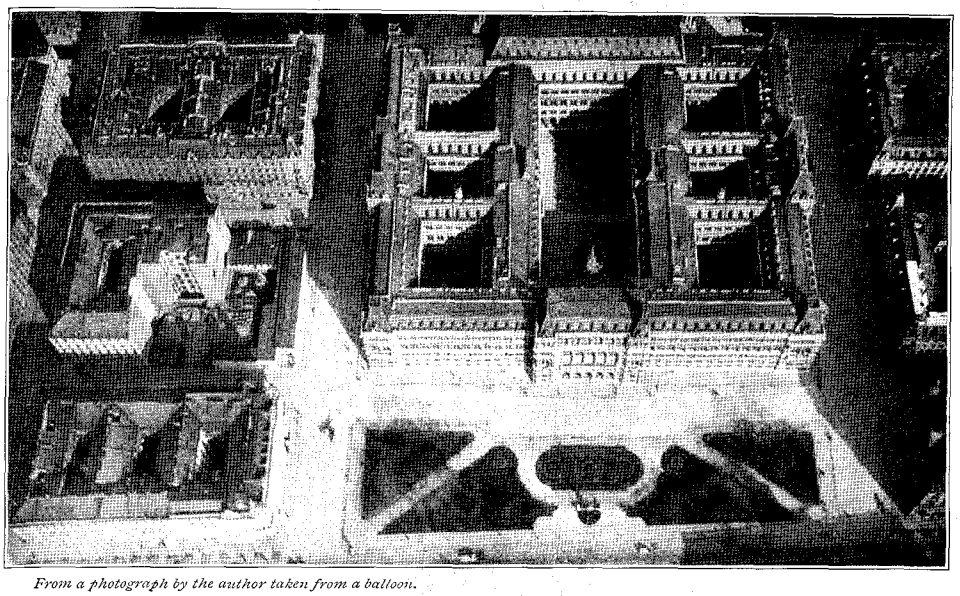
network of huge mains to facilitate the inflation of the balloons.

On this particular morning, as the sun first appeared over the historic plain beyond Vienna, the balloons were laid out on the ground and each appendix was attached to one of the huge pipes. To each



From a photograph by the author taken from a balloon.

The Rathaus (city hall), Vienna.

balloon were assigned a number of the soldiers, who were ordered to the meet by the government authorities to assist in the launching. Slowly the great yellow silken bags grew in size and shape until they were straining in readiness for the chase. As each one finally filled and stood tugging fearfully, in a strong wind, against its load of sand-bags, the pilot reported "Ready!" to Baron Economo. When the last balloon reported there were seven ready to start and then Baron Economo called together the pilots and gave them their final instructions.

They must come to earth within five hours from the start. They must not land upon an island. Otherwise they were as free as the wild birds they imitate to escape their pursuers or to throw them off the scent. The "foxes" were also instructed by an officer, detailed to the game for the day, as to their rights and their method of winning. They might follow any balloon they desired and start when it left the ground, but should better opportunity present they might change their prey and attempt the capture of any of the others. Each balloon carried two passengers besides the pilot, and in several cases one or more of the passengers were ladies. In most cases the motorist declared for a certain balloon and perhaps engaged to bring the pilot and his passengers back to Vienna after the chase should they arrive at the finish. I was fortunate in being asked to chase with Count Kolowrat, who has five times won the great Alpine road race, and to follow him at any game means that you will see daredevil work if it spells success. We made the chase that day in the same powerful car with which he won the road race and Alpine tour race. As I rode with him when he won these events the year before I expected good sport and was not disappointed. In Austria all motor events are contested with cars to carry four persons, which are supposed to be of touring type. There are many advantages in this plan, which was inaugurated by H. R. H. Prince Henry of Prussia in German events. It does away with the system of building great racing-cars to carry two persons, which are absolutely unlike the cars after which they are named, in both construction and power.

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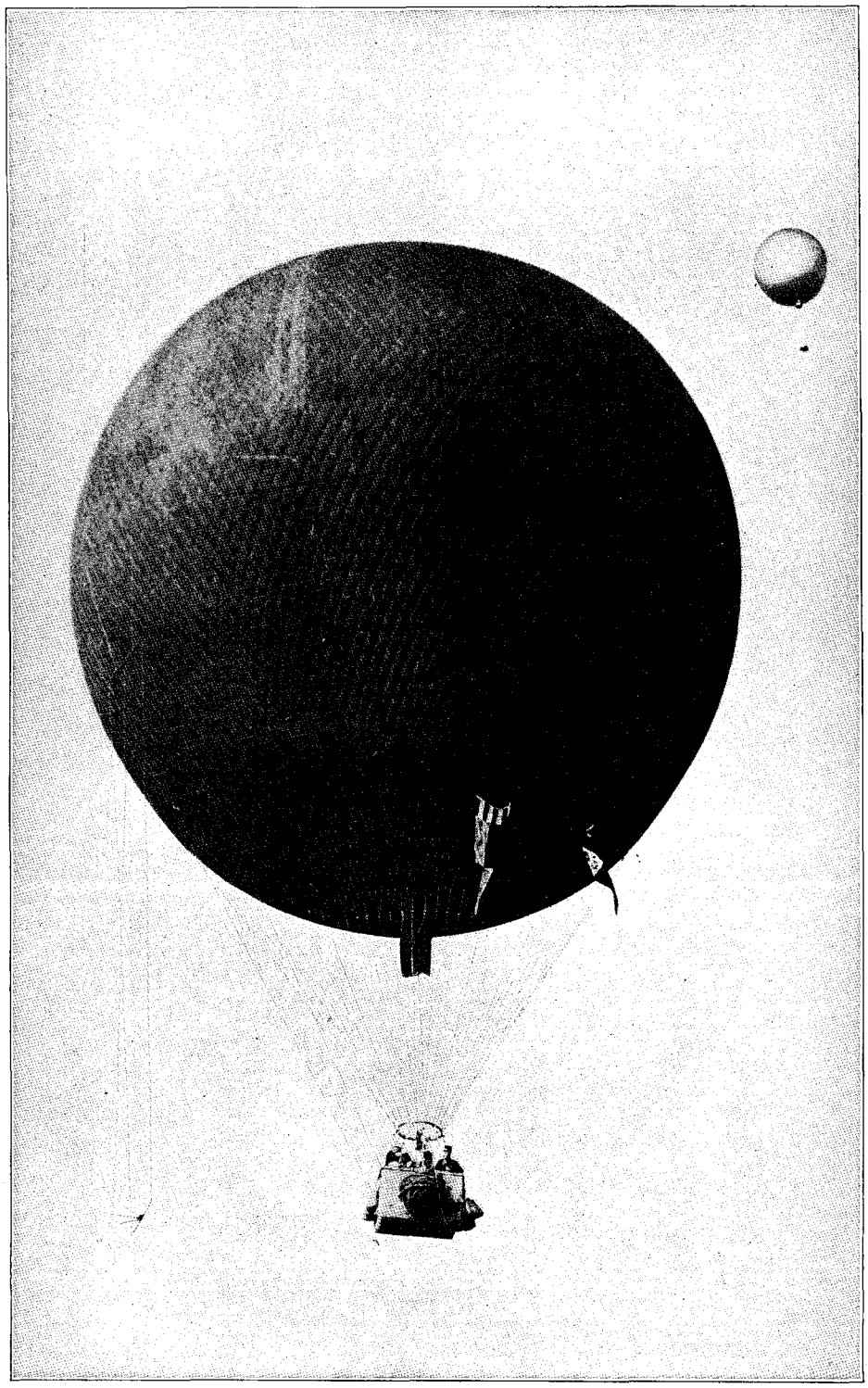

From a photograph by Heinrich Schuhmann.

A military entry, showing the wireless attachment hanging from the left side of the envelope.

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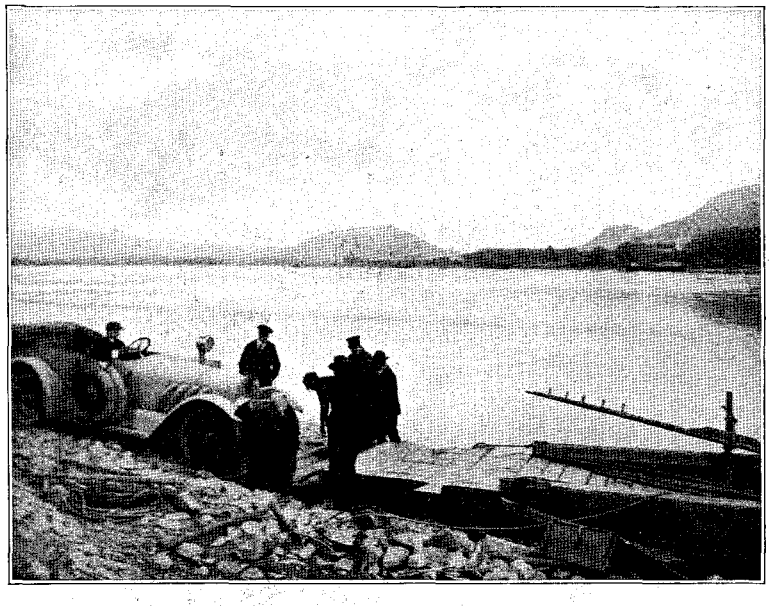
The use of the touring shape makes all of the events more sociable and amateurish and yet does not lose any of the speed or excitement. In the speed races the passengers sit on low seats and have nothing but their heads showing above a cloth



Ferrying across the Danube River.

which covers the entire back opening of the car.

We elected to follow the balloon piloted by Count Edmund von Sigmundt, who but for the war would have represented Austria in the international balloon contest scheduled to start this fall from St. Louis. His passengers were Count Limburg-Stirum of the Holland legation and Captain Meyer, an aide-de-camp to the minister of war. There were many bantering wagers laid as the soldiers dropped off one after another of the sand-bags, and then as the "goose" sailed toward the clouds the panting "fox" gave chase. A very strong wind carried our quarry almost directly eastward toward Hungary and the low-lying range of the "Little Carpathians" and directly along the Danube. It was with much difficulty that we kept sight of the "geese," the strong wind giving them a greater advantage. Heavy banks of white clouds dotted the sky and whenever possible the pilots would rise suddenly into the clouds and become momentarily lost.

The course for the "fox" was naturally not so easy. He must pick his way over roads of all description and must not scorn by-paths which looked almost impossible. Above all, he must know the country or be able to read his map as he ran.

The military and the police both have entered heartily into the sport in every particular both officially and personally. The perfect roads, the military assistance, the club organization, the friendly intermingling of all classes, but above all the splendid manner in which every onlooker entered into the spirit of the sport —had each a share in the success of the game. At every crossroads a policeman or peasant, self-appointed guides, pointed excitedly skyward as they waved us toward the shortest and best route. In towns and villages shouting groups cheered us to greater speed. The military authorities have recognized the value of the aëronautic work in these contests and several companies of soldiers are detailed to assist the balloonists and motorists. Officers are detailed, with government instruction, to participate in the contests,

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and in this manner develop, for the benefit of the government, any points which may be of military value.

At the end of the first hour we had completely lost our friends in the air, but on the advice of some excited townsmen of a small village we swung around toward the south and suddenly out of a cloud, directly in front of us, came Count Sigmundt's balloon. At full speed we followed. Suddenly the road failed us. We came to a farmyard gate and the quarry slowly came toward earth a short distance afield. Without a moment's hesitation, Count Kolowrat turned into a great field. It did not seem possible for a motor-car to surmount such obstacles. Over stubble and pasture, through a shallow brook, up a steep bank to a halt at a fence, we tore as the "goose" settled nearer and nearer the earth. Out we all jumped and tore away an opening while the owner cheered us on to greater speed. We tossed him a coin for the damage we had wrought, and sped on. For the first time I experienced real cross-country hunting in a motor-car. Slowly the "goose" settled until the guide-rope trailed the earth, closer we came until the faces of those in the basket were plainly visible. At last we had them. We shouted our challenge of victory as they settled. We rushed forward to be on the spot as they came to earth when, with a shout of laughter, they poured bag after bag of sand-ballast out, almost in our faces, and sailed easily up hundreds of feet and again shaped their flight toward the Danube and Hungary. It had been a simple ruse. They had seen us and had released enough gas to settle slowly down as they watched our approach and then, just as we thought the chase over, and our prize won, poured out their ballast and sailed away.

The time limit was drawing to a close and therefore we were not without hope that we might still catch them. Other "foxes" were on our heels. Some we met returning, others believing in a change of wind swung around to the north, but we kept straight on to the eastward. Again we saw our friends at no great distance, and again we gave chase, when presently we came to a village on the banks of the Danube.

"Where is the bridge?" asked Count Kolowrat of a group of villagers.

"There is *none*," was the reply.

"But there must be one somewhere here. Which is the nearest?"

"Pressburg, forty miles away in Hungary," came the answer that killed our hopes.

We asked how they got across the river and were told that a couple of miles downstream there was a little hand-propelled ferry, "but it is not large enough for a motor-car."

We determined to try, however, and made for the ferry. Half a mile across the river we could see a flat-bottomed scow moored to the bank. We raised signals. We honked and we shouted. We waved, but to no purpose. An hour later an old man and a small boy poled up the opposite bank and drifted slowly across to us. I never saw a ferry-boat look so small nor a motor look so large. And the Danube River runs like a mill-race. The ferryman said he had never taken a motor across before, but, if we would pay for his boat if it was lost, he would try. Two hours later we were pulled half a mile up-stream and then by dint of hard paddling we got across, looking for all the world like an exploration party in Thibet or Afghanistan. But our quarry had disappeared and our race was lost. We were told that several of the "geese" had flown toward Pressburg, and so we made for the border on a military road at a speed that made me wonder if Austrian tires were well made. They stood the strain, however, and we arrived at the hotel in Pressburg to find the "geese" just finishing their luncheon. They had landed in the race-track after taking the roof off a cottage and tearing up a few dozen feet of telephone-wires. One of the slow "touring foxes" had been on hand and unexpectedly won the coveted prize after a calm jaunt from Vienna. Such is the fortune of the chase.

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KNIVES AND FORKS

By L. Brooke

ILLUSTRATION BY ALONZO KIMBALL

STANNARD shifted his position slightly and glanced down the long glittering table toward his hostess. Meeting her eye for an instant, he made an almost imperceptible motion with his head toward the empty seat at his right hand, and accompanied it by a not quite so imperceptible grimace of comic distress.

"See what a hole you've put me in—me, a traveller just out of the wilds," he seemed to say.

Lady Norland's answering smile of sympathy was tempered by a faintly satirical arch of the eyebrows, clearly repeating what she had said to him before dinner:

"What can you expect? You were so exigent about a certain girl that I purposely put a stupid débutante on the other side, and now even my substitute will be late if she comes at all."

During the first part of the dinner Stannard had fared well enough. Fresh from the wilds, the spectacle of civilization dining amused him consumedly, and yet touched him deeply. This heavy, glittering array of linen and glass and silver, these rows of black coats and milk-white shoulders, this mingled fragrance of food and flowers and wine, were they not the symbol of British superiority, the soul and centre of British dominion? And Stannard loved the outward shows of civilization as only he can in whom the veneer of civilized life lies thinly upon a core of that primitive savagery which is yet the most hide-bound of all created things.

It was precisely this savage conventionality that made him first uncomfortable and then cross, as the dinner unfolded its length and it became increasingly apparent that the stupid débutante on his left, having placed him as a man who knew no one and so could not "help her on," had quite definitely transferred her interest to the beardless youth on her other side. It was quite bad enough to have missed seeing the one girl whose possible presence had brought him out on this his last night in England; but to be left high and dry, as it were—really, Lady Norland should have managed better, even if it was his fault. He was quite appalled as he looked down at the array of implements still unused, and reflected on the abhorrent length of some British dinners he remembered and which this bade fair to rival. But even as he grumbled thus mentally, there was a little stir at the door, an exclamation of pleasure from Lady Norland, and some one took the chair at his right, just as the hostess telegraphed a message which he read:

"The substitute! Please know her."

Thus urged, he turned his heavy-lidded eyes upon the girl who sat next him, gazed a moment with his pleasant, tranquil stare at the dark hair and the thin brown shoulders rising out of their nest of lavender chiffon, then said:

"I am very glad to see you. You've no idea what my life has been up to this moment."

She darted a gleam of dark eyes at him as she leaned forward, gathering nods and smiles of greeting from the table, to see who was on his left. Then she leaned back and really laughed up at him.

"I'm frightfully sorry. But if you knew what work I had to get here, and how hungry I am. No, Stebbins, no soup," to the deferential butler. "Fish? Yes, I can't resist that salmon and I really am famished. I'm glad I've not missed any more of Lady Norland's excellent dinner."

"It seems too bad, then, to waste even one chance," he replied idly, as Stebbins pounced upon her soup-spoon and bore it away. "Before you came I was looking with dismay at this layout of silver and wondering if I'd survive to the cheese."

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"And you decided—?" she said, surveying fully for the first time the big brown man beside her.

"Well—there are always drinks, y' know," said Stannard, feeling a little inadequate; then, emboldened by her ready laugh: "You can't have an idea what a formidable pleasure this is after two years in the Over-There."

"Over-There," she repeated slowly. "You mean——"

"Africa," he said briefly, "the Gold Coast. It isn't much like this."

"No," she said, while an odd pallor crept into her dark face, a thrill into her low voice—"no, it—isn't—like—this. They make *men* out there." She threw up her head and he was surprised to see that there were tears in her eyes. "While this—" her disdainful glance swept down the table, but softened when it caught Lady Norland's smile.

"Oh, I don't know," Stannard said deliberately. "After all, the men are bred right here. What was it Wellington said about winning the battle of Waterloo on the cricket-fields of Eton? The stuff for the jungle is made at the English dinner-tables. It's knives and forks that does it," he added more lightly. He had a wholesome fear of sounding sententious, and when a man has a consuming idea and skirts it ever so narrowly, sententiousness is likely to be the result.

Her intent gaze had not wavered from his face, although her color had returned. It was almost as if she had divined the presence of a consuming idea and was inclined to treat it with respect, so grave was her demeanor. Yet how could she? Almost he laughed, as the force of his purpose swept through him and shook him with the irony of the contrast. Knives and forks indeed! It was of them that she was speaking.

"I wish," she said slowly, "I wish you would tell me what you mean. And I like to hear about—Over-There—Africa."

Stannard hesitated just an appreciable moment before replying. His brown left hand toyed with a wine-glass. His right was hidden beneath the table. But his heavy-lidded eyes hid his thoughts, better indeed than the soft voice that could be so like a tiger's purr.

"Just what I mean by 'knives and forks'?" he said at length, as if debating. He looked at the substitute sidewise out of narrowed lids, tiger-like. Then he flashed his disarming smile upon her and continued easily:

"Sounds idiotic, doesn't it? Man gets to thinking, though, Over-There. Lots of time to think—too much, sometimes. The whys and the wherefores get mixed up and then—why, if knives and forks won't hold him straight, down he goes."

"Principle, you mean?" she queried.

"Principle? Oh, no, that goes first of all," he said, smiling. "Habit, I suppose you'd call it, like wearing a top-hat to church. Only, Over-There, churches are not, while dinner, in some form or other, ye have always with you. Why, I knew a man"—he gazed gravely at his salad as he spoke—"he lived three days from the coast, and such a coast—and such a three days! The only white man he ever saw was a—a trader who came up about once a month. He had to go up 'by bearer,' like a telegram, and every time they had to cut a new road for him. But that man, the one who lived up-country, dressed for dinner every night of the world—taught one of the native women to starch his shirts—and had knives and forks to eat with. He died of fever, of course, but at least he died white. Knives and forks, you see."

"But why not morals, principles?" she asked a little tremulously; "why do you call it habit—just knives and forks?"

"Because it wasn't morals," Stannard persisted. "Look here. There was the slave trade, black ivory, you know. He knew it went on. He wasn't responsible, nor official, and he couldn't help it. But he didn't report it and, well, there was considerable—they call it *bukshish* in Egypt."

"Oh!" she cried, revolted.

"Just so," he nodded, "but don't get the wrong idea of him. It's a terrible country, a pulverizin' country, and yet he didn't do anything that—well, that unfitted him, by his code, to sit down to dinner again in England. That's what he lived for—to come home and go out to dinner. Habit, you see, clearly."

Her partner on the other side claimed her joyously at this point, so Stannard again devoted himself to his dinner, and

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to exchanging perfunctory remarks with the débutante which did not in the least interrupt the seething torrent of memory released by the touch of the old wild life.

With the dessert the substitute turned again to him. Her temporary recess had steadied her, and her eyes were colder, but her voice still shook as she began abruptly:

"I suppose what you mean by habit is what Kipling calls 'the steadying influence of tradition.' But I think you're claiming far too much for 'knives and forks.'" She laughed a little, nervously, to keep the intensity out of her voice. "Habits aren't all good ones, and civilization has its cruelties. How about the unsteadying influence of bad tradition?"

His pause of deliberation had something in it to her weary brain marvellously like the crouch of the tiger, and her excited thoughts even read something sinister into the gleam of amusement that shot sidewise from under the heavy lids as he said:

"You've hit the centre of the matter there. Civilization *has* its cruelties, and they're far and away beyond what a—slave-trader would dream of. For instance"—he paused again, and his soft voice purred yet more softly—"my family motto is 'Fair or foul, we strike.' Sweet sentiment, isn't it? You see, knives and forks prove not only that we're civilized animals, but that we're carnivorous as well, and Over-There it shows, that's all. As you're fond of Kipling, let me quote a familiar line:

"'"We are very little changed——"'"

She stopped him with a little gesture of pain. Her untasted dinner belied her first claim of hunger, or it bespoke strong emotion now. Her brown shoulders were rigid, her hand, lying on the table, was tensely passive.

"You must have had a terrible time, Over-There," she said, in a low voice that sounded tired, "and you must have met terrible people—wrecks. There are such, as I know. But there are men, too. I knew one." Her eyes grew bright, her face shone, and her voice was stronger. "It wasn't just habit with him. The soul was noble. Every one saw it. His blacks loved him. I—he was my friend. He wasn't like that." She stopped abruptly.

Stannard was watching her intently, and when he spoke, very gently, it was with a curious sort of regret in his voice, almost a reluctance.

"You may be right," he said; "I'd like to think you were. Let me tell you one thing more, about a man I knew, who died, yes, because he hadn't reckoned with—knives and forks."

His jungle glance went slowly up and down the table, then he turned a little so that he could see her and went on.

"It isn't a pretty story. He was up-country, shooting, in Nayaland, with another man. They were friends, great pals, and they thought about alike, only, one of them carried a knife and fork in his kit, and the other—ate with his fingers, so to speak. So these two shot big game and ate it, each in his chosen way, until one day a slave-gang went through. Now, these men weren't official, of course, any more than the other man I told you about, but Knife-and-Fork had a sort of general commission——"

"From the governor-general," breathed the girl, leaning forward.

"That could be made to cover the case by a little stretching, which would never be called in question if they were successful," Stannard went on, scarcely hearing the interruption; "so he decided to interfere—there were women in the bunch—and finally Fingers consented to help. He didn't mind, y' know, only it was hot weather, and it did seem a deuce of a lot of trouble for—I beg your pardon. Oh, well, as I said, it's a pulverizin' country.

"Of course, the trader cut up rough, and there was a bit of a scrimmage. But both of the Englishmen stuck to it and held their 'boys' together. So at last it was settled with only a few—er—casualties, and there was a weepin', shiverin' string of blacks to dispose of. Of course, they were miles from home. Of course, the two Englishmen couldn't exactly convoy 'em there. But they were from one village, as usual, and fortunately their headman was with 'em. He had some more sense than the rest, so finally Knife-and-Fork decided and conveyed to him that they were to run along home, the Englishmen furnishin' meat to feed 'em

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Drawn by Alonzo Kimball.

Stannard was watching her intently . . . then he turned a little so that he could see her and went on.—Page 670.

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by the way. Fingers grumbled a little about spoilin' the kill, but it was settled, and about sundown they started off."

Stannard shifted in his chair. Almost it seemed as if the big, brown man were nervous.

"All but one girl," he said, quite softly. The girl at his side made a little movement of protest.

"I told you it wasn't a pretty story," said Stannard, smiling a little sourly; "decidedly not a dinner story. Do you want to hear it, really?"

She bowed her head and he went on, more rapidly, as the cheese and coffee appeared.

"She was overcome with gratitude, that girl. A bold piece, and pretty, too. She hid in the cane until the rest were gone, then she burst into the tent and threw herself at the feet of Knife-and-Fork, who, of course, had been spokesman. Between them the men managed to make out that she'd lost her husband in the fight and it was their fault, and they had to protect her. Cheek, wasn't it? and she had no home and no friends, and they'd saved her life, and she'd be their servant, their dog—oh, you can't imagine and you needn't know all she had to say. Finally Knife-and-Fork got a word in edgewise and managed to tell her that she couldn't stay and that she must run right quick after the tribe or she'd never find them. Of course, he never consulted with Fingers—took it for granted, don't you see? Habit again. But just as the girl was beginning to scream and carry on, she caught Fingers's eye and—he winked at her. I don't think he really meant to at all. Habit, that's all—not caring how or where he ate.

"Knife-and-Fork noticed that she quieted down very quickly, and he was just uneasy enough to send him peering around the dining-tent that night when Fingers didn't show up. And then—well, there was another scrimmage. The girl caught Knife-and-Fork's hand and bit it like a mad dog, and Fingers had a revolver he wanted to use. Knife-and-Fork could feel it in the dark, and of course it wouldn't do to have any noise. So he reached up on the table and grabbed a knife, and made one slash at Fingers's fist—caught him right across the knuckles. He dropped the revolver, but the next minute the girl had it and it went off. The report knocked—er—Knife-and-Fork off his feet, but when he got up and struck a light the girl was gone, and—it wasn't Knife-and-Fork who had the bullet in him."

The substitute faced him, gray-white, panting a little.

"You—how did you know this? Who are you?"

"I'm Stannard," he said in a surprised tone. "You surely——"

"How do you know? It can't be. Nayaland, the slave-gang, the fight for the girl—it's all there, but so hideously different. Who were the men? Tell me. I have a right to know. See, Lady Norland is signalling. Are you *afraid* to tell me?"

Stannard's brows were knitted as if in deep thought. He turned to her with a puzzled frown as she rose. Her eyes flashed down to his brown left hand, resting on the chair-back as he stood beside her.

"Your right," she said imperiously. "Show me your right hand."

He looked at her steadily.

"I don't show it," he said, shortly. "It is scarred as you wouldn't care to see a hand scarred." He hesitated. "Teeth make an ugly scar," he ended slowly.

She paled visibly, but she held her ground, turning her back on the retreating ladies.

"I can't believe it. Tell me plainly, Mr. Stannard. Can't you see that I must know?"

"Only one man came out of that tent alive," Stannard said, very gently. "The other lies buried in Nayaland. No one else knows—Lady Alice—the true story of Gilbert York-Wessington's death."

She swayed a little at the name, like a man reached in the battle by the bullet that has been seeking him. Then she straightened herself gallantly, faced him, and said:

"I thank you for telling me. It was right that I should know."

Stannard stood gazing after her, a curious, baffled expression in his eyes. He was roused by a smart tap from Lady Norland's fan as she followed the ladies up-stairs.

"Well, well, Gerald, moon-struck?

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What have you been doing to Alice? She's like a ghost. Wasn't it luck, her coming? I'd quite given her up. It's a blessing for me that Evelyn Laleham didn't appear, too. Well, I hope you're satisfied. What do you think of her?"

"Lady Alice Jernynham? So that was really she?" Stannard stood silent a moment. "I thought you said she wasn't coming? That was why she was so interested in Africa."

"I should think so," cried Lady Norland. "Heavens, I hope after all the trouble I took, you didn't waste time thinking her a substitute? Oh, that's too bad of you, Gerald. And I devoutly hope you didn't talk Africa all the time. We're just succeeding now in getting her to go out a little since poor York-Wessington's noble death. Ah. you were out there, weren't you? Such a fine young fellow. Did you notice her dress? Half-mourning still. So unbecoming. Now don't smoke all night, wretches."

Beaming upon her husband and Stannard, who stood on either side of the door, she disappeared. Stannard strolled back to the table in deep thought. Somehow the sense of elation, of satisfied purpose, he had expected to feel, were lacking. He had staked all on the girl's identity, and he had won, and no one knew, but his winning left him cold and sullen. His hands tightened on the back of the chair as he drew it out slowly, and the candles flashed on a very white, very thin, very straight scar running diagonally across the knuckles of his right hand, the sort of scar made by a thin, sharp blade, a steel table-knife, for instance.

THE ADVENTURER

By Nelson Lloyd

ILLUSTRATIONS BY REGINALD B. BIRCH

ON the night which was to mark the beginning of my great adventure we were sitting in the library. Janet was knitting swiftly and steadily on a sweater for Bobbie, and I was reading aloud the last pages of the log of the *Jeannette*, the broken entries made in that dreadful battle with the snows of Siberia. Suddenly she dropped her yarn and my chase across the room in pursuit of the ball gave her an opportunity to break in.

"This is not a cheerful way to spend our oneevening at home this week. Don't you think it would be nice to try some love stories for a while?"

I was astonished.

Hitherto Janet had always listened to my evening reading not only with patience, but apparently with interest. Now I glanced along the library shelves, taking a quick survey of the literary road that we had travelled since our marriage, through Du Chaillu, Livingstone, Baker, Stanley, Burton—a glorious company—names that brought to mind at once sturdy figures in furs, brown faces peering from beneath cork helmets, sky-lines pierced with countless minarets of ice, and still pools with hippopotami feeding in them. From these Janet would turn to sentimentality and fiction! Such a change of mood nettled me. I closed the book, lighted a cigar, and stood with my back to the fire, looking down at her.

"Harrowing—yes," I said. "But it is better to read of the exploits and trials of real men than of the imaginary ones of romance. Now, those fellows"—I waved a hand toward the books—"did something worth while. I have always wanted to do something myself—something aside from the infernal routine of business. Indeed, in my heart I have always been a 'gentleman rover.'" I liked this last term, having come across it in a work on certain adventurous spirits who spent their lives wandering and fighting. "The trouble is, I have never been allowed to

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"Harrowing—yes," I said.—Page 673.

rove. When I was younger I couldn't afford it."

"And now?" inquired Janet.

"And now I am married."

"I am sorry to be a millstone around your neck," returned Janet, with a show of fire. "Why did you marry me?"

"Because I could not help it," I explained. "Had not Stanley explored the Congo, I am sure that I should have eventually done so myself—that is, had I not met you. But I wanted you more than the Congo, and here we are. In the books that I have been reading to you I have in a way been giving vent to my love of adventure, trying to turn our minds a little from the humdrum of our lives. And how humdrum they really are! One-third of mine is taken up with manufacturing pig-iron; one-third of yours with the baby; one-third is spent in sleep; and the rest seeing the same people day after day, winter and summer, talking the same things. Now look at Burton"—I waved a hand toward the shelf where his record reposed. "Going to Mecca was rough work, but the trip was interesting—always exciting. Or come down to the present—there is my friend Montgomery McTague——"

"That horrible man!" Janet exclaimed, looking up from her knitting.

"To me he is interesting," I returned, undisturbed. "He is always doing something worth while. I met him to-day and he tells me that within a week he will start for the Balkan War."

"To me he is a bore," said Janet with asperity. "Remember the toothpick—the horrible old carved Chinese toothpick that Prince Ching gave him at the time

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of the Boxer trouble. He never comes here that he does not show it to me and tell me its history. I wish you would not quote him so much."

Perhaps I do quote McTague a good deal, but he is really a "gentleman rover," the only one I know. To me he is not only interesting, but he is useful, for it is always easy to break into the formless waste of a dinner conversation with "Montgomery McTague was here the other night and was telling me of his visit to the Ameer of Afghanistan," or "McTague gave me a very graphic account of the massacres in Tripoli." Then the woman at my hand is sure to cry with enthusiasm: "Do you really know him? Please tell me all about him."

Had I attempted to tell my own wife all about him, we should have had our first quarrel. With womanly prejudice she associated him with one event and one thing, the Boxer War and Prince Ching's toothpick. When all too rarely he came to the house, she knitted; if he addressed her, she smiled, but I do not think that he noticed this coldness, for he did talk rather uninterruptedly. That I forbore to remonstrate with her was because I suspected her dislike of him to arise from a fear that he would awaken in me discontent with a life that, beside his, was so prosaic. So usually I never troubled to defend him, but now I had to justify myself in quoting him.

"McTague leads a natural life," I said. "A natural man lives on excitement—is only happy when hunting, fighting, or sleeping. McTague has excitement in going from war to war. We seek it as violently and get a poor counterpart—dinners, dancing, auction——"

"I should think he would settle down," Janet broke in.

My lips curled. "No man of acute mind and body ever settles down. He is held down by obligations—by his wife and family. I am not saying that his condition may not be happy. What I do say is that sometime he will have a vague longing to break from the conventions of years and return to an original state of wild living." Janet was looking up at me with a strange, quiet smile in her eyes, and I, being well content that she was comprehending me without offence, proceeded: "Now, there is this about McTague——"

In the depths of the house the door-bell rang, and I hurried out to the stairs and peering into the lower hall saw there the last man in the world that I should have expected at that moment, my friend Laurence Bayne.

"Well, after five years it is a pleasure to see you again!" I cried, as I shook his hand.

"And a real honor, too, Jim," he returned laughing. "I am just in from Boston to-day—go aboard the *Mauretania* to-night, as we sail early. I am off for Africa."

"You lucky dog!" I exclaimed.

"And how are Mrs. Bayne and the children?" asked Janet, when she had settled back to her knitting.

Over Bayne's shoulders I frowned at her reprovingly, for that very morning I had heard that his wife had had papers served on him and had taken herself and all the children to her father's home in Chicago. His friends had declared that the fault was hers—that she had come to love art more than her husband, and had forgotten him in a competition over a statue for a Chicago park. Her friends averred that the fault was his—that since their marriage he had been constantly away from home on all kinds of fatuous and aimless expeditions.

The inquiry naturally embarrassed Bayne, and for a moment he was silent. Then he recovered himself with a polite "Very well, thank you," and dropping into a chair passed quickly from his affairs to mine.

"You are the lucky chap," he said, as he lighted a cigar and surveyed the comforts of the room. "Prosperity agrees with you, too: you have grown rotund—and, Jim, who would ever have dreamed of you becoming fat and prosperous, one of the greatest producers of pig-iron in the country—you, who at college never did anything but read of explorations and adventures and never went out of doors without a pocket compass! And I, who worked so hard at practical things like chemistry—here I am off for a wandering trip in the jungle just to kill time."

"You lucky dog!" said I. "That is just what I had always planned to do—to cross Africa, say in Stanley's footsteps."

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"Exactly my intention," returned Bayne. "You see, I was in Uganda three years ago, and the life kind of got into my blood. So this time I plan a longer trip."

"From Bagamoyo to Victoria Nyanza," I cried, rubbing my hands with delight. "Then to——"

"No—from Mombasa by rail now," he corrected. "Then around the lake, down to Tanganyika—then across——"

"To the headwaters of the Congo!" I was pacing the room in my excitement. "You will want a boat there, a sectional boat. I have just the thing for you."

"A what?" demanded Bayne.

I made no reply, but from my desk took out a great roll of paper and spread it there for him to see.

He put on his glasses, and with a slight frown darkening his face studied it.

"It is a sectional boat," I explained, running my fingers over the blue-print. "A great improvement on Stanley's—papier-maché—lighter to carry—forty sections in all—each can be used as a knapsack and fits on the back of a porter—the whole together is thirty feet long——"

"And a Chinese puzzle besides," drawled Bayne. "Look here, Jim, when did you work that thing out?"

"Before I was married," I answered. "But it's of no use to me now. Maybe you can use the idea."

For a while Bayne stared at the blue-print, but he seemed to make nothing of it. Then he turned to Janet. Her back was to us, and she was sitting very quietly, her eyes intent on the needles. From her his gaze wandered around the room, in a queer way I thought, and when this aimless tour had ended it rested on me.

"Jim," he said, "you must come with me. But I don't think we shall bother about the sectional boat."

"Go with you!" I cried; then I folded up my precious plan, as though with it I folded up all my hopes and with it laid them away in the desk. "There is nothing I'd rather do, Larry, but I can't. Five years ago I might have, but now there are Janet and Bobbie."

I turned to Janet expectantly, for I felt that this self-sacrifice of mine would bring some show of appreciation, but if she felt any gratitude it was very casually expressed.

"You need not bother about us, Jim, if you really want to go," she said, and, turning to the desk, took up pad and pencil. "Larry, I understand that you are going straight to London."

"For a month, to fit out with such things as I cannot get in Mombasa," he said.

"What is your address there?" she went on quietly.

Bayne looked surprised. "Going to correspond with me?" he asked.

"What in the world do you want with Larry's address?" I demanded.

"Please do not interrupt," replied Janet in a tone of gentle insistence. "Come, Larry, I am waiting."

"The Imperial Muffin Company Bank, Threadneedle Street," Bayne answered, with a hesitation born of wonder.

"But, Janet," I repeated, as I saw her noting his reply so carefully, "what in the world do you want with Bayne's address?"

"Sometime, perhaps, I shall tell you," she said quietly, and, dropping the paper into her knitting-bag, she turned to the sweater and seemed to forget us in the flying needles.

Still I was not satisfied. There was in her manner something mysterious and unusual, but I had to wait until Bayne had gone before I could press my inquiry farther.

"Why did I want Larry's address?" she said, and rising she placed a hand on each of my shoulders and looked up at me. "Because I am going to send you to Africa with him."

"Nonsense!" I cried. "Do you suppose I am going to leave you and Bobbie?"

"For a little while—only for a year or two," she returned smiling. "We will not be a millstone around your neck any longer."

"A millstone?"

"Yes, a millstone. All your life, Jim, you have wanted to have a real adventure, and now the opportunity has come. You don't have to worry about business—just about Bobbie and me, and we can get along all right."

"That is all well enough," I replied with heat. "But how about me? Won't you worry about me?"

"No," she replied, laughing gayly. "I know you too well, Jim. I have too much

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"Oh, how I should love to see you in khaki, with a cork helmet and a gun."

confidence in you. Why, if a man who has done what you have done in the iron business can't walk across Africa without being eaten up, I shall be disappointed in you."

"You seem anxious to be rid of me, Janet."

"You know better. I only want you to be happy, and I know you never will be happy until you have had some great adventure—like McTague. Look at your books." Her hand swept the shelves. "How in the world you made a success in business, I don't understand. Why, a hundred years ago you would have been a pirate. I have suspected that for a long time, but to-night when I saw that plan of a boat I realized how you longed to get away from our humdrum life. Then I made up my mind. I am going to send a wireless to Larry Bayne in the morning, telling him that you are sailing on the next steamer."

"But there is no time," I protested. "Think of all I have to get—guns, ammunition, tinned things——"

"Now, don't be obstinate," Janet admonished. "You know well enough that you can get everything you want in London. You will be there three weeks, and anyway I shall cable Larry to go ahead and buy what you need—he knows."

"It is absurd—impossible!" I cried, and turning to the fireplace I stood there smoking fiercely.

"Not at all," she said, settling down on the arm of her big chair. "It is all very easy and delightful. Oh, how I should love to see you in khaki, with a cork helmet and a gun, threading your way through the jungle with a long trail of beaters and porters following you, Jim!"

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It was an appealing picture, but I brushed it aside. "And how proud I shall be, Jim, when people ask me where you are and I can say, 'Somewhere at the head of the Congo shooting elephants'—so much nicer than to say you have gone to Pittsburg to look after the furnaces! You know I am tired of having just a business man for a husband."

This was a presentation of the case unexpected and startling. Wearied as I was with the humdrum routine of life, it had never come to my mind that deep in a woman's heart there could be this same love of adventure, that even though her part could only be watching and waiting there might be in these something akin to action. Why, even in the parting the pain would be overmatched by the happiness in the hope of the meeting. And what a meeting after the long separation! I could see Janet waiting for me when, having braved a thousand dangers in the Dark Continent, I sprang down the ship's gangway to take her into my arms.

Now I sat down at her side on the arm of the great chair.

"I will go," I said. "Never before have I realized what a bore a business man must be to a woman of adventurous spirit. You really do prefer a gentleman rover."

"At last you understand," said she, turning a smiling face to mine. "Why, Jim, I could almost wish that there were some downtrodden people that you could fight for and free. You see I know you so well that I could trust you anywhere."

To me, standing by the rail of the *Tyrannic* as she slipped out of her dock, the depth of this trust was rather disconcerting. Of course, I did not want my wife to weep and make a scene, but a few tears in her eyes as we parted would have comforted me. Instead, I had only cheerful injunctions about my health, admonitions to walk steadily while on shipboard to reduce my weight and to get myself in condition for the jungle journey, cautions to take quinine at the first tremor of a chill, and regulations as to the weights of flannels.

And yet, said I to myself, Janet is always wonderful in her self-control; possibly she will break down when she gets home; but what a brave spirit she has, to stand this way, so straight, so trim, so smiling, gayly waving her muff, while I sail off to face a thousand perils—wild men, and wild beasts, and strange contagions—cholera, the tsetse fly, and sleeping-sickness.

To conquer such disagreeable thoughts I sought my stateroom and the business of unpacking my travelling-trunk. As luck would have it, the first thing I took from the tray was the sole article of my hunting equipment with which I was as yet provided—a neat folding leather frame which I spread along the table before me, disclosing on one side three pictures of Janet and on the other three of Bobbie. As I sat there smoking, staring at them as though by force of will I would bring them from the frame in flesh and blood to speak to me, I began to cast up in my mind the home relations of those fine old heroes of mine, how many were bachelors, how many married men. The latter seemed in a singular minority, and their minds were growing incomprehensible to me, when I saw the tower of Sandy Hook slipping by my window, telling me how long I had been sitting in this useless and unhappy speculation. So I shook myself from my despondency and turned my face in truth to Africa, striding the deck for mile after mile to get my legs in trim for the jungle. When I paused for rest I stood by the forward rail with eyes intent on the glorious mysteries that lay beyond the horizon. How good was this free life to which I was going! How good it was to be away at last from the old humdrum routine! How much better really to act than to read the stories of men of action! Near me, as I turned to walk again, I spied a very ridiculous pair of travellers, evidently an aged man with a youthful bride who seemed to trust their backs to hide their sentimental play from the row of staring loungers in the chairs. There is little pleasure in a lonely laugh. The picture was just such a one as Janet would enjoy, for her sense of humor was wonderfully sympathetic, and I hurried down the deck to get her. Then I remembered. And with a sigh I took up my stride to harden my muscles for the trials ahead.

. . . . . .

Bayne was enthusiastic about my coming. The letter from him which I received at Queenstown was full of the hyperbole of delight. But as I read it I was

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conscious of an irritation at the haste with which he was arranging my affairs for me. He had set to work at once on receiving Janet's messages, and had gathered nearly all the necessary equipment; indeed, there was little left for me to do but to fit myself with guns and ammunition. He had even had a cable from Mombasa, from Boggs, who managed his last safari, and Boggs assured him that by the time we reached the East Coast in March everything would be ready for our start. Two weeks in London at the outside were all we should need, he believed, and we should be in Mombasa by the 26th.

This man is mad, said I, crumpling up his letter. When I undertake to do a thing I do it with deliberation. And when the thing I am about to do is the thing to which I have been looking all my life, I surely will not be seized bodily in this fashion and hurled into it. There was no necessity in cutting short our stay in London when we were to be away for nearly two years. Two years! Why, it seemed to me that already I had been away half of my allotted time, and yet the green coast now slipping so quietly by was only Ireland, and I was ruminating on how long it would seem until the same coast slipped before my eyes again, in this same way, only on the starboard beam, when a steward handed me the first word from home in endless days.

"Bobbie and I are well and happy. Enjoy yourself thoroughly."

An astonishing woman, this wife of mine, I said, as I climbed to the topmost deck of the ship and looked westward over her seething wake. How could those two be well and happy after five such interminable days of separation? If this were true, it was high time that I abandoned all my fine plans for great adventure and hurried home to teach them how really indispensable I should be. If it were not true, what a brute I was to pamper myself with lions, elephants, and rhinos, with the joys of the wild, while they dragged through miserable months of loneliness! There was my pride? But for Bayne I need have had no pride, yet I could see him waiting for me beside the vast pile of stores which he had accumulated—the tents, the collapsible cots and tables, the medicine-chests and tinned foods, and I felt myself being carried on by an irresistible power. My own past had me in its grip, as though, by virtue of those evenings when I had read so delightedly to Janet of the exploits of Stanley, of Burton and Baker, I must fulfil my roving destiny. But I vowed that when I did get home we would take up fiction exclusively—Dickens, Thackeray, and their kind. If only I could be home now, reading them! In that thought I forgot Bayne and the wonderful camp equipment, for I saw a dark room with all the windows open wide; the winter wind hurled through it, rattling the pictures wildly on their wires; and in the single ray of light shining through a crack in the door was a crib and a muffled figure—just a small nose and one small hand peeping above the covers; he is probably dreaming, said I, of a father wandering about the regions of Lake Tanganyika. And from him I turned and peered through the crack in the door to see the books, all my old friends—Stanley, and Burton, and Baker, the whole glorious company—and in the big chair, knitting——

Then I laughed. How well she did know me! For soon, across the sea, by wireless and by cable, while I stood on the topmost deck with eyes watching the long, seething wake of the ship, there flashed this message:

"I have been through the Dark Continent and return home by the *Tyrannic*.

"Your Gentleman Rover."

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· THE POINT OF VIEW ·

IN these days of the placarding of *Safety First* and the juxtaposition of *safe* and *sane*, is a voice necessarily that of a madman if it be heard in the land singing the praises of danger and risk? With all our laws and movements and committees for the elimination from our daily life of all chances unfavorable to life, limb, health, and property are we in no danger of saving the body at the expense of the spirit? Too great security breeds weaklings, and too nervous a regard for physical safety is not only craven but ultimately unwise. Our nation, if it is to be great and free, must set high value on the courage, resourcefulness, and high spirit of the individual citizen. Now, courage is nourished on dangers coped with, and the prudent soul that always "plays safe" cannot be called high or noble. Our evolution up to this point has always been conditioned by the need of self-preservation in the face of innumerable enveloping dangers; the creature that hesitated to take chances or always avoided threatened injury soon ceased to exist, either as species or individual. Hence, our bodies, our minds, our very spirits have been evolved, in part, at least, to fulfil this function of coping with some kind of danger. For what purpose our eyes, our ears, our nerves, our muscles, our sense of right and wrong? A removal, then, from our environment of this element of danger tends to be followed by degeneracy and atrophy in all parts of our natures. Indeed, in modern life we are prone to become stall-fed in body and spirit. This we tacitly confess in our passion for sport, which is essentially mimic hunting or war, for gambling of all sorts, and for the vicarious adventure of romantic fiction.

A Plea for Danger.

But let us define terms a bit. By salutary danger I do not mean that it is better for one's body to be standing in the tenth-story window of a burning building than in a park, a kitchen, or a billiard-room. I would not have us cease to take all reasonable precautions against unnecessary accidents. What I do say, however, is that the presence of danger of any sort stabs us wide awake and makes us function more completely, and that in an ideal commonwealth, institutions and the surroundings of daily life are not fool-proof, but rather the citizens are no fools. We should not go out of our way to create or encourage sources of danger, but we should do well to appreciate and profit by that which is now with us.

Safety and comfort are, naturally, among the aims of civilization, but it is the decadent society that is characterized by the excess of ease and security. When these become the chief concern of the people, it is evidence that individuals throughout the commonwealth are selfish and materialistic, that is, that decay is preparing if not already begun. Therefore would I welcome each rebuff that turns earth's smoothness rough; life that is living must be hazardous, cannot be easy and safe.

Am I not right about the fulness, the liveness of the dangerous life? Compare, for example, your physical, mental, and spiritual states in the two situations, one as you saunter at ease along the sidewalk, the other as you cross the street at a busy corner, watching your chance to dodge an automobile, anticipate a trolley-car, and elude a motorcycle. Which is more lifelike? In which state is your being functioning more completely? Which approximates more nearly the conditions under which human life was evolved? There lies my point. Danger to or risk of life and limb, and indeed of less tangible things, such as reputation and even character, is a necessary element in the ideal environment for the production of efficient, active, progressive men and women. Character is formed by the succession and sum of one's choices as much in the matter of courage as any other virtue; we need training in bravery as we need it in honesty, purity, temperance. We need to have behind us a past full of smaller dangers manfully faced and humbly learned from, in order courageously to cope with the great crisis that may at any time confront us. We need to have a modicum of the gambling spirit, the willingness to stake much or all on something not at all a "sure thing," in order to come off with credit from any enterprise, be it politics or business, love or exploration. We need experience in injuries and losses in order that when the Angel of

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the Darker Drink offers us the cup of death, or disgrace, or lost love, we may be schooled not to shrink from the draught with frantic outcry, or unmanly wailing, or imbecile revolt against fact.

I hold that the athlete who has taken a broken arm philosophically, the broker who can with fortitude contemplate the market going against him, the mother who can bravely send her son out into the world to take his chances among all its temptations and dangers—such are, in a sense, prepared to conduct themselves decorously and worthily in the final great issues of life.

But, besides the practical side, the pedagogical function of danger, there is its stimulative and purifying action. Is not a peril faced and passed a great uplift to mind and spirit, a straining away of the trivial and superficial, a clear setting forth of the real and permanent values in life? Consider the thoughts and feelings of the most flippant in a heavy thunder-storm; "the fear of the Lord" becomes a pregnant phrase even to us moderns, and we echo the words of Horace: *Cælo tonantem credidimus Jove Regnare.* Does not the vainest flirt become sincere after an escape from drowning? Is not a sudden cry of "Fire!" from Praxiteles to Sherlock Holmes, the world-old test of the dearest object of a man's or a woman's affections? Is there not, moreover, a kind of *catharsis*, as Aristotle would say, in a danger with difficulty overcome? If you have ever narrowly missed death, sudden, or otherwise, you know how your soul is at once abased with a sense of your powerlessness (and possibly folly) and lifted up by the feeling of life still present, which is near to a sense of the goodness of God. You remember that it was only to make him think that there was no danger that Mistress Quickly told Sir John not to think of God yet.

We see then that while our "progress" aims ever at safety and tries to make every circumstance of life assured and free from chance of unpleasantness, the past history of our race indicates that it is necessary to the well-being of the individual and of the state as well, the moral and spiritual well-being as much as the physical and material, that our environment be spiced with danger of all sorts. It is the ideal of civilization, I hope and believe, that the human race shall be composed of perfect men, ready to perform and endure whatever is written in the scroll, *in utrumque parati*, rather than that our environment shall be so completely policed and mechanized that nothing of unpleasantness shall intrude. There might be some hope, it is true, of applying man's intelligence to the production of a peaceful, diseaseless, chanceless society, with no accidents and no risks, if only man could be made to feel that such a commonwealth was worth living in, and if only there were not certain forces and phenomena beyond man's control or foreseeing, which, fatal, or fortuitous, or providential, make of life a chancy affair at best. The action of the elements is ever uncertain and by no means always propitious to humanity. Death comes to all; birth likewise is a process fraught with danger. Wealth and health are seldom perfectly stable. Honor and reputation and friendship depend on that most unpredictable element, human nature. Love, which comprises so large a share of human happiness, is very largely a matter of chance in its inception and development, and its tenure can be safeguarded by no certain precaution.

Then, since, when all that man can do has been done, three-fourths of life's affairs are necessarily exposed to all sorts of danger, it is better not to seek so feverishly for external safety. That smacks of the craven. Were it not more fitting free agents in a great republic to fortify themselves from within? Were it not better that they follow the examples of their evolutionary predecessors and use the dangers that beset them as the means to bodies agile and fully conscious, to minds alert and resourceful, and, above all, for it is soul that makes man human, to spirits steady, courageous, and sincere, God-fearing in worthy humility?

Fashion Notes.

IT seems to be the general impression that comment upon dress should be confined to the pages of the fashion sheets and so-called "women's" magazines. I do not think it should. In these days of factory-made clothing, when large incomes and industries are dependent on the interest women take in dress, the subject is one of very wide importance.

It is to be expected that we hear much criticism and ridicule. The absurdity of women's apparel has been a by-word for generations; it has always been the fashion

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to sigh for the good old days of feminine modesty—I suppose it always will be. But let those who bewail the "evils of modern dress" (after peeping into some of the fashion magazines where plentiful examples of the Futurist-Contortionist school of art purport to represent the modes of the day) remember that instead of fashion it is more often the ignorant abuse of fashion which is to blame. There is much beside dress where the line between the beautiful and the ridiculous, the good and the bad, is of a hair's breadth.

All over the world national and class costumes are giving way to Paris styles. I don't believe this is so much due to the light-mindedness of our modern civilization having penetrated to small communities, as it is to the sudden eagerness of these small communities to compete with the great social and industrial centres, and the increased opportunities among the lower classes, especially in our own country, for rising to a higher social level.

Whatever the economists may say about the high cost of living, the extravagance of women, and the inability of young men to marry, the badge of fashion is, in the eyes of the world, the emblem of prosperity and progress. All working men and women know that the more prosperous they appear the better positions they are able to ask for. Far from being ridiculous, I think the figure of the little shop-girl or apprentice who, with aching back and smarting eyes, sits sewing beneath a gas-jet far into the night in order that her scanty wardrobe may look "up to date," is very pitiable indeed.

We are all doing that in a great or less degree—straining to echo the *dernier cri* so we shall not be left behind. We hardly accustom ourselves to a style before it is out of style. We have come to regard the edicts of Paris as law.

But now, when the speed of the shifting fashions has taken on kaleidoscopic proportions; now, when the chase has never seemed so hot, I am sure I hear murmurs of revolt. An ever-growing majority of our women are beginning to vindicate their reputation for independence and assert a will of their own. Already there is much talk about "American styles for American women." It is going further.

Had I the gift of organizing I would venture on a crusade to-morrow. I would bend the efforts now expended on "making over" toward the creation of artistic, though not necessarily expensive, clothes, designed to show to advantage the wearer's best points. Each woman would be at liberty to follow her own inclination as to comfort, style, color, and fabric, and each would, as a result, be appropriately and individually gowned. The incentive toward self-expression would be greater than the anxiety to ape one's neighbor, and the style motive would automatically disappear. I cannot see that this would cripple any of the industries either; their products would simply take a different form.

Strange though it might seem, for my captains and lieutenants in this campaign I would enlist the heads of the great Parisian and Viennese houses. They are artists, and if a chance is given them to design for the woman instead of for the exponent of fashion, they do so with only half an eye to style and an eye and a half to suitability and type. Any one who has seen their portrait costumes will attest their art in this.

Of course, we could not all patronize them any more than we do now; but imagine the relief to the rest of us to feel we need no longer struggle to be in the fashion when we have neither the inclination nor the money, and would much rather dress as we please. I think we should please to look as well as possible, since that seems to be our nature, and if some of us were unfortunate in our selections and looked like freaks (which there would be little reason for, with such a wealth of choice) it would be no more than what we are accused of as a body under present conditions.

Not many of us really want to spend all our time and thought on dress—criticism to the contrary. We American women are busy folk nowadays, and when we go to the trouble and expense of securing a pretty and becoming gown we want to keep on wearing it, in all the consciousness of being well dressed, until it is worn out.

The day when we shall be able to do this is not far off. Few of those criers-out against us slaves of fashion will agree with me, but there are many others who will, because they know it, too.

After all, the most hopeful feature of these remarks of mine is that they are not original; they are only a sign of the times.

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· THE FIELD OF ART ·

Norham Castle on the Tweed. By J. M. W. Turner.
A plate from the "Liber Studiorum."
Illustrations reproduced by the courtesy of the New York Public Library.

MEZZOTINTING FOR THE PAINTER

MEZZOTINT is an art that has its own well-defined characteristics and its own particular charm and appeal. It is distinctly different from even those reproductive processes which come nearest to it in effect (stipple, aquatint, and lithography), and fundamentally different from work expressed in line only.

Comparison of the two processes, mezzotint and etching, serves to emphasize the wide inclusiveness of the specialty which we designate by the collective term prints. The etching is an art of the line, in many cases—particularly in modern work—of the line used with elimination of detail, with only suggestion, at most, of tone and texture. The pure mezzotint is without lines, a process of soft outlines, with delicate gradations, dealing only with light and shade, with masses of color values and tones and textures.

These characteristics of mezzotint are based upon the manner of its production. A copper-plate is prepared for mezzotinting by working over it with the toothed edge of an instrument known as a "rocker" or "cradle" until its entire surface is covered by minute incised dots accompanied by a bur. If a plate so roughened were inked and printed from, the resultant print would show only a uniform tint of rich black. Upon a plate so prepared the design is wrought by scraping—much for the high lights and less and less as the darkest blacks are approached. Obviously the strong points of the process lie in the possibilities it offers for obtaining rich, deep blacks, and at the same time the most delicate gradations between these lowest notes and the highest tones of light.

The very name mezzotint brings to mind a definite period in British history and art. A period of distinction and stateliness and grace in social life. These characteristics of the time were reflected and emphasized in the work of a group of brilliant portraitists—Reynolds, Gainsborough, Romney, Lawrence, Hoppner, and their paintings, in turn, were reproduced with engaging and discriminating grace, with distinction of style, flexibility of technique, and individuality of manner by the noted mezzotinters of

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The Right Honorable Lady Elizabeth Compton.
Painted by Sir Joshua Reynolds. Engraved by Valentine Green.

the day. Among them James McArdell, Valentine Green, Thomas Watson, John Raphael Smith, John Jones, James Walker, Richard Earlom.

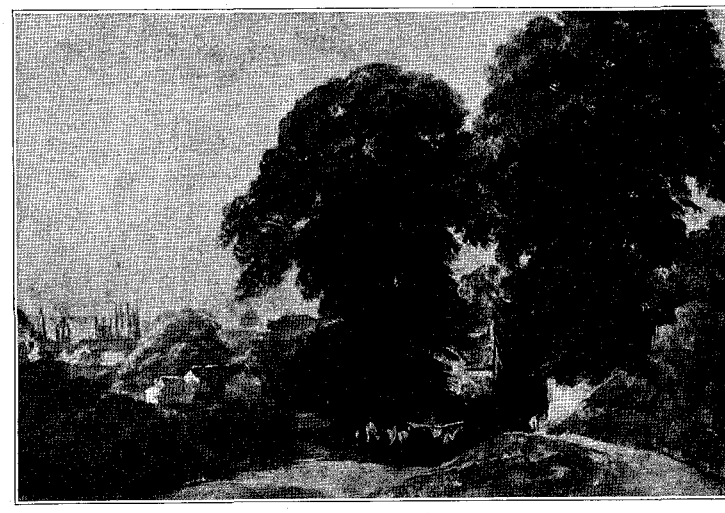
Mezzotint was used not only to copy portraits, but it also mirrored the life and taste of the Britain of that day as shown in the *genre* paintings of Morland and others, in sporting scenes, and even in caricatures. The use of mezzotint as a reproductive art has persisted to this day, both in black-and-white and especially in combination with color printing.

Mezzotint, too, has rich possibilities as an autographic art, a branch of "painter-engraving." Its use as such has, however, not been extensive, probably in part because of certain difficulties in execution, partly also, perhaps, because artists have not found in it the pliancy and freedom of the etching, the expressiveness of the line. But these two processes, the one concerned with suggestion, the other with fulfilment, open out on quite different fields.

It was with the "Liber Studiorum" of J. M. W. Turner that some of the spirit of original production was first felt, although these plates, too, were reproductive. They were, however, built upon a framework of Turner's own etchings, and some of them were mezzotinted by himself, and all of them were executed under his direct supervision. They bear the impress of his artistic personality, and are wonderful in composition, in their range of light effects from the tender shimmer of sunlight to the sombre darkness of storm-swept sky, and in the wide variety of subjects depicted. Indeed, the "Liber" might well be made the starting-point of "painter-mezzotint."

With the activity of Herkomer and Haden, mezzotint became more definitely recognized as a medium to be used by the artist for direct expression, without the intermediation of an engraver. Both practised the art; both wrote of it with enthusiasm and knowledge.

Haden, who availed himself of the incisive



A Road near Oxford.
Engraved by Sir Frank Short after DeWint.

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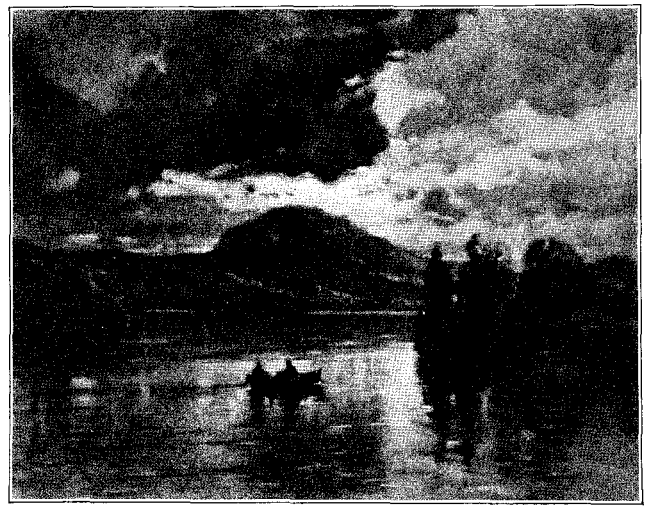
significance of the line in etching, equally well understood the nature of the mezzotint, in its effects of mass and light and shade, its possibilities of expressing, to use his own words, "tonality . . . also breadth, balance, chiaroscuro and . . . aërial perspective." Such painter-like effects he realized with all the suave presentation and vigorous conception of which the process is capable, sometimes in combination with a framework of etching, sometimes in pure mezzotint, as in his "An Early Riser," which represents a stag emerging spectre-like from the swirling morning mists. He valued the appropriateness of the process, with its want of sharp definiteness, for the interpretation of certain subjects and hours and moods. Evening or night effects particularly, not only the strong contrasts of moonlight and shadows, or the sombre gloom of dark night, but also the tender mysteries of waning day passing through sunset and twilight.



Evening, Raquette Lake.

Original mezzotint by James D. Smillie (trial proof).

Haden felt, as did Herkomer, the hindrance which the slowness of the method laid in the way of working directly from nature. To overcome this, he made his studies on sheets of paper rubbed over with charcoal, so as to present a solid black surface, from which he rubbed away the lights.

Sir Frank Short, to-day in the maturity of his power, numbers mezzotinting among the various media which he has employed, finding in each one, as Martin Hardie puts it, "some new value as a means of artistic expression." He has used it for original work, such as "Weary Morn," "Ebb Tide, Putney Bridge" (a night view, scraped directly from nature), "Per Horse Power Per Hour," "Moonrise, Ramsgate," and "Lifting Cloud," in which delicacy, flexibility, and variety in manipulation are happily combined. But he has employed it also for reproduction, as of some of the unpublished drawings for Turner's "Liber." These last he interpreted with a sympathetic skill which won the Wedmorean apostrophe: "a silvery mezzotint of the utmost delicacy . . . a feat, indeed, a late Turner realized; a dream arrested; the evanescent made lasting."

And there are younger Englishmen who have striven for expression in this art—H. Macbeth Raeburn, Lovat Fraser, Gilbert James, Percival Gaskell—some, such as F. Marriott, with the use of color to add its force toward completeness of impression and effect.

Britain, where the art of mezzotint in its more familiar reproductive form had attained to the most noteworthy development and distinction, has thus also witnessed its extensive application in the field of autographic art.

France has had little to say; hardly more, perhaps, than a few plates by Huet tell us, or those in which T. František Šimon, the transplanted Bohemian, has stepped aside momentarily from his work in etching.

Contemporary German artists, with their experimentative bent and their not always restrained vigor of attack, have exploited some of the possibilities of the medium in an interesting manner though not in many instances: Hegenbart, Pietschmann, Protzen, Voellmy illustrate possibilities of variety in style and subject.

In our own country the field is rather limited. We may enlarge it a bit by coming over in the company of Joseph Pennell

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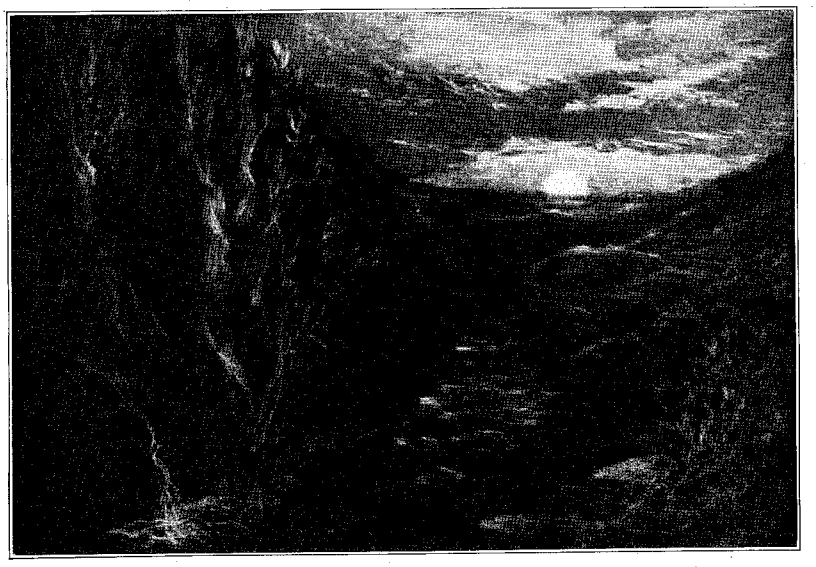
on the occasion of one of his visits to the country of his birth, and studying the few mezzotints which he has done—"sandpaper mezzotints." In producing these, a plate covered with etching-ground is passed through the press with sandpaper laid face downward upon it, the grains of sand being forced through the ground onto the plate. If such a plate is subjected, like an etching, to the action of acid, a surface results which if inked would print a uniform dark tint, and which can, of course, be scraped like a plate rocked for mezzotinting.

Pennell's "Wren's City," if I remember correctly, is a day-scene, but it illustrates the peculiar adaptability of the process to night effects, as one may study it in the same artist's "London from My Window." Of mezzotint proper, in our own land, we find little to record. The historian will note, however, the use of mezzotint as an auxiliary by Otis S. Weber (who reproduced his painting, "A Rockbound Coast," in a mixture of etching and mezzotint), or as a means of reproduction by John H. Hill, who copied one of Turner's "Liber" plates. One may even go back to William Page, the painter, who was mezzotinting as early as 1834, and executed a portrait of Rev. James Milnor with the painter's sense of tones and color and light and shade. The one really noteworthy exponent of the interesting possibilities of mezzotint in the hands of the artist was the late James D. Smillie, a master of the technical intricacies of reproductive art. With a free use of the medium he produced flower-pieces of quiet charm, such as "Hollyhocks" or "Double Hollyhocks"; still-life, such as "A Piece of Jade," or bits of landscape with the mood and feeling which Amiel so well ascribed to nature, among them "Evening, Raquette Lake," and "A Shoreless Sea." The last, unfinished, was pronounced by C. F. W. Mielatz his best.

In the variety of aim and achievement of Smillie's mezzotints we have at once a fine proof of the suppleness of this medium and the best appeal to artists for its use. If its range of possibilities is somewhat limited, it is decidedly and fully effective within its limits. It approaches the monotype in its satisfaction of the demand for complete realization of light and shade, and may be reproduced by printing. We must not expect of the mezzotint the sharp, free clearness of the etched line, the palpitating grain of the lithograph, the translucent tone of the aquatint. It has its own special qualities of beauty and loveliness—richness, luminosity, velvety softness of deep blacks, gradations.

FRANK WEITENKAMPF.



A Moorland Stream

Original mezzotint by Sir Francis Seymour Haden.

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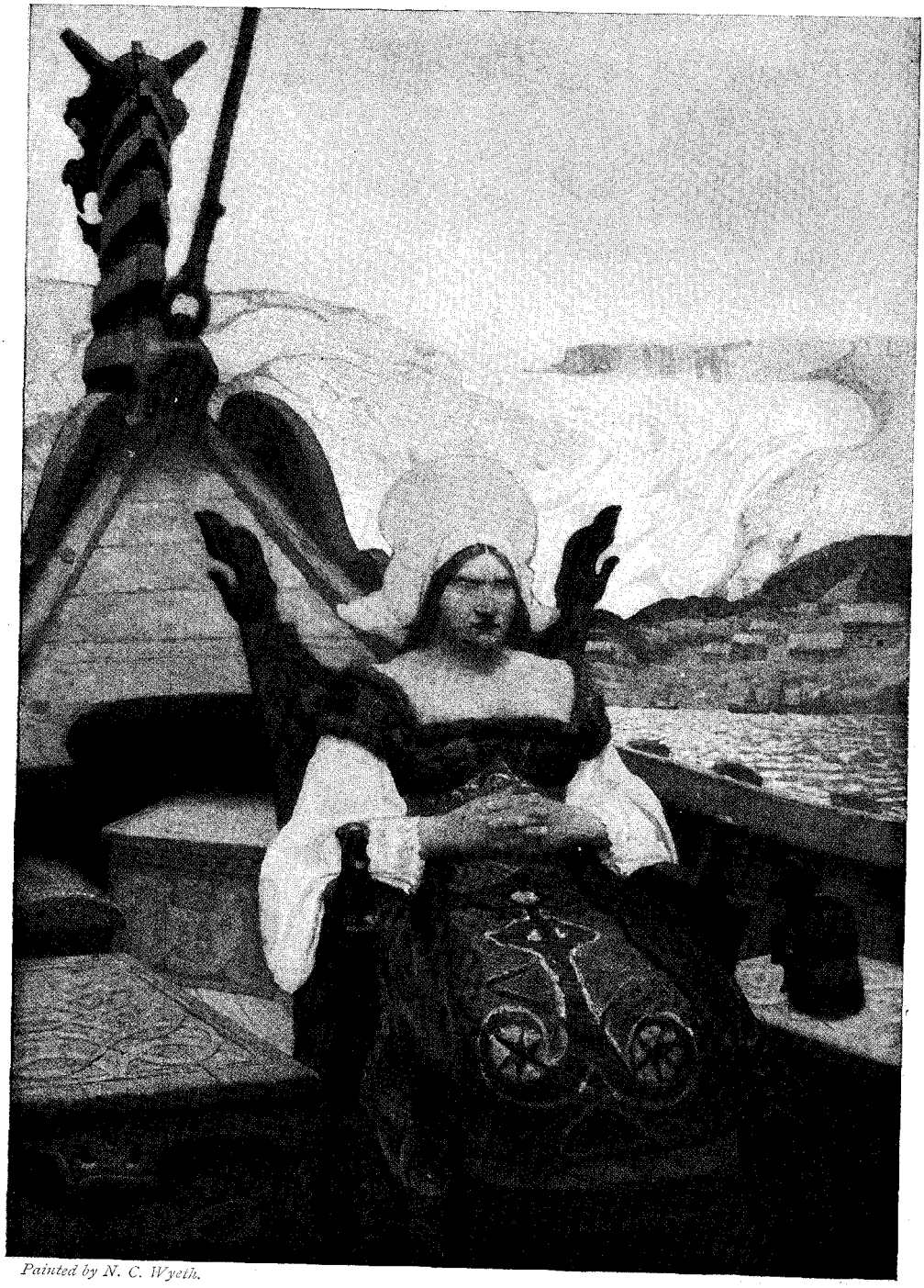

Painted by N. C. Wyeth.

THORGUNNA, THE WAIF WOMAN.

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